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THE CHALLENGE OF DEATH

BY L. P. JACKS

I

IN a certain factory where food products are prepared and exported to all parts of the world there may be seen an instance of that monotonous labor which is so marked and terrible a feature of mass production under modern industrial methods. It consists in knocking the top off an egg. The eggs are delivered by machinery on to a table behind which stands a row of women knocking off the tops. One woman has done it for thirty years.

This is an image of human life at the extreme stage of futility. It gives the beholder thoughts that are far from consoling. He may remember, for example, that food products from that factory are sometimes to be found on his own table, making him an accomplice to the monotony of that woman's life, a party to its futility, and to that extent responsible for it.

Dickens has drawn a similar picture on another plane. In *Our Mutual Friend* a person is introduced named Mr. Podsnap. Mr. Podsnap is the caricature of a purse-proud and pompous Englishman — perhaps Dickens's finest caricature, enormously exaggerated, of course, but yet true in the groundwork of it. He has an office in the city and a fine house in the West End of London;

and his whole life resolves itself into a simple movement, like that of a pendulum, endlessly repeated, between his house and his office. Here is the ultimate formula of Podsnap's existence as Dickens presents it: rise at eight; close shave at a quarter past; breakfast at nine; to the city at ten; home again at half-past five; dinner at seven. That is the programme for the day; and the programme for the year is to repeat it so many hundred times. As with the egg-breaker so here the total impression is of sheer futility. Getting down to fundamentals there is not much to choose between thirty years of Podsnap's programme and thirty years of the egg-breaker's.

There is an American novel which yields the same impression, whether designedly or not I do not know. No American novel of recent times has been more widely read in England than *Babbitt*. It has interested us for many reasons, not least because it deals with certain moral conditions which are common to both sides of the Atlantic. The background of that story, it will be remembered, is the life of a large and prosperous city of rapid growth, where all the mechanical apparatus of civilization is running at high pressure. If

you look at that life in detail, if you take the personalities and the actions one by one, you would say that nothing could be less monotonous. It is like a kaleidoscope where all is restless change and shifting scenery, no two moments alike, no person the copy of another. But if you look at it all, not in detail, but in the grand outlines of it, in the totality of what it is, then it strikes you as always the same, not moving to any assignable goal, but endlessly repeating itself, endlessly revolving round the same centre, a completely vicious circle, which, when once you get into, you can never get out of, try as you may. There is poor Babbitt himself, a most pathetic figure. You see him caught in the revolution, vainly struggling from time to time to strike out an independent course, but always falling back into the senseless round from nowhere to nowhere. All that happens in the way of change is the continual acceleration of the pace; the whirl goes faster and faster, which only renders the people who are in it the more powerless to get out of it. This is a very truthful picture of hundreds of cities all over the world and perhaps of industrial civilization in general — the life of the egg-breaker writ large, the life of Podsnap expanded to a social phenomenon.

A similar thought crosses the mind when watching the innumerable motor-cars which throng the streets. Each separate car is clearly going somewhere, but the totality of the cars appears to be going nowhere — just moving, as a fermentation moves. You can assign a definite destination to the single car — but not to the totality.

So too in a great assembly when three or four hundred people are talking all at once. Each separate speaker is saying something significant to his neighbor, but the totality of the voices is a meaningless roar, a big noise in

which the very form of human language is lost. The parts mean something, the whole — nothing.

The same phenomenon on a still larger scale is presented by human progress in general, or at least by a well-known version of it. There is a way of presenting human progress which reduces it to the endless self-repetition, under different terms, of the same identical formula, a movement from nothing to nothing, a Podsnap-programme writ large over the face of the centuries. Mr. Bertrand Russell is not so far as I know a believer in that doctrine, but there are chapters in the *Prospects of Industrial Civilization* which leave the impression of an appalling monotony in the history of mankind. In one of his chapters he speculates, with his usual brilliance, on the various regroupings of the nations, the readjustments of political and economic power that the future is likely to bring forth — a chapter that should interest Americans because, in Mr. Russell's vision of the future, they invariably get the best of it.

But from the point of view of mankind it makes no difference who gets the best of it, the Americans or anybody else, because the new situation, created by these apparent changes, is nothing but the old situation with the factors of it transposed. It is like an equation in algebra in which the quantities on either side can be put on the other side by simply changing *plus* into *minus* and *minus* into *plus*, but without making any difference to the significance of the equation as a whole, which always yields the same result, namely, that $x=0$. According to Mr. Russell the two main forces which determine the distribution of power among nations are *cupidity* and *fear*; in every rearrangement of power this formula repeats itself; the final arrangement, like the present one,

being only the last thing which cupidity and fear have been able to accomplish. The changes that go on are kaleidoscopic in their detail, but viewed synoptically the whole operation is perfectly meaningless, like the egg-breaker's life, like Podsnap's programme, like Babbitt's environment. In a world ruled permanently by cupidity and fear it makes no atom of difference whether we live now, or whether we live a thousand years from now; whether the Americans get the best of it, or the Chinese. At all stages of the process the total values are the same. The equation grows ever more complicated, until no sheet is big enough to contain all the terms of it. But beneath this vast complication of terms and figures a truth lies hidden that is exactly the same as it was when the equation stood in its simplest form,—the truth, namely, that $x=0$, — the equation of the egg-breaker, of Podsnap, and of Babbitt, of the motor-cars, and of the roar of voices.

II

We have followed this idea into a wide field — from the egg-breaker to the history of civilization. But a further extension awaits us. We can expand the theme to the cosmic scale. There are philosophies both ancient and modern which regard the evolution of the entire universe as a meaningless process of self-repetition,—a vicious circle that moves from nothing to nothing and embraces all created things,—the doom of the whole creation groaning and travailing together in the boredom of endless monotony. 'Alike among the pessimistic religions of India, the teachings of Heraclitus and Plato concerning the shadow side of our existence, the ideas of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche about the eternal cycles, we encounter the same theme

over and over again: the entire secular process is an everlasting repetition — the totality of which yields nothing new.' So writes the late Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy: it is a line of thought that seems to have a peculiar attraction for the Russian mind. Troubetzkoy goes on to quote an instance from Dostoievsky's great novel, *The Brothers*. The Devil is speaking to one of the brothers. 'You are always thinking of the earth as it exists to-day,' says the Devil. 'Well, let me tell you that the earth as it exists to-day has been repeated millions of times in the past; each time it perished, disintegrated, turned into dust, and decomposed; after that a fresh nebula was formed, then a comet, a new solar system, a new earth. The whole of this evolution has been repeated times without end, always precisely in the same manner down to the minutest details. One is bored to death to think of it.'

In these words, which are rightly placed in the mouth of the Devil, we sound the lowest depths of pessimism. The entire cosmic process has now reduced itself to the everlasting equation that $x=0$. When all has been accomplished that can be undertaken, when the system of nature has exhausted its possibilities, when evolution has reached its goal, when all conceivable perfectibilities have been attained, when the dream of an Earthly Paradise has been fulfilled, when the causes have triumphed for which heroes fight and martyrs suffer and lovers break their hearts — all must perish and begin again, repeating the process to the minutest detail, only to perish in like manner when its course is run, and so on forever and ever. Not a tear has been shed but must be shed again, not a drop of blood has been spilt but must be spilt again, not a heart broken but must break again, and again, and again, through endless

eternity, whenever the remorseless cycle returns to the point where that drop of blood was spilt, where that tear was shed, where that heart was broken before. Well may the Devil say it bores one to death to think of it.

For Death is the keynote of the entire process, as well as of the reactions it provokes in us. In contemplating a futility so dreadful our very souls seem to expire. It is not only we that die but the whole cosmos of which we are the infinitesimal parts — and for no end save that it may live and die again. Death has dominion over it all. The equation of our life is the equation of all existence. Disguised under the immense complexity of the phenomena that confront us, hidden by phraseology which has perhaps been contrived for the express purpose of hiding it, lies the formula, embedded in the very structure of things, that $x=0$.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from. Oh, make
haste!

It will rightly be said that this intolerable philosophy, familiar as it was in the ancient world, and still is in the East, is not and never can be the creed of the energetic Western nations. And yet I venture to think that even in these 'practical' times, with their discoveries, adventures, exploitations, and noisy successes, there does arise in us from time to time a dim but disturbing suspicion, a haunting half-thought, that the whole enterprise on which we are engaged is futile. It is the inarticulate voice of that 'deeper self which lives in the presence of Death.' Mr. Bertrand Russell, for example, who is an eager reformer, keenly conscious of certain ends that are worth striving for, has his moments of profound depression when, as he

himself confesses, he would welcome the advent of a kindly comet to put an end to the antics of man on the planet. I do not know how the mind of America stands in this matter; but in England I observe this: that while very few people will acknowledge themselves pessimists, most people will listen with interest to the philosophy of pessimism as though they found in it an echo of something in their own minds, an echo, perhaps, of that 'deeper self which lives in the presence of Death.'

We believe, as I suppose Americans do, that civilization is moving to an end that is really worth while, accepting it pretty much as a matter of faith. But when we are asked to define the end, to say what it is, most of us are at a loss; and our inability to define the end sometimes causes a passing doubt as to whether there is any end at all. With us, as with Americans, life is full of excitements and distractions; and our misgivings, if we have any, are easily drowned. Like the Americans, we have little time for meditating on Death and Eternity and little inclination to do so. Besides all which, we live in an atmosphere deeply influenced by Christian tradition. And that makes a great difference even to those persons who have ceased to be conscious adherents of any form of Christianity. In all Christian countries there is a rumor abroad that Death, and all the frustrations from Death, have been overcome; that the vicious circle of existence has somehow been broken at that point; that a way of deliverance has been found from the meaningless whirlpool of self-repetition; and that men therefore may go on living their lives as though Death did n't count. I say there is a vague rumor to that effect; not a positive solution of the problem consciously grasped, but a reminiscence of the fact that Someone, somewhere, has broken the circle. It belongs to

the atmosphere we are breathing, this tradition that the Challenge of Death has been successfully met and answered. What grounds are there for such a belief?

In the first place I must explain that the Challenge of Death presents itself to my mind as the summary challenge which the Higher Powers lay at the feet of man. It is the spear-point of the Challenge of Life, not to be evaded on any terms, as the fashion now is with many to evade it. To find a good in life which is worth achieving in spite of the fact, consciously realized, that this visible scene on which we operate, and we, the visible agents who operate within it, will presently be gathered to the dark death-kingdoms and enfolded in the bosom of the everlasting Silence — that is the spear-point of the Challenge, the acid test of philosophy, the point where philosophy must either pass into religion or retire, beaten, from the field. 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed,' says Saint Paul, 'is death.' The last — and the most formidable. All other enemies may have been overcome: poverty, misery, crime, injustice, whatever ills beset the path of man from the cradle to the grave; but so long as there is nothing but a grave at the end, not for the individual alone but for the whole system to which it belongs, what does it all amount to? This raising of richer harvests for Death to reap, which is all your secular progress can boast of, this fattening of victims for the universal sacrifice, which is all your philanthropy can achieve — is that the triumph of man? Does the victim feel his doom the lighter because, up to the moment of his immolation, he has been well fed? And what difference does it make if you feed his mind as well as his body? Take Socrates at the moment of his final extinction, and what is the difference between him and the vilest of mankind,

except it be that the death of the villain is a good riddance and the death of Socrates an irreparable loss? And so with the human race as a whole. Whatever satisfaction may be felt as we watch the ascent of man on one side of the mountain, through all the stages of rising value, to the apex of the Earthly Paradise, is it not all wiped out as we contemplate the inevitable return-journey which brings him back stage by stage to the starting-point and then engulfs him in Universal Death? For every *plus* on the one side there is a *minus* on the other, and the end of the equation, as before, is that $x=0$.

If this were the conclusion of the whole matter the blackest pessimism would be left in possession of the field of thought and the human race might curse the day when it was born.

III

To what purpose, the reader will be asking, has a line of inquiry been pursued which leads to a result so disastrous? I have pursued it for this reason: it is only by frankly facing the disaster, by measuring it to the full extent, by extenuating nothing of its significance, that we are able to grasp the scope and the majesty of the means which religion brings to the rescue.

Religion is being presented to the world to-day in forms which are quite inadequate to the problem it has to solve, which belittle religion into a mere reënforcement, often a slight reënforcement, of the powers of man in fighting the battle of his temporal interests; as, for example, when we define it as morality touched with emotion, the emotion being the slight reënforcement brought on to the battlefield. Religion is infinitely greater than that. It is the power that faces the Challenge of Life when it comes to its spear-point in

the Challenge of Universal Death, and, by winning the victory there, wins it everywhere else. The last enemy to be destroyed is Death, the summary frustration—not alone as it affects the individual, but as the doom of the visible system to which he belongs—of societies, of civilizations, of planets, of suns, and of stars; so that not man only but the whole creation, groaning and travailing together in pain until now, shall be delivered from the vicious circle of meaningless self-repetition, from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. A complete transfiguration of the meaning of life—such is the victory that religion wins by facing the Challenge of her last enemy and by destroying it. All frustrations come to a head in Death. Destroy that and you destroy them all. They sink into insignificance. They become light afflictions not worthy to be compared to the glory that is revealed. A religion which overcomes all other enemies, but yet turns tail or puts its head in the sand when the last enemy sounds his challenge from the great deep, is a vanquished religion.

Such is the scope and majesty of religion, as it was conceived by the original genius of Christianity, and by the great teachers of India. That vision has passed away from the modern world. It must be restored if the churches are to live. The old terminology indeed may never come back, and need not. But the power must be recovered which can meet the Challenge of Life in that immensely expanded form which includes the Challenge of Death.

I know not how that can be done except by boldly confronting the very worst that pessimism has to say to us. Beyond the need of accommodating religion to science, of reconciling it with democratic aspirations, of using it as a

motive for social and political reform, all of which needs, if pressed too hard, belittle religion into a mere re-enforcement of our moral powers, a serviceable handmaid of our secular interests, and leave us overthrown when the spearhead of life's tragedy is pointed at our breasts—beyond all that there is a deeper need. We must grasp the nettle. In all these accommodations and reconciliations there is no answer to that sense of an overarching futility which haunts the background of our minds in these days, the deeper self that stands in the presence of Death and is not to be silenced by loud-tongued doctrines of progress, which seem to have been invented for the vain purpose of shouting it down.

Nor is the Challenge of Life, brought thus to its point in the Challenge of Death, to be met by the doctrine of Personal Immortality—certainly not by that alone. The answer lies in a far deeper and more comprehensive thought, from which our personal immortality may follow as a sequence, but of which it is not the whole nor even the beginning.

The answer lies in the thought that the history of this visible universe, the whole presentation of it in space and time, is no more than a fragment, perhaps no more than a shadow, of its reality. As revealed to our senses, as apprehended by our faculties of perception, the universe is a mere thing, a lifeless object, infinite in extent and duration, but as dead as any stone. Death has dominion over the whole of it. Save in the spots where life has exceptionally appeared for a season in its nooks and crevices, the universe is all one vast empire of Death. Thought of in that way, as an immensity of dead matter and blind force, the impression it makes upon the mind is dreadful. One's heart breaks in the presence of it. To be alive in such a universe is to be

alive in a tomb. Look up to the firmament on a clear night, stretch your imagination to the immensities it reveals to you, then think of it as all dead mechanism — and you will encounter the Challenge of Death in its most poignant and tremendous form.

But what if it is not all dead? What if all is alive — alive as we are, but with richness and fullness of life which compare with ours as the ocean compares with a drop of water? Well, there is a spiritual insight which has seen just that. There is a way of thought that meets the Challenge of Death by affirming just that. We call it the doctrine of Divine Immanence, which is the philosopher's way of saying that the whole universe is alive — not a dead thing to be exploited, but a living Being to be loved.

The Divine Immanence — a weak thing, surely, if you approach it as a mere theme for controversy, but a power stronger than Death to those who have felt it in the calmer moments of their lives — and there are many such even in the noisy years that are passing over us. 'There shall be a depth of silence in thee deeper than this sea, which is but ten miles deep; a Silence unsoundable, known to God only.' 'The great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death. It alone is great; all else is small.' Not in the atmosphere of our controversial interests, not on the field where vociferous theologies are striving with one another as to which shall be greatest, but in the depth of that unsoundable Silence will the secret be found which makes us victors over the last enemy — the religion whose scope and majesty are more than

a match for Death. Entering through the Silence into conscious fellowship with the life of the Living Universe, we ask no further question about our personal immortality, for eternal life is already won. There is no aspect of our experience but will have its part in that great transfiguration, no form of Life's Challenge but will be met with a bolder courage, the bright hours growing brighter, the dark hours growing bright. The Immanence of God! Not a new form of theological contention, but the silent answer of the soul to the Challenge of Death, which is the spear-point of the Challenge of Life.

Religion is universal; not in the superficial sense that every man has some of it, but in the far deeper sense that it transfigures the meaning of the entire universe in which we live and die, and of which we are living and dying parts. Under the touch of religion every phenomenon in the universe changes the fashion of its countenance: the corruptible puts on incorruption; the mortal puts on immortality; every atom in the structure of things rises from death to life in a general resurrection, its face shining as the sun, its garments becoming whiter than the light. Death hath no more dominion over it, for it is spiritual through and through.

Religion is no 'beneficent extra.' Nor can you say of it, as Matthew Arnold said of immortality, that it constitutes three fourths of life; nor the ninety-nine hundredths of life; nor any larger fraction you choose to name. It is the principle of a universal transvaluation, which makes all things new, pain becoming joy, law becoming love, Death becoming Life.

MEDITATIONS OF A WAGE-EARNING WIFE

BY JANE LITTELL

I

It seems a bit strange that the mere dropping of a letter into the post box should at the same moment drop on to my shoulders such a feeling of weight — especially since the letter had been written and lying on the desk for a month. The deliberate severing of connections with the monthly pay-check, unless of course there is another pay-check in the offing, is always a serious thing, for, plebeian as it sounds, one must eat.

The letter was my husband's resignation — his deliberate abandonment of a position he has held unhappily for about twelve years. We have been talking about his resignation for two years. He finally wrote the letter a month ago, and then left it on the desk where we could read it occasionally until we were sure we knew what it meant.

It really means that I, the wife, am to be the breadwinner for some time to come. A reversal of the usual domestic situation, true, but one that, under the circumstances, I am happy to be able to be a party to.

The emotion that flooded me on the short walk home from the post box must be the same that comes to every man when he marries and promises to provide for his wife and the children that may come to them. It is a feeling of awful — and holy — responsibility. Our friends will not feel that way about it when they learn what we have done, but we have not done it for the benefit

of our friends. We did it because, since I am earning as much as my husband earned in his distasteful work, there is no longer any need of his making himself unhappy in an uncongenial occupation. And we did it because he is happy in doing something else that will, in time, bring him a comfortable living, but that will probably require several years of apprenticeship on a small income. Life is too short for unnecessary unhappiness.

For a number of years my husband has made an avocation of writing. He has sold some of his articles and, now that he will have all of his time for this work instead of the occasional weekends his job gave him at home, he will sell more of it. But the path of a writer is steep and stony, and so, since the die is cast, I am flooded with questions. Suppose I, temporarily the family breadwinner, — and a free-lance publicity and advertising woman at that, — should be ill? Suppose it is true that such an arrangement as ours always works out disastrously? Suppose the woman's-page writers of the newspapers are right, and a man always hates a woman on whom he is dependent? Suppose my husband, who has lived in hotels and trains most of the past twelve years, finds hours at a desk at home too monotonous? I know how cramping four walls can be. He has that to learn.

And I fear that I am responsible for his decision. At least, I planted the

germ of the idea. It began when he was in the hospital with blood-poisoning two years ago, and the doctors thought for a time that the amputation of a leg was the only thing that would save his life. When I went in to see him I said, 'You have always wanted to write. You don't need two legs to do that. And I'll feel justified in having been a business woman instead of a good housewife if you'll let me pay the bills while you get started.'

A serum, tried as a last resort, brought him out of the hospital with two legs. But during the weary uncertainty we talked about all the ways and means of his having a try at the work he loved. When he was well and ready to go back to his job of selling steel, he said half jokingly, as if he thought it an impossibility, 'When you can earn as much as my present salary, then I'll chuck the job and let you pay the rent for a while.' He has had a raise in salary since then, but this year I earned as much as his new salary.

I know so many men, and women too for that matter, who are unhappy in their jobs and who dare not leave those jobs to hunt more congenial work because of loved ones dependent upon them, that I am happy to be able to make it possible for my husband to be one of the few who dare to take a chance. I feel, as I told him in the hospital, that my years of work have been justified. I have worked when I ought to have been helping him entertain customers and when, according to the rules of the game, I ought to have been playing up to the big boss by entertaining his wife and daughter when they were in town. Kotowing to the big boss and his womenfolk goes against the grain with me and I have n't done it. I have n't noticed that such efforts have advanced other men in the company, either. So I have gone on working because I wanted to

work, and because I liked to work, until work has become such a habit that I should be unhappy if I were not busy.

II

For eighteen years, since the age of seventeen, I have earned my own living. For two or three months after the war I tried being a housewife, but we were both so unhappy in the effort that I gave it up.

In the early years of our marriage neither my husband nor I earned much money and we needed our combined incomes for living expenses. I remember how I resented the joint checking-account we had then, which I came to refer to in my mind as a 'put and take' account — I deposited my checks and my husband paid the bills. I felt that I got much less out of my earnings after I was married than I got before. Now we are going to have another joint account — and right there another question pops up. Have I grown more unselfish during these past ten years, or shall I think of the trips and other luxuries I might have had if my husband had kept his job? Have I come to love work enough for its own sake to be happy in it, or do I love it for the dollars it brings me? And shall I continue to love it when these dollars must be shared?

Do men, I wonder, so question themselves when they are about to become responsible for the future comforts of the girls they marry? Under the circumstances, are these natural questions? I wonder.

I have been going back over the ten years we have been married and the eight years of free-lancing before that, and have been trying to face the future in the light of the past. Between the situation at the time we were married, when my two mottoes were 'Take a chance' and 'Do as you darn please,'

and the present situation, there is this difference — I fell in love with my husband during his illness two years ago. I thought I loved him when I married him, but there was always the thought in reserve that nothing but death need be permanent. I thought I loved my husband on the day we were married. I doubted it before the day was over, and there were other times during the first eight years of our marriage when I doubted it. To-day I think I'm one of the luckiest women in the world, because I have n't a doubt left on the subject. I know.

There is time, plenty of it, during the nights when one's husband is fighting for his life to discover one's real feelings. During that winter I found that I'd been breaking one of the first rules of our younger generation. I had been deceiving myself. I discovered that I *really* loved my husband. Perhaps I had loved him all the time. Perhaps the sort of love I have for him now is something that must grow with the years. Perhaps the care and watching before the doctors took him to the hospital brought it about. I have been told that it is impossible to care for a helpless infant for a time without coming to give it something akin to mother love. Caring for a very ill husband may have had the same effect, although it is n't entirely a maternal love I have for him now. There may be something maternal mixed up in it, for we have no children, and there is something of the maternal in all women that we must pour out in some direction.

When we announced our marriage to a friend she laughed and said, 'Well, the first five years are the hardest. If you stick that out you're safe for the next hundred.' She was right. They were the hardest, for me at any rate, for it required just about five years for me to adjust myself to the state of matrimony.

III

I remember a sentence from a book I read recently: 'Only lasting desires can carry one into action.'

It took two years of considering this step to bring my husband to the point of resigning. During those two years there were more unpleasant episodes than usual in his work — and selling steel during the ups and downs of the business situation since the war has not all been pleasant.

Selling steel involves, for instance, entertaining buyers. Often they are men who began as workers on the open-hearth floor, and who learned about steel from making it. Good fellows of many good qualities, nevertheless their development has been one-sided. They retain to the end of their lives the physical vigor and toughness that enabled them to stand twelve-hour shifts in the heat of the steel mill. When they come to New York on business, or when business takes them to the many conventions that are a part of the steel game, they must be entertained. And showing the sights of the metropolis to steel men under Prohibition is — well, to put it mildly — is apt to pall on a minister's son. Yes, my husband is a minister's son.

Part of a steel salesman's job, especially in New York City, is entertaining the out-of-town steel man. It means putting in the regular eight-hour day at the regular duties, and then arranging a dinner party, a theatre party, and a midnight-show party, and then probably putting the visitor to bed if he is unable to put himself to bed. Then, in order to snatch every possible minute of sleep, the salesman usually sleeps in a hotel downtown, rather than waste precious minutes on the subway. The salesman must be back on the job the next day, and there may be other visitors the next night, or the man who

was put to bed at five in the morning may be sufficiently revived to look for more amusement.

After the last of these parties, a three-day one, my husband complained that he did n't feel quite normal. He went to see his doctor, who put him on a coffeeless, meatless, alcoholless diet, and told him the pace was showing. Then I precipitated the decision by remarking, 'Why kill yourself? I'm not keen on collecting insurance money.'

During the five or six hours which followed, we had one of those accusatory and confessional conversations that always leave the participants feeling as if their souls had been stripped bare and paraded before a shocked audience. We dragged family backgrounds, inherited tendencies, youthful experiences, personal proclivities, and everything that could possibly pertain to the subject, out of their decent oblivion and looked them over.

'It's all right for you to advocate taking a chance,' protested my troubled husband. 'Taking chances is the breath of life to you.'

As we talked, my unmarried years unrolled before me. From a girl I had the knack of selling and the ability to show others how to sell. Right now I sell my strictly utilitarian articles at higher prices than my artistic friends get for their adventures in *belles-lettres*. I study the market and know what my editors want, just as I used to study my customers and their wants. There was a time when I traveled back and forth across the country between state fairs where my agents engraved 'Darling' or 'Mamie' or 'Papa' on cheap ruby-glass tumblers. Many a rural sideboard paid me toll. Then in another profitable campaign I helped to make 'Melba' a boudoir word in this country, organizing, instructing, and managing squads of demonstrators who went from one department store to

another showing American women how to keep their faces clean.

Of course there is more money in that sort of thing than in writing. Still a woman who will not keep house may not long keep a husband. My trunk stayed in the storeroom; but if I could not use the trains, I could still use the mails. Writing seemed to be the one refuge for a home-biding woman. And having next to no formal education, but plenty of rough-and-tumble experience with business, I drew upon that experience for trade papers. No matter what my household cares might be, I never failed to sit at the typewriter five hours a day. At my desk in a 'walk-up' apartment I analyzed trade problems, and then went out and sold the solutions — sometimes to trade papers, sometimes to manufacturing firms, sometimes even to publicity experts. Day in and day out for years I wrote, rewrote, corrected, mailed — and in the end sold — a thousand words a day. At first the rates of pay were low and the returns small; but gradually the checks grew in size and multiplied in number. Each year of the last three has doubled my income of the year before. My best returns have come from helping others sell their goods; the list includes automobiles, glue, paper, ribbon, sealing-wax, china, glass, and lamps. Perhaps the very lamp under which you are reading made its bow to the trade under my adjectives.

During our long evening of debate we covered the subject of education. My husband is a college man; my schooling ended with the first year of high school. Spanish and French and shorthand have been my only instructed subjects since then, and I needed them in my work. I have had to learn a great deal about a great many vastly different subjects in the course of my writing, so that between the things I have studied for my own

pleasure and the things I have had to study because of work to be done I have tucked away quite a mass of unrelated facts. However, like most people who missed out on a college education, I feel that I have lost something now unobtainable. Therefore I told my husband that he had a great advantage over me in that he has had college training.

'But I don't want to do your sort of work,' he protested. 'I want to write fiction.'

'Well, then, why don't you write it? Nobody is going to do it for you.'

'I will,' was the final word. Thus began our great experiment.

IV

To-day there are too many wage-earning wives to make our ten years together seem unusual. Even so, the wage-earning wife has problems all her own. We are still too much in the minority to have had anyone work out rules to fit our cases. Each wage-earning wife has to work out her own rules. She has to find ways and means of holding down two jobs at once — three if she is a mother — and doing each work creditably.

We have some advantages, though, we working wives. We have passed that dissatisfied period that comes to every woman, whether she be married or single. Most of us have been told by doctors and friends, if we voiced our dissatisfaction, that we ought to have children — or, having some, then more children. Almost never do doctors or family or friends realize that a woman, as much as a man, needs an interest completely divorced from herself and her family and household. We working wives have that interest.

In the usual course of events, one of the most terrible moments in a woman's life comes when she discovers

that her husband has limitations. It is akin to the moment when the small child discovers that his father is not the strongest and the most powerful man in the world — a man who can somehow bring all the desired things to pass. Tragedy, such a moment is — the sheerest tragedy!

What this discovery does to a wife depends upon the sort of woman she is. The wage-earning wife is quite likely to love her husband the more because of his limitations. If his limitation extends to his earning capacity she is not helpless before it, for she appreciates her own capacity to earn. The maternal element is likely to enter into her love for him at this point and that will bind her more closely to him than any amount of conjugal affection.

The first problem the married woman has to solve, usually, arises from her husband's objection to her working for pay. That was one I missed. I had always worked, therefore I kept right on working.

The second problem for the working wife lies in so managing her ménage that her husband is not made unhappy by an untidy home and by delicatessen meals. Any woman who wants to work can earn money enough to pay a competent maid — and have some money left over. Meantime, if her work makes her happy, she need not worry about the outlay for the maid's wages.

Another problem for the working wife is to find the sort of work in which she can continue for years without having to compete with the new crop of eighteen-year-old girls that each year brings into the business market. For the reason that many employers prefer youth, the wife must find or make for herself a job in which age does not count adversely, and where the quality of the service rendered is the main thing. Social-service work, charity work, politics, selling, free-lance work

of any sort, and a business of her own, are the things that appeal most to the wise working wife. She looks ahead toward the time when her experience and years are assets and not the liabilities they become in the general business office.

When the married business woman becomes a success, especially if she earns as much money as her husband, she has new problems. A man may be perfectly willing to have his wife work for money if her happiness lies in that direction, but he hates to have her earn as much money as he does. It touches his pride. He feels his crown as master of the household slipping. He acquires an inferiority complex that sometimes causes him to do all sorts of queer things. It takes a steady hand to keep a marriage off the rocks at this period. The husband wants to be the strong one of the family. He wants his wife to look up to him, to admire his superior ability, and to come to him with a coaxing manner when she wants something, so that he may feel very magnanimous when he gives her what she wants. Really he wants her to keep her place as the minor part of the family. The wise wife learns, if necessary, to hide the facts of her progress, and always to give her husband the admiration he needs. If she fails as an admirer she can look for another woman in her husband's life — and the chances are the interloper will be an inferior sort of woman, one whose main hold on the husband is that of flattery.

The difference between the way a successful business woman and a stay-at-home wife will handle the problems of 'a woman in the case' is vast and typical of the difference in their lives. The business woman says in effect, 'You can't give me anything but companionship anyway. If you don't want to give me that there is nothing left between us. We might as

well be divorced.' The stay-at-home wife sees her very bread and butter threatened by the other woman, and what a fuss she makes about it! The queer part of it is that there are fewer successful business women dragged through the divorce courts than there are so-called parasite wives.

When the married business woman comes to the place where she earns as much as her husband the sea of matrimony becomes strewn with rocks. There are plenty of women who become so ego-ridden over their small successes that they are a trial to everyone. Such a woman does little to keep her marriage intact. Her income intoxicates her — and so does the deference shown her by business associates. She loses her perspective. Her conversations bristle with the pronoun — first person singular. She spends most of the time she is at home carefully balancing a chip on her shoulder. If her husband inadvertently brushes it off, there is another case for the divorce mills.

Business is too new to women for anyone to expect us to take it calmly. And when business success comes to a woman she needs a level head to keep cool about it. I was one of a group of business and professional women the other day when the talk turned to just this subject. Most of them admitted laughingly that they had gone through the 'Look-at-me-see-what-I've-done!' stage, which one of them attributed to growing-pains.

One of the good things that come to a home from which both the husband and the wife go forth to business every day is a new comradeship — a new sort of partnership. A working wife has a better chance of being friends with her husband than the stay-at-home wife. And being friends with someone to whom the law binds one is not so easy as it sounds. The wage-earning wife meets her husband on an equality

basis. She is no longer a dependent. She is an equal partner. The chances for domestic happiness seem greater than in the old-fashioned marriage where a woman could be nothing but what her husband made her.

There are many more problems that the wage-earning wife must face. The biggest thing that worries all of us is what our husbands think about it all and how they are affected by our independence.

In my own case, I am beset by doubts. Am I making it too easy for my husband to do what he wants to do? Certainly if I were not a wage-earning wife he would be unable to leave his position and gamble with his future. Will he be happy in the day-after-day grind at a desk? Will he be too much discouraged when his manuscripts come back from editors? Can he stand the gaff and be happy?

It takes a brave man and a man not bound by conventions to accept such an arrangement as ours. My husband is both. He is free for the first time in his thirty-five years — free to follow the path of ambition, inclination, and ability. I glory in being one of the factors of that new freedom, but still I wonder where that path will lead.

V

Since this was written, we have had two weeks of the experiment. The

news having spread, we have been given a taste of what our friends think of a man who leaves a well-paying job to follow what they call a 'mirage.' Our men friends are torn between envy that a man may follow his inclinations, curiosity as to our financial circumstances, and the not too well concealed idea that it is a man's duty to stick to his job, no matter if it is distasteful.

The women take me aside and tell me what a frightful mistake I am making; that it is all right for a woman to work but that she is foolish to lessen her husband's responsibilities by her work; that no man can be happy if his wife supports him; that our marriage is careening toward the rocks; that my husband will lose all respect for me, and a lot of other equally unsolicited bits.

The truth is that my husband is completely happy, although he works at his desk and over his studies longer hours than he ever put in at his job. Our maid keeps the house shining to an extent she never did before — such is the subtle influence of a man in the house.

In the six weeks since the letter of resignation was written I have increased my output of finished work almost a third through a sense of responsibility to the landlord and the grocer — and I never was so happy in my life.

NO MARGIN

BY E. C. J.

DEAR SIR, Dear Paul Godetsky:—

No doubt you will have guessed by now why I failed to keep my appointment this morning. With our arrangement of monthly settlements you have been aware through just such happenings as this that the few days before the end of the month have sometimes proved disastrous for me.

Yesterday I spent the morning and afternoon walking, walking — on the sides of my feet because of the holes in my shoes; this thin mud sticks like glue — with the last of the small legacy of musical instruments left me by my father under my arm.

Is it not curious that to-day so many of the wood-winds should be made not of wood but of steel or silver? Everywhere I walked, from one dealer to the next-best one, each lifting the black flute out of the case with a certain respect, half-appreciative, half-resentful, for something which however out of style was still unquestionably good — as if it placed the feeble resistance of its own old worth like a momentary obstruction against the cruel shove of changing fashion. Everywhere the same. 'A good flute. But we sell no more wooden flutes. There is a crack in it as well. And the pitch is high.' I could n't help the crack, any more than I could help the pitch, which I suppose was exactly as it was made to be.

A fine rain was falling, cold and very searching. It is a long time, dear sir, dear Paul Godetsky, since you yourself have been without any margin

in the world. Perhaps you have lost all recollection of how it is to walk from one place to another with nothing but one shabby object between you and the utter collapse of your body — some old coat, a watch with a broken crystal, or a wood-wind made of wood — always something a little the matter with what you have to sell, so that you can never sell it.

It is not the hunger so much, the animal misery, as the far more lacerating misery of wondering why food should seem important to continue an existence with no margin at all, to take you from one empty despair to another. No reality, no connection, no continuity of meaning.

You may say, dear sir, that I was not without hope and that it is something to be the accompanist of so fine, I mean so well-known, a singer and teacher as yourself — that I can always count on living on a margin of your margin. You have said as much to me, and I should be ungrateful, considering the destitution from which you rescued me last year, not to acknowledge this.

You deserve your margin, dear Paul Godetsky. You have an excellent mind, which you enjoy in secret like a voluptuary, and you were once an artist. You keep your mind clear and do not mix your planes. You have your private thoughts where your mind thinks freely, at the expense of everyone and with no cost to yourself, and you have a separate working shrewdness — an intelligence just a little

larger than the average, by which you can mystify and keep just out of reach of your followers, just a little way beyond them yet within sight of their own capabilities.

That is the great secret, a secret which you have perfectly mastered — not to plunge the whole of yourself, never to stake the whole of life, all that you are, in everything you think and do. To do that is to be guilty of a naïveté, an innocence of passion that keeps one a child, out of touch with society, with no margin. Do you think that I am blaming you? My God, I should do the same! Do you think that I should not draw the same margin from the foolish Mrs. Y——, with her infantile ambitions, her piping voice, and her small fat feet; or from a foreign name like yours, using it as a magic sign of escape from the wistfulness and longing lying below the surface of American life?

And no doubt Mrs. Y—— does not seem so ridiculous — nor, I am sure, so pathetic — to you as once she did, since now you are more able to see good qualities in her, being less unlike her than formerly you were. Like my old flute, you once had a high pitch — too high for usual necessities — and you were once able to endure the terrors and depressions which — raising up defenses of comprehension and beauty against themselves — translate themselves at last in art. But now, if your tension is a little less exact — a little easier, I should say — and your pitch a little lower, it is nothing to your discredit. My dear Paul Godetsky, are you not a flute of steel, a metal wood-wind, with a market anywhere?

Well, perhaps all this does not explain to you the mechanics of my situation any more than it does my exact locality.

Can you remember that when one is bewildered with the anguish of

a disjointed life, — it does not matter that one is probably to blame for it one's self, — a life which seems to have no thread to bind its holes and incidents together, that it is not food after a while one craves, but drink? On your margin, dear sir, dear Paul Godetsky, you no longer drink for the sake of illusion but the more luminously to enjoy the sense of what you actually have, or it may be, at the most, to bring the illusion of a little more ardor and distinction into your relations with your wife — God forgive me, I should not blame you for the latter. There, above all, one needs a margin. You, to your wife with all the margin of illusion you can get, or better, being a realist, all the secret margin of your separate, deeper and deeper nerves; I, to some middle-aged woman on the street corner, thinking that if she is old enough there may be some kindness and humanity from her own lack of certainty.

But to put it briefly, the last things I remember were those curious metallic notes — all is of metal — of the Salvation Army singers in the alley; and I remember that the curbstone under my check as I fell had a gray warty surface as if it had been pitted by the rain ten thousand years; and that in the gutter rushing with the rain an orange skin, soaked to a pale yellow, and the bright yellow leg of a fowl washed from the swill-pail of some restaurant, swirled by me. Yellow and gray. Yellow and gray. 'Precious jewels, precious jewels —' the Salvation Army kept on singing, and I still kept wondering what those jewels were for — for His crown, I imagine.

The thin voices, the metal clank of the tambourine, made my thoughts seem the weaker and darker and more suffering, until I was glad to hear the metal clanging of the wagon. I was

glad to take the arm of the officer and get in out of that cold searching air. It was the only time I can remember that I was ever glad to see the police. I remember a friend of mine, an oboe-player, saying that when his house burned down it was the first time the police had ever been on his premises to help him.

It is a curious thing, Paul Godetsky, that the people whom the police help most are the people who most rarely see them. To you, for instance, in a remote but still definite sense, the police are a real help; you could not do without them though you never see them, whereas, though I get little from them, I am thrown with them from time to time in a way which teaches me a great deal, gives me an absolute knowledge. It is they who keep the margin between such as you and such as I, even though for certain hours in our lives you and I are associated together; which proves that it is very hard to keep things separate and clear as one would like to do. Certain things for certain times are known together, at other times, apart.

It is like art, dear sir, dear Paul Godetsky: you cannot have the exaltation without participation. You cannot sit with the stream of life flowing past you, with a rake in your hand, pulling out for a moment one object or another, then throwing it back again without participation. You cannot sit and wait to see what life will give you; you must take the side of life, join life with all your forces, and though you roll in the gutter you will yet keep a kind of innocence, a wholeness, that is better than any margin. I spoke slightly a while ago of this innocence of passion, but it was a damned indirection—I meant that I believed in it, and in just the same proportion that I disbelieve in you, which is saying a great deal.

After being helped out of the wagon and passing under the blue lamp with the white letters, I listened all night to the clock striking the hours in the cupola above the roof, a great clock which, if you are outside, has four faces. I have often, passing through the streets of this neighborhood, looked up at this clock, since it is only once in a while I have a watch, and have usually found that it was slow, slower than the clock on the church, much slower than the clock on the railroad station. Now I know why. It is the heavy, terrible consciousness of time inside these walls—time not a fugitive, a flying dream. Time is a block of granite built into the walls with other solid blocks of granite, part of the structure, part of the stone, on your lungs, on your life, the one continuity in your disjointedness—that solid block of unmoving time, part of the dark, part of the air, part of the stench.

The striking of the clock, Paul Godetsky, is not to mark the passing of time but to cut and fit and mortar into its place, forever, another solid block of granite time, always enlarging the black caverns where the hours are packed away for good, with no recovery, no receipt, no sound, no motion—not a sign. Gone.

All night the silence swam and roared and sank into the past, drowning out after a while even the roar of the rain.

You may remember how I used to try to detect and record the varying rhythms of the rain, that long ago I tried to transpose them into music: not the delicate fingering quality it has, but the onslaught, the passion, the saturation of the rain—of rain with leaves beaten down in it, boughs bent motionless in arcs, bent downward by the pouring rain, the trees holding themselves in a steady pressure

upward, the rain pushing them back, down, holding them to their connection with the earth, rooting them in their own element, making them grow, but pushing them for the moment out of the sky.

The silence, the darkness, the striking of the clock cutting another stone, the avalanche of the rain.

Then silence like a clap of thunder — the rain stopped, with a violence as great as that of its descent.

I was very lame by now, having struck my left knee and shoulder as I fell along the curbstone; but the silence was so absolute I soon began to feel some muffling crushing object must have choked the air and killed it.

So I got myself on my feet and tried to look out into the yard. Standing on my cot I could see nothing, not even the bars themselves, only feel them on each side of my cheek. Then the sky began to clear and tear apart. Magnificent clouds broke up and moved in superb disarray across the heavens.

The stone rectangles, the trodden ground — there was no motion but the distant cold soaring of the clouds in the galvanic brightness of the sky. It seemed that the moon poured down into a world devoid of life. No sign of livingness, no relation of man to the earth on which he moves.

If only I could have seen something, Paul Godetsky: a rat moving across the yard in that strong stealthy way they have, a tree, anything that held its own, that lived on in the face of a power impassable yet essentially paltry.

And then — standing up out of that ground trodden hard and flat as iron — I did see something. A tree. Before long, in the pallor of daybreak, I began to see the pattern of its branches against that queer whiteness which, although it seemed to be without life, was nevertheless increasing. And I

felt a sensation of hope at this sign of some livingness, at the sign of something that had grown steadily from a seed, without a break, into something according to its nature, not stopping or breaking off, but having a thread, a continuity.

Do you remember that summer we spent together many years ago when we were very young, before existence had become so different between us, before I got into the habit of calling you 'sir'? Those dismal lodgings in New York — the vestibule had black and yellow diamond-shaped tiles; three of them were cracked, and half of one was gone. The smell of sheets soaked in kerosene to keep away the bugs, the decrepit iron balcony outside the window, and going through the floor of it, twisting the rods out of shape, an old ailanthus tree all on one side — do you remember those things?

This is an ailanthus in the prison yard — you find them always in the old broken parts of cities — and as I watched it I remembered everything; how we read and did and studied everything with the proud fury of possession. Ideas, Paul Godetsky, were not only ideas — they were our bones and our blood; the passion of our recognition of them was the measure of their validity. We knew by our own pulse as well as by our minds when they were true.

The hours I sat there by that balcony, looking with ecstasy through that forlorn tree, which I believe held in those days some awareness of all the things I stared into its boughs, held what a savage would call his External Soul, placing it for safety in the tree of his superstition or election, increasing or diminishing in vigor as the tree prospered or declined.

And I fell so elaborately in love with that split and aged tree, and with the whole race of them, living in the side-

walks and back yards of cities, always leaning away from the wall which imprisons or—if you prefer, being the owner—shelters them, that I tried to discover their origin and found out through books on trees and botany how the ailanthus wandered originally from the Molucca Islands where some of the plants were supposed to be indigenous. 'Aylanto' was the native name, so called in Amboina, chief of those coral islands.

And I used to think it was not strange that the ailanthus, remembering the Moluccas, whose soft name suggested a languorous antiquity of days little disturbed by Drake or Middleton, the wars of Portugal and Holland, or the voyage of the Beagle—that it was not strange if the ailanthus, remembering a proud autochthonous origin, should possess a wistful shabbiness like that of the old cab-horse who used to doze all summer by the curbstone under the meagre shade of our tree. We used to take that cab and go to visit Violet Archer—she had long corners to her eyes and a tag of hair in front of her ears. What has become of her now? Not that I care, but now is the moment to say, 'What has become of her?'

And now, Paul Godetsky, as I watched that ailanthus in the prison yard, coming up out of the iron ground, I began to think again how trees wander, like races, being bound to human lives and beliefs with a tenacity not to be reckoned. And I thought how we read about those shallow seas of the Malay Archipelago, full of floating plants and fruits undulating round these islands, drifting in the pattern of the currents, the monsoons, and the trade winds to other islands and to mainlands thousands of miles distant, where they strike their roots and live, and wander on by wind and water, with birds and animals and men.

Trees wander in exile, Paul, and you will remember how the Aylanto of Amboina, as we called that tutelary tree, used to pass and repass our window with a faint shine in the spasmodic gusts of a city thunderstorm, or go reaching up in the mystically forlorn light of a spring evening, and how we said that there was a soul out of place, a fluctuating wistfulness. We said that it remembered birds of paradise, also native in those oceanic islands, who used to sweep across it; that it had known among its boughs the white flight of the orchis; and that its own flowers, rank and green, smelling like sweat, were reminiscent of the jungle.

I remember how on an August night it made a mild episodic marriage with the moon, and how, after the moon had set, a fierce meteor traversed the rich blue of midnight. And it seemed to us that the old tree looked up at this brief curve of wasteful fire falling past the turning world, aware of that wild throe of extinction.

In this place they are building an addition, to accommodate more persons like myself, and the scantlings are still up, looking fragile and light and wooden against the granite wall that they surround to build.

And as the light grew clearer I saw, high up on the scantling, a small tree, withered and wry, bound there with a rope, as you will often see them if you look, on some unfinished skyscraper: a lateral descendant of the great cosmic trees which formed the axis of the earth—you remember them—Yggdrasill, the Great Ash, with the Norns sitting under it, and Irminsul of the Saxons, the Pillar of the World; lateral descendant of the Golden Bough, of all those sacred racial tutelary trees; a connection, even though the trunk was sawed off short, with some taproot of energy beyond our consciousness;

a sign, which workmen carry obscurely in their minds, of some root of livingness, some good luck, some integrity.

And as I watched the dry withered sign of an integrity bound there on the scantling of the prison, and the ailanthus rooted in the iron ground, leaning over as if listening, trying to catch an echo of its own old thoughts — remembering possibly the terrible dance of Shiva, dancing in the burning-ghats of the East, with the skull of Brahma and the Ganges in his hair, dancing with a shaking that would have shaken this granite place to pieces — I became conscious of sounds, coördinate and separate, stirring in my mind.

Now listen to me, Paul Godetsky, I have something to ask of you. You may say that it is mysticism — offensive to your realistic mind. But even science now is becoming guilty of a tentative new mysticism, drawn from its own endlessness. Why should we not indulge ourselves again in a symbolism of natural objects?

Whether or not you will believe it, I became aware, I felt the thick slow roots of those great sacred trees, I felt the topless tree of man's thought and longing growing like actual sound, like composed music, in my mind — in my ears, I should say.

And it seemed to me that I was young again, that I saw everything clearly with the clear instinct of youth unmuddied by experience, unintimidated by the brain.

I say that I heard the actual music of that great tree — the actual sound, terrible and august — of its growing. I felt the twisted roots groping first in the dark ground of fear, then I heard the trunk stretching up into the religions, and the boughs going out on every side, and the opening of the blossoms of the arts, and the leaves of knowledge and philosophy murmuring against the unknowable sky.

If I could have transposed that music from my bewildered soul, Paul Godetsky, to paper — if I could have got first the sound of the roots, then the fragmentary music of those early gods as dependent upon men as men were upon them, waxing and waning through mutual exchange of vigors; then the next music, music of the change from magic to religion, from sorcerer to priest; then the next music still, savage or compassionate, of the gods raised higher than men by men themselves and sustained by the cruel instinct in men for worship; and then this music ceding in turn to the next music of the spiritual gods — images and absolutes of man's desire, shadowy, anguished, or serene, for perfection —

Paul Godetsky, I heard it all, the actual, composed, translated sound — I kept watching the poor ailanthus and remembering my youth, and in my ears it towered and towered and towered — that tree of spiritual desire; and with the rustling and turning over and murmuring of those leaves I thought for a while that I was going frantic with the music that came rushing to my mind.

I could have written it down, then, but I had nothing, not a pencil or a paper — I am writing this, you will see, on the back of something the chaplain handed me this morning, on the edge, so to speak, of some idea or purpose of his own — but I felt that the music, as the sun got higher, was drifting away from me into those caverns from which I shall never get anything back again.

Nothing to make a single record with — and behind me another tree, the tall hollow core of emptiness going up through the centre of this octagonal jail and those cells like leaves on that deadly tree, each holding a man who had lost something in the cavern of time behind him.

And I thought I should have gone

mad, because I could not hold any memory of the actual notes of that music in my mind. I had nothing to hold it with. It came over me, it drifted away. And I said, perhaps if I spent my life in prison, like Bunyan — who were some of the others who enriched the earth by their own deprivation? — I said, what might I not accomplish?

Yet, undoubtedly, I should not do so, even in a prison. I don't stay here long enough; only long enough for the illusion of a little bad whiskey to wear away, an illusion not even happy while it lasts — because I have not staked enough, I suppose, some principle, some passion, only my body. But I have no passion except music, and who is going to keep me in jail because of a passion for music? Yet how dangerous the music I could —

However, as the sun got higher I became calm and listless, and I was thankful to be torn no longer by the sounds that were too much for me to hold or keep.

I saw that the old ailanthus was reaching up into a lucid spring day, a gentle-looking day, but bound to the earth with veils of terrible violet fire, which seemed to be waiting and listening — above all to be listening — for some ecstasy which it appeared to know would surely come.

Possibly because I am faint and still hungry, my ears remain full of the slow convolutions and heavings of those roots — but it may be only the transposition of a physical nausea. Yet I do continue to feel something, perhaps my own External Soul creeping through the ground, branching, rustling. And although my head is not entirely clear, it seems to me that I might still write down a part, take one leaf for myself, that I might perhaps, as they say, begin again.

Yet I know, dear sir, dear Paul

Godetsky, that I shall not do so. But you, could you not pull your old strength and your old pitch and your old insight together — you had much greater talent than I, even though now you might as well have less — and write down a fraction of that music? For you might still do something, on the power of recrudescence your margin should have given you.

And in the meantime, dear Paul — all bitterness vanishes when I think that you might still save for me some echoes of what I heard last night, save it from waste and from defeat — in the meantime, if you want me to play your accompaniment as you sing that duet with Mrs. Y — to-morrow — clearly I see her with her great bosom tightly bound and her small fat feet, and you beside her singing with her for the margin — if you want me to accompany you, will you find time to come here and pay my fine? You can take it out of my salary, which will be due to-morrow, and which you will pay me after Mrs. Y — has paid her bill — so that I also am living on her infantile ambitions. Yet I shall not mind Mrs. Y — so much hereafter or allow the picture of her to cloud my eyes, for she will soon pass away, but the tree will soon begin to grow.

You will do so, will you not, soon, dear Paul Godetsky? For although my mind is free, listening forever to a spreading murmur, happy in the thought of payment of an old debt to that obscure and effaced symbol of our youth, that old Aylanto, my body still remains subjugated by the vulgarity of these iron bars. And I shall have to stay here until a man unlocks a door and my body passes obediently through, and I pause under the blue lamp with the white letters — turned out now and dull but none the less ghastly — and wonder what I shall do next.

Ah, that tree, that great axis, and the music of the earth turning and turning on it!

My God, Paul Godetsky,—if I had any margin I should not be saying ‘My God’ so many times,—that ardor, that firm searching melancholy, which we have known, can we not get a fragment of it down? Not one jot? Not one? All those things that poured over us and sank down in us to our quick—have they all run like water into the ground and come up in nothing but a mould of dissatisfaction—not a root, not a thread of livingness? Ever?

You will come soon, for my head is

cracking, and the suffocation of the leaves, rustling, rustling, tortures me with the echo drifting every moment farther and farther down those caverns—the clock has just struck something. My throat is stiff. I cannot swallow, and I keep trying to see whether I still can.

Come quickly. I will keep my eyes fastened on that spindling tree down in the iron earth, continuing from its root without a break, and hang on to the echoes that are still sounding in me, hang on to them until you come and I can repeat them to you. And you will save them from defeat. And all my bitterness will vanish. . . .

OUR GREAT PRIVATE SCHOOLS

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

I

THE world always changes its skin during each successive generation—whatever the historians and even the anthropologists may say. The changes, however, are small and build themselves up invisibly toward transformations and convulsions; and we are inclined at first to credit them to the epoch in which we see them. Then come philosophic persons who by reading pamphlets, inscriptions, and old newspapers find out a great deal more about the subject than anyone can possibly know, and become in their turn subjects for the curiosity of later publicists.

All that we can be sure of is that great landslides of opinion and re-organizations of society do take place,

very often within a single generation, and that apparently they have occurred during the last century with intensifying rapidity. The rise of the industrial classes in England, and the heart-softening influence of one hardly knows what, swept over England in a single generation. The antislavery cause, which changed everything in the United States, rose, spread, and prevailed within a generation. I am almost afraid in drawing attention to certain well-known features of our American education that the transforming forces are already secretly at work which will reshape them before I have finished the paper. For the influence of the speculative classes is, to my mind, always illusory; and the

chief difference between Europe and America is that the American hopes for the best while the European fears the worst.

If one can imagine a Laocoön surrounded, not by two sons, but by a whole gallery of struggling young athletes,—all of whom are in the toils of the same gigantic serpent,—one will have an image of our universities and of our most important private schools, struggling against a domination which they understand but vaguely, and which is crushing the intellect out of them.

Behind these protagonists there looms the whole vast public-school system of the United States, with its millions of teachers; its thousands of statutes and regulations; its complexities of religious and racial antagonism; its dangers due to the enormous commercial value of its textbooks, and the enormous political power involved in its management. We must keep this great world of popular education ever in mind in thinking of the higher education, not so much because new light is likely to appear in high quarters,—for it generally shines forth unexpectedly from men who have had few advantages,—but because our public schools are an integral and living portion of our higher education. The high schools follow the colleges and are followed by the schools below. Ideas and practices run up and down through the structure, and the influence of our private schools is felt throughout the whole organism.

I must mention the universities in introducing the subject of these private schools. The new wealth of the world has looked on the old habitations of American learning and seen that they were good. We ought not to be surprised at this. It represents but a fringe of the world conquest recently made by the beneficiaries of prosperity.

These new classes claim Switzerland and the Riviera; they move into the country places of England; they have rebuilt and refurnished the hotels of the world to suit their needs. The seashore foams with them, the hilltops bristle with them, the restaurants regurgitate them all over the globe. In America they are less differentiated from the older stock than they are in Europe, because in America the older classes have themselves been lifted by the recent waves of wealth, and the aristocracy of the land, such as it was, has been both vitalized and vulgarized in the process. This new class has no use for learning; but how can we wonder that it values and understands the seats and homes of learning which were among the most enchanting features of our elder social life? Are these picturesque academies not a part of that old furniture which has become more precious than marble and serves as the *décor*, the plunder, and the pride of our newer palaces?

We can do no more than face the whole situation honestly—hope that our smaller colleges may be saved from the fate of the great ones, which were naturally first attacked because their social prestige made them desirable; and try to see junctures where sound practices may creep back into the crippled institutions, while we hold our minds open to relief that may come from elsewhere.

II

The position of the schoolmaster is the axis on which the whole question turns. It is said that the recent age of triumphant science can be followed to its source in the thought and the experiments of a few men of genius; as, for instance, that the whole of our electrical knowledge was foreshadowed in the teachings of Faraday. At any

rate the rise of a new learning is to be looked for among the thinkers and teachers of the land. If there is to be a new kind of school it will be developed by a new kind of schoolmaster.

At present our great private schools are, as I have said, locked and bound into the same system that controls our universities. The same clientele supports the universities and the schools that feed them. Our well-to-do, ingenuous, socially ambitious, and intellectually vacant industrial classes dominate in both fields. Every private school has its alumni association whose business it is to get money for new dormitories, infirmaries, gymnasiums, running-tracks; to hold high the traditions of the place and prevent its graduates from sending their sons elsewhere.

A hard thing it is to hold a school together: it is one of the hardest business problems in the world. In this country the effort to do so has resulted in making our schools into flocks and communities over which the shepherd keeps his eye, an eye in which the rays of moral duty, religious authority, and business sense meet as at a focus. The pastor knows his own; he rushes to California to marry an alumnus or to baptize a firstling; he becomes in time the friend and counselor of several generations. Yet he becomes also—and this is the part of which he is not so conscious—the servant of his age. He can only lead in the direction where the sheep are going—driven as they are by the overmastering trend of the times.

One cannot but rejoice in one aspect of these private schools. The historic spirit of the old world—indeed the best spirit of the Middle Ages—survives in them. It is a proselytizing spirit, of a pure and noble kind, alloyed, as it was during the Middle Ages, by the worldly and the practical,

by concessions to contemporary abuse.

It is with some compunction that I say anything derogatory of these great schoolmasters of ours; for they have long appeared to me to be among the noblest people in the country. Indeed they stand in a class by themselves—Christian evangelists, very sincere and very effective. But they have become, in spite of themselves, the figureheads of certain fashionable tendencies. Candor compels me to note this. And besides I am sustained by the example of many recent theologians who make no bones about criticizing Saint Paul himself.

If anyone wishes to get a glimpse of the clientele of our chief private schools let him take a bird's-eye view of the progeny of our bourgeoisie. Let him board the train of ten or twenty drawing-room cars which deliver the precious freight to Boston from New York on the closing day of the Easter holidays.

Here are scholars indeed! Small or large, pink or brown, lithe or brawny; but one cannot see the boys because of their clothes, sticks, hats, cameras, golf clubs, traveling-bags, cravats, badges, portable jewel-cases (or what looks like them), strange sporting-jackets; and all this plunder is as fresh as paint. Of course I know that these boys are dressed up and outfitted with the very minimum of what their parents and the headmaster think decent—the bare necessities of school life; but one needs time to get used to the idea. I know too that such things are merely externals, symbols, as it were, like the tonsure of the priest. They are the symbols of Sport. I cite them in passing as an indication of what the private schoolmaster has to deal with in his clientele.

The boys are as a rule not infant prodigies, nor the victims of early cramming, not children who know the

Psalms by heart or who have heard of Julius Cæsar. They do not know as much of history or literature as a village boy of like age knew in the America of fifty years ago. Their outlook upon life is that of their parents. They wish to keep in the swim of the epoch. Social success in the larger meaning of the term is their aim, an aim in which learning for its own sake counts for zero.

There is one thing, however, which counts for one hundred per cent: it is College. Each of these urchins is headed for some Alma Mater whose claims have been dinned into him from infancy by his father, his elder brother, and his family connections. College loyalty is the only religion he knows. Each boy goes to school as toward a sluice which shall deliver him to the Mecca of his soul. And this religious idea is kept alive in him by the vision of the ultimate college examinations—the Clashing Rocks through which he must pass to save his soul alive. The vision dogs his dreams; it stands between him and his teachers; it stands between him and himself. Thus an enormous moral pressure is put on him to make him do an intellectual thing—and this on an urchin who has never been taught to use his mind.

The worst is that this vision of college examinations is colored by what current science calls the 'fear complex,' a very withering kind of obsession; for fear is the most common and the worst enemy to intellect.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to give a personal anecdote.

In my youth I very seldom secured a mark of more than 75 per cent or less than 60 per cent on examinations. In fact I always passed them. Nevertheless at the age of forty, when I was laid low by a siege of nervous prostration which involved a dark room and complete rest, I dreamed every

night during many months that I was trying to pass an examination and could n't get through. There were tensions in my system, left over from the strains of twenty-five years before—mental cramps and images of fear. They had to be thawed out of me by something which almost resembled a dissolution.

III

You will see that fate has thus surrounded the scions of our peculiar wealth with a state of things that makes any normal development of intellect all but impossible. Their natural endowments are commonplace; their earliest surroundings are nonliterate; they are delivered to the schoolmaster under the bond and ban of an obsession.

How can they find the leisure to be truly interested, truly absorbed in any thought? How can they ever find out anything?

I do not favor the abolition of examinations; but examinations ought not to be the sword of Damocles, or depend on something which the headmaster cannot control. Who shall exorcise this spectre in the imagination of our boys? Not the schoolmaster; for this man is in the grip of the same terror. Can he reform the college examinations, or step aside to reform the parents of his boys and the atmospheric conditions under which he is with difficulty holding his flock together? It is more important to his school to get his boys into college than to educate them.

Let us consider one of the forms in which the spectre rises. The reading and writing of English is easily learned by the old-fashioned way, namely by reading good books, learning poetry by heart, and practising composition under the friendly eye of any educated person. Any private school has need

only of a young master with a talent for letters, to whom the younger boys may be turned over and who will keep them in sight till they graduate. Such treatment would fit the boys in English for entrance to any college in the world. Moreover the learning is so easy that the boys need hardly know they are getting it. Why then does not every private school engage some literate young instructor to teach English? Because the boys will be met at the college gates by a written examination and by a system of marking which follows a certain Book of Rhetoric; and the boys know this. They come to their school-teacher with a book about English composition in their hands and say, 'We see here that prose is divided into (a) narrative, (b) argumentative, and (c) didactic. Teach us this.'

The colleges themselves are manacled. I found a very clever young instructor teaching some sort of prescribed English to a freshman class at Harvard. After listening for forty minutes to the Choctaw I said to him, 'Why do you not throw that book in the fire and help the boys to learn to express themselves?'

'Because my schedule imposes the book,' he replied.

The textbook mania in all its forms is due to the sudden expansion of our population, which has swamped the teaching professions, and the universities, in their quandary, have been seeking to make manuals do the work of men. I think that the influence of science has had something to do with these college malpractices; for in science, textbooks are essential and they can be accurate. In the departments of the humanities they are a makeshift and are always a little misleading. In the matter of English composition they are a crime.

Once fill the young belly with the

husks of rhetoric and you ruin the stomach. Your truly talented child will spew them up; but your average child will accept them and suffer, retaining only a lifelong disgust for reading and writing and a belief that they are difficult and recondite studies.

Our overindulgence in textbooks is intimately tied up with another mistaken practice. Any conscientious schoolmaster will tell you that he spends three fourths of his time on the lower two thirds of the class. The clever boys master the book at a glance and may therefore be neglected. Is not this near-madness? Are not those clever boys the hope of our nation's literacy?

IV

It is clear that the gates between school and university must be reset; but if you inquire how this is to be done you ask a hard thing. Any university is so large, complex, and rusty a system that one cannot get private intelligence to bear upon it. Any particular question falls within the purview of I know not how many Boards, Committees, Overseers, and so forth. The great presidents are wholly taken up with finance; the faculties are frightened and powerless. One has hope from the schools and from the association of headmasters till one comes to close quarters with them, and then one realizes that a certain hopelessness extends its paralysis here also. With the schoolmaster there are always lions in the way. Many years ago in talking with James G. Croswell, the headmaster of the Brearley School, and one of the most intelligent men I ever knew, I was struck with a *non possumus* quality in him as to changes that seemed easy and obvious to the outsider. A technique of which I knew nothing forbade them; a practical wisdom — whether of

the world or of the spirit I could not guess — closed the door.

One way of laying the ghost of college examinations would be for some school to cut loose from the whole college system and prepare its boys for an imaginary college — giving them what they ought to know, in the headmaster's discretion, and letting them take their chances at the universities. Such schools will be founded, I make no doubt, and will attract a kind of boy who has less sporting-goods on his small person.

In the meantime something might be done on a small scale and, as a sample, — I tremble as I proceed, for I know the suggestion will be thought utopian and almost foolish, — if the great headmasters of the land would make a mass attack on some particular university, concentrating their force on a single point, as, for instance, on entrance examinations in English, they would undoubtedly be successful. They could undoubtedly induce some one university to say, 'We shall allow our entrance English to be determined by a talented young man of letters; send up your boys.' It is clear that any educated examiner could determine in ten minutes whether any boy knew enough English for admission to a university. A dictation would settle the point. I believe that such a man could deal with twenty boys in an hour. And such of them as failed could be sent to a summer school where

intelligent methods were followed. Once let our colleges burn their books of rhetoric and the schools too could destroy them.

This reform would be a godsend to the whole intellectual world of the coming generation; for the boys could learn to use their mother tongue.

It will be seen that I am not endeavoring to start a campaign for getting the automobiles off Fifth Avenue or the stockbrokers out of the club windows, or to save our greater universities from the conquering hordes that have camped out in them in such a joyous throng. No, nor even to reform the fashionable boarding-schools, where the seething top of our social whirl can be studied so conveniently. The fresh springs that regenerate the mind of the world bubble up from unseen sources and no historian can give an account of them. New shrines are built about their chalices and thirsty people find them out as if by magic.

Yet something may be done to the older contrivances and water supplies by intelligent tinkering. And there is this encouraging fact about life, that any step in the right direction, any better adjustment of strains, loosens the tensions of the entire universe; and therefore it is worth our pains to examine the joints and hinges of society and to study the paths and byways of the world's mystery as we pass through them.

MY WILD-HOG CLAIM: A DUBIOUS ASSET

FROM HIGHLAND ANNALS

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

It was mostly during my first two years on the farm that things happened. Unfamiliarity sharpened events into adventure. Later on the unusual gradually flattened into matter of course. For this reason I am glad that I looked over my wild-hog claim during the first year of possession, a time when I fed on explorer's elixir, and knew not plain bread and meat.

I can still see Sam, a clear-cut figure, swinging from an overhead bough which he had grasped just in time to save himself from the plunging, foam-scattering boar that in another second would have had his life. But the beginning of the day was calm enough. For some time I had heard talk of my claim as a fund-producing property which, if looked after as it should be, would enable me to buy out the County Bank as soon as I chose. My predecessor had imported a few Berkshires and Poland Chinas to mix with the wild breed, and the result, Len assured me, was 'the best mixtry in the mountains.' Quality had been improved without unfitting the hogs for hardy life on the ridges. Acorns were abundant; sprouting chestnuts could be uprooted until late in the spring. By taking the hogs in midwinter, before the mast began to grow scant, one could find them fairly fat, and two or three weeks in the pen, with plenty of corn to crunch,

would make the meat sweet and marketable. Whenever things looked expensively blue on the farm there was always someone to remind me cheerfully of my wild hogs that could be 'fotched in an' cashed quick as nothin'.'

We were having some bright, windless days in January, and Len said to me wistfully, 'Ain't this the hog-huntin' time, though?'

I was getting close to the wall as to ways and means, so I answered, 'Very well, Len. Tell Sam about it and get ready for a round-up to-morrow.'

He was delighted. 'I jest been achin' to git into the woods,' he said. 'There'll be a lot o' young-uns to mark. Course you know what yer mark is, Mis' Dolly?' I did n't, and he apologized for my ignorance in a matter so vital. 'A woman kain't be expected to know ever'thing 'bout the hog business. Yer mark is an undercrap in the right year an' two main smart slits in the top o' the left. Ag Snead's got a mark nearly like yorn, only they's a slit in the right an' a crap too. It's a top slit, an' ever' hog that's got the top o' his year torn off ol' Ag drives in fer his'n. An' they's mainly yorn, Mis' Dolly.'

'But how do they get their ears torn off?'

'Dogs. We have to ketch 'em with a dog, an' he gits 'em by the year.

Sometimes a blame hog 'll leave part of his year with the dog an' go on. I've hearn ol' Ag 'll sic his dogs onto yore mark, hopin' to tear a year off an' claim the hog, an' I would n't put it past him.'

'That's a rascality, Len, and Mr. Snead is a deacon.'

'Law, when a man goes hog-huntin' he puts his 'ligion in the cupboard, so it won't git hurt while he's out.'

'Those hogs are mine. I'm going to have a talk with neighbor Snead.'

Len was startled. 'Lord-a-mercy! This here's a country where you kain't call a man a hog-thief an' git home by sundown.'

'I won't call him a thief.'

'No, I reckon you 'll jest inquire ef he's got any o' yore hogs in his pen.'

Noting that I duly crumpled, he became protective as usual.

'You see, Mis' Dolly, they ain't any way to 'proach a man on sech a subject, less'n yer carryin' a good gun.'

'We 'll meet at Sam's,' he told me, 'round about 'fore good daylight. There 'll be pap an' my Ben, an' we 'll take Burl 'cause he's got a big dog.'

Burl was a cousin of Coretta's, staying at Sam's and trying, with fluctuating success, to court Len's oldest girl. 'A good hog-hunt,' said Len, 'will show ef he's any account, him an' that dog o' hisn.'

I managed to reach Sam's the next morning while the smoky lamp was still burning on the kitchen table. As I approached I heard voices, zestful and happy, but when I appeared in the door there was surprise, then a troubled silence.

'You need n't been afraid I would n't git 'em off early,' said Coretta. 'I been up sence three o'clock, an' Len an' Ben come at four. We'd done breakfast, an' was jest chowin' till light broke.'

'I'm not hurrying you. I was only

afraid that I would n't be in time myself.'

'You 're not going?' all questioned at once, and plunged into talk of the cliffs that I would tumble over, the thickets I could n't crawl through, and the 'straight-ups' I could n't climb. I did not doubt their concern for me, but felt that more was behind their opposition than desire for my safety. In some subterranean way they knew that crafty hints had reached me of their having now and then spirited hogs to neighborly markets, forgetting to share the proceeds with the owner; they knew too, by the same invisible channels, that the tainting insinuations had been indignantly discouraged; yet they suspected me of wanting to keep on their track. After getting up at an heroic hour to prove my full comradeship, it was depressing to run against suspicion, as cold in my confident face as the frosty air of the dawn. But I innocently urged that I was bound for the hunt, that our lives were of equal value, and I would share all risks. After some minutes of talk — genuine even as it veiled the core of discussion — the springs of good humor began to flow, doubt was put to cover, and we were on the road.

Serena was with us. She had come with Len to the meet, and I had heard him insisting on her accompanying me. 'You won't have to go fur,' he said. 'She 'll turn back 'fore we git to Broke Yoke Gap.'

Granpap also was of the party. 'He kain't run,' said Len, 'but he'll he'p us more'n you'd think. He caught a big feller last year all by hisse'f, 'cept what little ol' Bub could do.'

'All right, granpap,' I said, feeling gay and generous as the sun began to warm our mountain, 'you can have all you catch to-day. I won't take any toll from you.'

There was no answer — no thanks.

Everybody looked straight into the woods, ostensibly concerned with nothing but sighting a hog; and I knew thereby that my words had been taken seriously.

II

'We ought to git Red Granny today,' said Sam, examining the ground where the smoking leaves had been stirred. 'Here's her consarned ol' broke-toed track. An' here's a lot o' littler tracks. She's been in an' tolled out some more o' our shotes. I bet if we hurried up we'd come right on her.'

'Let's hurry then,' I urged; for I knew about the old sow called Red Granny, that for three years had proved uncapturable. She kept her inaccessible house on the side of a rough mountain, making her way to it through a great pile of rock by a passage yet undiscovered. Though a good breeder, filling the woods with sandy-haired pigs, she also seemed able to teach them the secret of escape. Bub, who was an old dog, could hardly be made to run a red pig unless it was on his own side of the mountain.

'Tain't no use to trail Red Granny,' said Len. 'Ol' Bub leads the dogs, an' he won't run that-a-way. I put him on her trail onct an' he was out all night. When he come in next day he was too 'shamed to look at me.'

'Well, let's get somewhere,' I said, feeling the cold in spite of the sun. Then I found I had made a mistake. The first part of hog-hunting is deliberation. There was a long discussion as to the most fruitful direction.

Finally little Ross, who had followed Serena, said, 'Let's go to the sow's oak,' and to my amazement everybody agreed. 'I bet that spotted sow is there with some little pigs, an' poppie promised me one,' said Ross.

The sow's oak was a giant tree with a large hollow at the butt, big enough to

furnish good shelter for a litter. For years it had been a favorite bedding-place. To find it we had to descend into a cove where there was a clear spring. All stopped for water, though everybody had taken a drink just before leaving Sam's. The Highlander can go without a meal or two with no inconvenience, but he drinks water in season and out of season. After leaving the spring we passed around the curving side of a hill and came in sight of the tree.

'Sst!' said Sam. 'I see her. She's in there, an' she's got pigs. Don't crowd her now. Keep the dogs back. We don't want her to git tore, an' her a-sucklin' pigs. Y'all stand out here in a circle like, so she kain't git through if she runs, and I'll ease up behind the tree. When ye see me bounce 'round to the front to grab her leg, ever'body an' the dogs bear right in.'

He made a wide circuit and came up behind the tree, but before he reached it Bub's dog, Bugle, who was new at the game, gave a yelp and the sow sprang out. About a dozen tiny pigs, black-spotted and with delicate pink noses, followed her. All three of the dogs rushed forward and yapped in her face. She bristled to fight, then turned and dashed in the opposite direction, flashing by Sam and leaving him to look foolish, with a knotted rope in his hands. The dogs flew after the sow and the men followed the dogs. Little Ross began to scramble after the terrified, squealing pigs.

'Go after the one with the black spot on its year,' said Serena. 'It's the purtiest.' Ross tumbled after the one she pointed out and secured it. Serena took it into her apron. By that time not a pig was to be seen or heard. They were all under the leaves, behind logs, anywhere they could secrete their quivering bodies. In the distance we could hear the cry of the dogs and

shouts of the men. Then the yelping ceased and we heard the wild squeals of the captive. When we reached the spot the men were looking down on the struggling sow. She was tied by one hind leg, and the other end of the rope was made fast to a young tree.

'She'll keep all right,' said granpap, examining the knots critically. 'Reckon anybody'll find her here 'fore we git back? The woods air full o' hunters.'

'Hunters and stealers,' said Len indignantly. 'But we kain't he'p it. We got to go on.'

'She'll drive in easy,' said Serena. 'It's that sow you brought in last year, an' I gentled her with slop for a month.' She put the little pig down by his mother, who became very still as he lifted a nudging nose to her. I wanted to return and find the other pigs, but was swiftly talked down.

'They'll find the sow ef she'll squeal loud enough,' said Sam. 'They won't run fur anyhow, an' we'll look 'em out as we go home.'

The men had discovered some signs which they were sure would lead to a fine bunch of shotes. 'An' shotes pay,' they said. 'Anybody'll buy a shote.'

The 'signs' took us by a very rough way through a damp hollow. Serena declared it was so 'blustery' she could n't stand it, and persuaded me to turn up the slope and walk along the ridge, leaving the men to push their way below. 'They always scour that holler,' she said, 'but they've never brought a pig out of it.' In half an hour the men came up defeated. Some pigs had been found, but they proved to be in Ag Snead's mark.

'I'll tell ye what let's do,' said Len. 'We'll go to Raven Den side to find that big b'ar hog that's tuskin' our gentles ever' time they go to the woods.'

'I'm afraid o' that feller,' said young Ben. 'I seen him onct. He suits me where he is.'

'Let's go fer him,' said Burl. 'That sounds like a hunt.'

'I'm ready,' said Sam. 'That feller's too mean to let live. I've had to sew up two shotes this week that come in all cut up.'

We were moving slowly along the ridge, and little Ross, who had been running ahead, came flying back to say that he had found a hog sound asleep. We rushed forward and came upon a fine sow lying dead. Len pointed to a bullet hole in her forehead.

'Is it ours?' I asked, for my mind was set on revenue and this was a dismal beginning. So far we had to our credit only a half-tame sow that would probably have come in of her own accord when food grew scarce—and this. Len flicked the exposed ear of the sow. 'You see the undercrap,' he said. Then he pulled the other ear from under her head. 'An' there's the two slits. It's a ten-dollar bill you got layin' there.'

'Ay,' said Sam, 'she's worth ten dollars more yesterday than to-day.'

'Yesterday!' said Len. 'She's shot early this mornin'. She ain't froze yit, an' last night would 'a' froze fire. Whoever shot her is in the woods now, an' he better not come shammuckin' where I can see him. I'd have my say.'

'You ain't goin' to talk into a gun, Len,' said Serena. 'Wha'd you promise me about this hog business?'

'Shucks, Reenie, I ain't broke no promise yit.'

'Yain't goin' to nuther. Ol' Ag's got more bullets. Reckon I'm goin' to chance comin' on you layin' in the woods like this here sow?'

'Why,' I asked, at last getting in my burning question, 'did they shoot the poor thing and leave her here?'

'Oh, she looked slick an' fine a hundred yards off, but when they shot her an' come up close they seen she was goin' to litter an' was n't fit fer meat.'

'What about a stomach that can eat a hog right off the mast?' said Sam. 'Ag Sneed ain't more'n ha'f human anyway.'

'Twa'n't Ag,' said granpap. 'It 'ud take two men to git this hog in home, an' ol' Ag is secrety. He would n't want a partner in this kind o' work. It's the Copp boys more 'n likely.'

'There's ol' Aggervation now,' called Ben. We looked ahead and saw a man approaching. It was Agnashus Sneed. A boy, big-limbed and nearly grown, walked beside him.

'That's his nephew, Ted Shoals,' said Len. 'Course they done it! Now watch Ag, the ol' devil! You'd think he was jest from prayer-meetin'.'

'Howdy, folks,' Sneed called to us. He was about seventy, with cool, pink cheeks, and white hair that still kept a youthful ripple. His eyes were golden brown and young as a boy's. I found myself introduced, and shook hands with him almost eagerly. Oh, no, he could n't have done it!

'Any luck?' he asked, and Len pointed to the dead hog. The old man was properly shocked. 'They's some rotten folks in this kentry,' he said, 'ef a man knowed where to find 'em.'

'Right, there is,' said Len, 'an' I b'lieve I'd know 'em ef I seen 'em.' His black eyes looked kindly into the brown eyes of Sneed. Serena pushed in. 'Your luck's all right, uncle Ag. The boys jest now found a bunch o' yore shotes down in that holler.'

'Reckon they did n't have no years tore off?' he asked, repaying Len's thrust. But no fight was precipitated because he accompanied his question with the frankest of smiles. Serena had often told me that you could say anything in the mountains if you took care to say it laughing.

'No,' put in Sam, with a grin equally disarming, 'but if I's as mean as *some*

folks I'd whacked off their years ragged-like, an' druv 'em in home.' The laugh went round. Both parties had spoken their minds. Old Ag bent over and touched the bullet hole.

'Them Copp boys air in the woods to-day.'

We knew what he meant, but if the Copp boys should ever get him cornered not one of us could swear that he had accused them.

'Their gun makes the same kind of a hole yorn does, I reckon,' said Len, with a steady look at Sneed's rifle.

This was going too far. Sneed rose up and looked about. He would be two against five, with maybe a woman to claw him from the back. A tolerant smile spread over his face. 'It shore does,' he said. 'I'll tell you what, boys. I kain't take my shotes in with jest Ted here to he'p me. S'pose I hunt with you to-day, an' you he'p me to-morr'.'

Asking a favor was more disarming than laughter. This was a neighborly appeal, and Len was first, last, and always, a good neighbor. In two minutes we were all on our way to the haunt of the big b'ar hog, leaving the embryo feud, for a time at least, to smother under amenities.

III

Serena had slyly given me several opportunities to turn back with her. At last she openly rebelled. 'Ef yer goin' down in them rocks,' she said, 'I'm goin' to make a fire on the ridge an' set here till ye git back, if ye ever do git back.'

'Stay if you want to,' Len told her, 'an' keep Ross to he'p ye pick up brush. Ef we roust that b'ar there'd best be nobody round that kain't hop quick.'

The entire party gave me a look which was a plain request that I keep Serena company. I was half angered. 'Come on,' I said, taking the lead along

the ridge. 'I hope you'll enjoy yourself, Serena.'

They stood dubiously, then came on with a shout.

'Yer like my first wife,' said Snead, striding alongside of me. 'Nothin' could head her. You've heard 'bout the man that had had three wives an' when he prayed he would say, "God bless Patch, an' Piece-patch, but dern ol' Tear-all." Now I say it back'ards. My first un wuz Tear-all, an' I'd ruther have her back than any of 'em. There wuz n't any government them days. Ever' feller had his own still ef he wanted one, an' tended to his own business. Governments had n't come inter fashion. I'd say to my wife, "Serry, I'd like to cut up fer a week an' lay drunk," an' she'd say, "Go it, Ag, I'll tend to the crap." An' when I got through I'd let her have her turn ef she wanted it, and she generally did. When she wuz dyin' she says, "Ag, you've been square. You've come as you wanted an' gone as you wanted, an' so've I, bless Jesus." "Yes, Serry," I says, "you've never been tied to the meat-skillet or wash-pot." She laffed then an' says, "I reckon you knowed that string would 'a' broke anyhow, Ag." When she wuz dead I wuz fool enough to think my luck would n't turn, an' I married agin in about six weeks. Lord, Lord, she cleaned an' she cooked an' she mended till I begged her to let up an' go huntin' with me. I wuz so lonesome I purty near cried, an' all she done wuz to git down on her marr's an' pray fer my soul. "O Lord," she says, "I'll take keer o' his pore neglected body ef you'll jest save his soul." Well, I set in then an' made her glad to git out. I set down an' cussed her steady fer two days. She was ready to go the first day, but said she could n't till she got ever'thing done. She left my clothes all fixed an' the house like pie, an'

enough cooked to keep me fer a week, an' me cussin' her in a solid streak. She had the grit, but it wuz turned the wrong way fer me. It gives me the all-gonest, lonesome feeling now to think of how she worked an' worked, an' all I wanted wuz company. 'T wa'n't long till she married Ham Copp an' I reckon he suited her fer they're livin' together yit. It's her two boys what's been so near that dead sow back yander, no matter what Len Merlin's got in his head about it. You kain't blame the boys, they been brought up so religious. I think a heap of religion, but you got to keep it in bounds er it's like fire an' water; it'll eat ye up. The Copp boys don't want to be et up, an' when they gets out they make t'other way, toward the Devil. I'm a deacon, an' pay my dues, but nobody can say I treat my religion too familiar.'

Sam called us to halt, and we paused in a body to look down over the cliffs where boulders struggled brokenly and trees and saplings scrambled for distorted life.

'He's down there, boys. I'll take Bub an' Bugle, an' Pap to carry the rope, an' when we find where he is, y'all stretch 'round above us, an' I'll go in an' sic up the dogs. Len, you hold Buck. He's my dog, an' I ain't savin' him, but bein' a fox dog he's better fer the run, ef it comes to runnin'. They's the masterest ivy thicket 'bout a quarter furder, an' ef we roust him out he's liable to make fer it.'

We began the descent, and as I stumbled laboriously downward I thought of Serena sitting by her fire, no doubt singing one of the many ballads which she had learned from her grandmother, and which had probably been sung by a score of generations before her without ever losing its essence in print. I stifled a lyrical regret and clung resolutely to my commercial mood. About thirty yards

from the top we scattered and took our stations as Sam directed.

'Ef he breaks out, beat the bushes an' make a noise like the whole Cherokee nation full of corn-juice.'

Sam then went farther down, and was beginning to peer cautiously about for the boar when Len cried out, 'Hold on! There he is! At the top!'

We looked up and saw the boar above us, monstrously outlined at the top of the ridge. He was huge and black, and my startled eyes magnified him to a fearsome thing. I found out later that he was not of inordinate size. He was poking a nose that seemed several feet long over the verge of a sheer cliff. There were simultaneous howls from the three dogs. The boar's bristles rose like black Lombardy poplars; as he flung himself around, his tusks, whiter than the whitest cloud, seemed to circle Heaven. He shot along the ridge, Buck plunging after him.

'Foller him, fellers,' shouted Sam. 'I'll take Bub an' Bugle an' make fer the thicket. That's where he's goin'.'

Len, Burl, Ted, and Ben began to leap up the mountain-side and were soon racing along the ridge trail. I could be of no use in heading off the boar, and after one staggered look upward at the almost vertical slope I decided to follow Sam and granpap. Snead was of the same mind, and we struggled along, swinging from bushes and scrambling over boulders until we arrived at the ivy thicket, which was not ivy at all, but a mass of twisted kalmia from which several great chestnut trees rose in triumph. From somewhere in the tangled interior I could hear Sam's voice constantly repeating a formula, 'Sic 'im, Bub! Sic, sic, sic!' not loud but in a steady tone, half pleading, half commanding.

Snead crawled into the thicket, and in about ten minutes was back again.

'Sam's standin' to his waist in a sink-hole,' he said, 'an' skeered white-eyed. But he ain't in no danger, the ivy's so thick round that sink-hole. Bub nor Bugle won't take holt o' the b'ar. They prance all round him, much as the ivy'll let 'em, an' keep out o' the way o' his tusks, an' that's all. We got to have a dog that'll take holt. Sam says fer me to send Ben down the mountain Pizen Branch way an' git Jake Sutton's ol' dog, Drum. Drum'll bring him out of anything will.'

'There's Buck.'

'Shucks, ef Bub won't take holt we need n't wait on Buck.'

'What's granpap doing?'

'Nothin' but squattin' in the bottom o' that sink-hole wishin' he's in prayer-meetin'.'

Snead made his way up to the circle of silent watchers, and Ben was soon flying down the mountain Pizen Branch way. In ten minutes he would be at the foot, but he would have to return slowly by a winding trail, and it would be nearly an hour before Drum could be one of us. In the meantime Sam, with the two dogs, endeavored to keep the boar entertained. Suddenly there was a shriek. A dark body was thrown into the air and fell on top of a thick bunch of 'ivy.' 'The blood jest sprinkled,' said Sam afterward.

'He's killed my dog,' shouted Burl from the hillside. But Bugle had received only a skin wound and, scrambling down, crept with viscerated courage to his master. Sam kept on incessantly with the formula, 'Sic 'im, Bub! Sic, sic, sic!' and finally called to Len, 'Send Buck in here 'less ye want me to git tore up. Bub's winded.'

From somewhere up the hill Len unloosed Buck, who rushed for the thicket. His entrance was Wagnerian, with a sound that reached the spheres. I had crept forward until I could get black glimpses of the boar as he whirled

about, charging at the agile Bub and missing him by a hair's breadth. With the entrance of Buck he decided to run, and dashed along the 'tunnel' that in happier days he had worn to his hiding-place. The dogs tumbled over each other and were slower in getting out. Sam appeared and shouted to the watchers above, 'Tear along up there! Ef he gits round the mountain we might as well go home.'

I was at granpap's heels and going fine, when he fell. He was n't seriously hurt, but sat on a rock rubbing his ankle, and I was astounded at the imprecations which he dropped on that 'b'ar devil.' It meant more to him than being out of the race. Life had beaten him and gone on, and he knew it. 'Reckon they'll say I done it a-purpose,' he said forlornly.

'Oh no, they won't. Sam himself could n't have jumped that rock.'

'I'll set here till the pain gits meller.'

We waited, and the tumult died away and with it my hope of witnessing the capture. After a little we heard a sort of scrambling in the bushes.

'That's Ag,' said granpap. 'He'd git out o' the run ef he had to break his neck fer it.'

A moment passed and Snead joined us, slightly limping.

'I was jumpin' a blame rock, an' it tumbled me off,' he said. 'What's the matter with the ol' man?'

'Not a durn thing,' said granpap. 'I jest 'lowed I'd drap out.'

To show his scorn of subterfuge, he got up and took a few firm steps, then sat down, white with pain but grinning with triumph.

'I'd give my coat an' shirt to go with the boys,' said Snead. 'Ef I had n't struck on that sore knee I could a' kept up all right.'

'Reckon I could n't,' said granpap. 'When I got old I knowed it. Time ain't slipped nothin' on me.'

'Well, I ain't give in yit,' Snead asserted, his yellow-brown eyes shimmering. 'These woods'll be my back yard as long as I'm topside o' earth, an' when I'm under it I'll rattle the dirt of I can.'

'I'd do a lot myself,' said granpap, 'ef I could do it with my tongue.'

Snead's retort was lost in the returning tumult. The racers were coming back with a rush that made us think of scurrying to refuge. Sam afterward related what had happened.

'When I got out of the thicket,' he said, 'I started over the rocks like a jumpin' spider. Thet ol' b'ar devil went straight like he was goin' round the mountain, but the dogs kept bearin' down on his upper side an' brought him up under a cliff that he had n't counted on meetin'. He had to turn on 'em then, but they would n't rush in an' he would n't rush out. The foam was flyin' an' Buck was all bloody. Them tusks had scraped some sense into him, an' he was standin' off, yappin' an' yowin'. Little ol' Bub was jumpin' up an' down an' wantin' like fire to go in, but he knowed better. "All we can do," I says to Len when the boys come up, "is to hold the feller here till Ben comes with ol' Drum." An' about that time the b'ar decided to come out an' give them dogs a skeer. You run me in here, he thinks, an' by golly I'll run ye out. An' he lit fer 'em. You never seen dogs so skeert. An' that's why we all come back. 'Cause that b'ar wanted to. He jest rid the saplin's after them dogs. It was the masterest thing to see him goin' over ever'thing like he had wings in his insides.'

He was 'riding the saplings' when we saw him, but we had no time for leisurely observation. We were in the most open strip of the brush and this was the highway for the chase. The dogs seemed divided between fear and shame. They rushed forward with

their tongues out, but every few rods would fling their heads back as if to turn on their pursuer; then at sight of him they would give an apparently dying screech and flee forward again.

'Scroonch up to that poplar,' called Snead, 'an' they'll pass us.' The poplar was an immense one, five feet through at the butt, and was only three or four yards from us; but we had barely time to cross the distance and crowd against the tree before the wild runners flew by. I felt that the earth must be moving; that the whole mountain was a penumbration of that black, vaulting body; the air ought to bleed, torn by those merciless tusks.

They passed out of sight, to our left; and very soon, on our right, we saw Sam. His shoes were ripped open, and his overalls, in strips from his knees down, revealed legs and ankles scratched and bloody. In his hard-set face I scarcely recognized the softly placating features of Sam. As he passed us he was muttering something about old Drum. 'Ef ol' Drum'll ever git here!' A few minutes later Len and Ted came up.

'Where's Burl?' asked granpap.

'Back yander, tendin' that no 'count dog o' hisn.'

They hurried on, and Len called over his shoulder, 'Come on, pap, with yer rope. I hear Ben an' ol' Drum. We'll git him now.'

We listened, and a long, deep, fresh-sounding bay echoed through the woods. Granpap grabbed his rope, dropping his lameness and twenty years of his age. 'Smoke yer heels, boys,' he said; and like boys we followed. 'He's bayed agin,' said granpap, as we neared a discord of indescribable sounds. Soon we saw the boar, on top of a lichen-covered boulder, sitting on his haunches, his eyes, like two little black stars, pouring vitriol that ought to have made the

forest crumble. The rock itself, with its green, black, and creamy spots and vein-like roots climbing over it, seemed a part of the creature's body, making a monster as superior to attack as granite, as formidable as if Nature had condensed her forces into his resisting form. The yapping dogs at the base of the rock, and the men with their ceaseless 'sic, sic,' were as negligible as squeaking gnats.

Sam was the only one with any apparent dignity. He had yielded to fatigue, and lay motionless on the ground, probably forty feet from me and an equal distance from the group about the rock.

A long musical sound came from old Drum. It was not loud, but of a sure timbre that made the woods quiver. The boar threw up his head and his sides thumped. From my safe distance I fancied a trembling among all the little ruffled scales of the lichens. Suddenly Ben's young voice called out from somewhere above the rock, 'Go it, Drum, sic 'im, sic 'im!' and Drum's huge yellow body vaulted from the slope to the upper edge of the boulder. At that instant the boar shot into the air, curved downward, and struck the ground near the men, scattering them to cover. He rolled for a second, like a knotted ball, then found his four feet properly under him and made straight for Sam.

For a second I felt blinded by a swirling black cloud, then stood clear-sighted in a small but painfully vivid human world. Nature with her everlasting forces retreated and consciousness was trivially reabsorbed in the by-product, humanity. I could even see Coretta, a pale widow, in the country store with a basket of eggs, insisting on an exchange of black percale; and myself distractedly guiding the destinies of her fatherless young.

But Sam was quicker than the boar.

With one motion he leaped three feet from the ground, and with arms abnormally long seized the limb of a tree that stretched above him, drawing his body up accordion-fashion and hanging there like a half-opened jackknife. The boar dashed under him and on toward me. I resigned life resentfully. My passion for union with earth was spent. There was nothing but ignominy in being trampled into the ground and muddily tusked.

Drum saved me. I saw him at the boar's side trying to reach his ear. The boar whirled in defense, and Len cried, 'Run, God A'mighty, run!' I supposed he meant me, but I could n't move. I had to see whether Drum got that ear or not. My arm was grabbed and I was viciously shaken. 'Ain't you got a bit o' sense?' That did n't seem to matter, but when I had been pulled to safety I managed to say, 'Thank you, Len, I guess I'll — faint.' Which I did, but it was not a desperate lapse. I was up in a few minutes, watching the game between Drum and the boar, and commenting on it in a very small voice.

It was worth seeing. Drum clearly understood his difficulty. He was to get his teeth into the boar's ear and keep his own body safely guarded from the tossing tusks. They shuttled back and forth, for every time that Drum was near getting a hold the boar would whirl in an effort to drive his tusk into the dog, and this would cause a face-about for both of them. I did not see how the game of wits and muscle could end except by the exhaustion of one or the other; and the boar was doubtless using his last strength. It seemed shockingly unfair for Drum to come so fresh to the contest.

'Be right still; be right still,' Len would say, though nobody needed the adjuration, all being tense and motionless. 'Drum's gittin' him winded. He'll land in a minute. Be right still.'

I understood what he meant by 'landing' when Drum finally sailed upward and dropped down on the boar's back just behind his ears.

'He's got him!' shouted Sam. 'Git yer sticks, ever'body. I'll grab his leg. Y'all be ready to come in, er he'll tear me up if Drum's holt breaks.'

But this time Drum held on, and the boar spun round and round helplessly. It seemed death to approach him, but Sam got behind a rock, lay down, and reached out a long arm, ready to grab a flying hind leg if it should come near.

'Len, you an' pap git the noose over his nose. Where's that Burl? Let him an' Ben hold my legs.' But Burl called from a prudent distance, 'He ain't winded yit. You'd all better keep out.'

'Dern yer white skin,' said Sam, 'git back to yer dry-goods box in Asheville. Ben, you an' Ted ketch holt o' my legs.' They obeyed, bracing their feet against the rock, getting ready, it appeared, to pull Sam in two. Len, holding a big club, took the dangerous position of granpap's guard in his attempts to noose the boar. Snead was to tie another rope about the leg if Sam succeeded in grabbing it.

There was a ragged throaty shout. Sam had him. Snead, too reckless, rushed in on the wrong side and had to rush out again.

'Tie him, kain't you?' puffed Sam. 'I ain't no snake, I kain't live in two pieces!' Snead made another rush and got the rope securely tied. This freed Sam, who made a grab for the other hapless hind leg of the boar, and the two were then made fast together. The animal, crazed by the outrage, tossed his tusks in a last desperation, and Drum's hold broke. The dog was thrown ten feet, just as granpap, by a miraculous move, got the noose around the boar's nose above his tusks.

'Pap's done it!' cried Len. And 'Pap's got him!' echoed Sam. 'Me fer

granpap!' shouted Ben. 'Smart fer ol' bones,' said Snead; and 'Hurrah, granpap!' said I, to be with the tide.

'I could n't a' beat it,' said Burl, and Len turned on him. 'Ef you want to marry my girl, you'll have to carry a better gun'n I do.'

'You got to pay fer my dog,' said Burl, backing off.

'When Hell cools butter,' said Len. 'Shet yer mouth ef you can do it with those tight breeches on.' Then his angry spurt was over. 'You goin' to he'p carry this thing in home?'

Burl came trippingly forward and looked at the boar. Forefeet and back were tied, and a long pole thrust under them. Safely trussed, but the tusks looked alive. 'I'll he'p at his hind feet,' said Burl, and laughter rolled over him.

'You walk ahead to keep the bears an' Injuns off us,' said Len. 'Ben, you an' Sam git aholt the hind end o' that pole. Me an' Ted'll take the front.'

They took off their jackets and, doubling them up, placed them between their shoulders and the pole.

'Won't it hurt him?' I asked, as they swung their load.

'Hurt that feller? I jest wish we could,' said Sam.

I remembered that the creature was revenue and hardened my heart. We would get twenty-five dollars, at least, for him, half of which would be mine, the other half going to Sam and Len.

As it was easier to keep around the side of the hill with their heavy load, and come into the trail lower down, I said that I would go up to the ridge and get Serena. I should be glad to be out of sight of the pathetic monster swinging in torture from the pole.

I got up the hill, and at some distance caught sight of Serena's fire. She was placidly singing, in utter detachment from little Ross, who was 'playing horse' up and down the ridge. The song was her favorite ballad about the

cruelty of sundering true lovers. She liked to repeat it; and though she usually began singing in a robust major key, with each repetition her tone would become more plaintive. She was now at her happiest, in an unbearably wailing minor. The girl, persecuted by obdurate parents, had wandered from home

And rambled the green growing meadows around,
Until she came to a clear broad river,
And under a green shade tree sat down.

She then took o—u—t a silver dagger-r,
And perchit it thr—ough her lily-white breast,
And these words uttered as she staggered,
'True love, true l—o—ve, I'm goin' to rest.'

And her lover, being at that very moment on that clear broad river, and passing that very tree,

He ran, he r—a—n, he ran unto her,

and picking up the same silver dagger, he 'percht it through his weeping heart,' and Serena sang to the world:—

Let this be a gr—ea—t and awful warning,
To all who ke—e—p true lovers apart;
To all who ke—e—p true lovers apart.

'Serena,' said I gently, 'would n't you just as soon say "pierced" as "percht"?'

'That would n't be doin' right by granmommie. She always sung it that-a-way, an' she was a hundred and three when she died, an' died in her cheer. She knew what she's about to the last minute. She sung it "percht," an' I would n't change it noways. My, but you look like you'd been bee-huntin' in a locus' patch!'

'I've had a good time, Serena.'

'So've I,' she said, getting up.
'An' I did n't risk my life fer it nuther.'

We were to meet the men at the place where the spotted sow lay tied. Serena and I arrived first by a few minutes, as the men traveled slowly

with their burden, and stopped frequently to 'change the bone.' We found the sow quiet and sullen. There was only the one pig with her.

'We must find the other pigs,' I said to the men, when they came up blowing and put their load down.

'We kain't do that. It's turnin' colder, an' it'll be night now 'fore we git in home with this chap.'

'But they're so little! They'll starve!'

'Oh, half of 'em'll scratch through alive. Let's go fer water, boys.'

Everybody but myself went round the side of the hill to the spring. I stayed to ponder on the extravagant method of bringing in wild hogs. The thought of those ten or more little black and pink creatures shivering in the woods until starvation released them was more than I could supinely bear. I looked at the rope, and found it tied in what to me was an unalterable knot. But I could cut it by laying it against a rock and rubbing it with the sharp edge of another rock. I found the stones I wanted and set to work, making the rope as ragged as possible. When the stringy ends dropped no one would have suspected that the rope had been cut. The sow rushed off with her little pig following, and they were soon out of sight. Then I found that I too was longing for water, and hurried to the spring. I knew I should find the others lingering, each wanting to get in one more comment on the inexhaustible subject of the capture.

'We'd better git back,' said Len at last. 'Pap, you can drive the sow in. Thanks to gracious, we don't have to carry her.'

It was an angry and bewildered group that paused at the spot where the sow had been tied.

'Dern her sides, wha 'd she mean by layin' here all day an' breakin' the

rope at the last minute?' said Sam. 'It wuz a good rope too. There wuz n't a weak spot in it.'

'I reckon it *wuz* a good rope,' complained Len. 'That young-un got hol o' my plough-lines. I would n't 'a' give 'em fer that ol' sow.'

'Ain't it a cussin' shame now Mis' Dolly won't git nothin'? Ha'f that sow would 'a' been hern. 'Course the b'ar is pap's. It wuz pap 'at got in the throw that tied him.'

It was a moment before I got the full meaning of Sam's words, and when I did my astounded silence seemed to create a slight embarrassment.

'Pap'll give her a part,' said Len, 'ef she wants to take it. Mebbe she did n't zactly mean what she told him 'bout havin' what he could ketch. It'll disappoint pap, but we ain't goin' to have no hard feelin' 'bout an' ol' b'ar hog.'

'I'm shore glad,' said Sam, 'that she saw pap ketch him, an's got her own eyes fer it. I would n't take a throwed-away dishrag off'n her underhand. Ez fer her not meanin' what she said, her word's as good in the woods as 'tis in the meetin'house. Ever'body'll tell ye that. 'T ain't jest me a-talkin'.'

My inward tumult subsided. There was no profit in rebellion when the elements were against me. I looked at granpap, silent and apart, chewing his bit of dogwood.

'What about it, granpap?'

'What y'all say's good enough fer me.'

No help there, so I yielded with a gayety that left them slightly puzzled, not understanding the lubricant value of a good laugh at one's self.

'The victory is yours, granpap. Let's get him home.'

There was a buzz of spirited talk, all to show granpap that he was to be congratulated. When we started again Snead proposed going by Abe Siler's.

'He'll buy that feller right off the pole, an' we'll save time by drappin' him there. Abe's wantin' to git a hog to pen right now, an' he'll give you six dollars fer that b'ar.'

'Six dollars!' I exclaimed. 'Three weeks with all the corn he wants, and he'll weigh out forty dollars' worth of meat!'

'It'ud make a big hole in my pile o' corn,' said granpap.

'You gittin' it wrong, Mis' Dolly,' said Snead. 'B'ar meat as old as that feller is stringy an' tough, an' don't make no grease to talk about. Ain't hardly anybody'll buy it. Ol' Abe ain't pertickler ef he gits it cheap. He'll take the green meat to Carson an' sell it. An' rec'lect the b'ar's got to be knifed. That's allers a resk. Six dollars is top money fer him.'

'Yer talkin' right, Ag,' said granpap. 'Let's go by Abe's.'

He went by Abe's, and granpap pocketed five dollars for the hog, the buyer considering six a 'masterous price.'

Everybody seemed happy going home, except for a few regrets over the sow that got away, and a wail from little Ross for his lost pig. Everybody except myself. I was reflecting heavily in terms of profit and loss. All of my farm-help had given a day's work; they would give another to-morrow, helping Snead. Four men two days meant a loss to me of eight days' labor. Coretta would surely shame me into contributing toward new shoes and overalls for Sam. I must also count my disturbing escape from starting a feud; must even consider future entanglements on that score. Nor should I forget the emotional waste due to seeing every member of the party narrowly and frequently elude death from pitching head over heels into a rock-bed. And to its hopeless depths I must consider the probability of becoming indentured

to the family of some ghost who had sacrificed his fleshly part in bringing out 'my' hogs; that is, if I persisted in exploiting my claim.

Snead dropped back and put an end to my list of contingencies. His voice was intimately lowered and I caught Sam's eye following him furtively.

'I hate to see a woman git the worst of it when she's tryin' to be fair,' he began. 'You've got a fine hog-claim, an' you ought to be gittin' something out of it. How many hogs hev the boys brought in fer ye this year?'

'This is the first time we've been after them.'

'Course, though, the boys hev been out more'n onct a-markin' shotes?'

'I don't know about that.'

'Well, I do, fer I've seen 'em.' He called to Sam. 'Sam, how many shotes did ye git marked that day I seed ye out fer 'em?'

Sam did not flinch under the attack. 'We marked a fine lot,' he said. 'I don't jest remember how many. I been meanin' to tell ye 'bout that, Mis' Dolly,' cause you'll be wantin' to 'low us something fer the markin'. It's shore hard work. That wuz when you's gone to Hiwassee, an' I fergot to tell ye when you come home. I knowed you'd make it all right.'

'What's it worth to mark hogs, Sam?'

'It's *worth* more'n ketchin' 'em, 'cause we've got to ketch 'em an' mark 'em, an' turn 'em loose. But we're goin' to make it easier on you than that.'

I exonerate Sam from any intention of charging me for 'turning them loose.' He was merely embellishing his defense. But by a brief calculation I saw that if I gave half the value of the hogs for catching and bringing them in, and the other half, or a little less, for marking the young, I would have to pursue my profit with a microscope.

Snead again took up his confidential tone. 'I ain't a man fer makin' trouble, an' there ain't anybody in a hundred miles o' me can swear I ever accused him o' sellin' other folks' hogs; but I wish you'd a gone by Ham Copp's next day an' seed what he had in his pen. I ain't sayin' what, an' I never will say what, in court er out, but I 'low you'd know yer own mark.'

Sam and Len had hastily entered upon a subdued conference of their own, and just then Sam called to Snead.

'Wha'd you say, Uncle Ag, ef we don't he'p ye to-morr', an' call it square about them shotes you ain't paid fer yet?'

He was staggered, taken in the open, but rallied jauntily.

'All right, boys; jest as you say.'

Sam turned to me. 'We did n't tell ye 'bout them shotes Uncle Ag got, 'cause he was in sech a hole 'bout payin' fer 'em, an' nacherly we did n't want to worry ye till we got it fixed. Now he gits our part o' the shotes fer he'ppin' us to-day, an' we're willin' to take *yore* part fer the markin' you owes us, an' wait on Uncle Ag fer it, seein' we made sech a slow trade fer ye.'

By then I was in a position to foretell just the amount of revenue that in all time to come I was going to derive from my claim.

'We don't want to take any down-right money from ye, Mis' Dolly,' explained Sam. 'You've never been hard on us, an' we kain't afford to be hard on *you*. An' by fixin' it the way I said, ever'body'll be satisfied, an' you won't be out nothin' but a few shotes.'

'And a few shotes, Sam, don't matter when I've got the woods full of them.'

'That's what I wuz goin' to say.'

'A man with the woods full of hogs is in a pretty good fix, is n't he?'

'Jest about fat rich, Mis' Dolly.'

'Then you and Len are rich. The hog-claim is yours.'

They thought it a joke at first, and I labored to convince them; then they insisted on my keeping half of it.

'No, boys,' I persisted generously. 'That would mix up our calculations. As it is, you'll know what you've got, and I'll know what I've got.'

'You're right about that,' said Sam.

'I want to say too, that this deal works backward. If there's anybody owing for hogs, the debt is yours, and you need n't ever bother me about it.'

'An' if any meddlin' ol' loafer comes tellin' ye 'bout seein' hogs here, there, an' yander, in other folks' pens, from time back,' said Sam, with the dignity of righteousness, 'it won't be wuth a blue bean to him.'

'I'll send him to you and Len. It will be your affair, not mine.'

At that, Len came over to me. His face was serious but glowing. 'I knowed you's white,' he said, 'but I did n't know jest how white you wuz. Abe Siler's beggin' me underhand to leave you an' work on his place. Next time he asts me, I'm goin' to bust my knuckles on them two big front teeth o' hisn.'

Len, who was noted as a 'clean-crop-man,' was the most coveted tenant within three townships. I had bought his loyalty cheap.

Sam, of coarser but shrewder mind, spared me any disconcerting gratitude. Before their early bedtime I was to hear his comment to Coretta, who was shedding grateful tears.

'Aw, shet up, K'rettie. I reckon she's got sense enough to know that the woods full o' hogs ain't wuth much to a woman.'

A FARMER SPEAKS OUT

BY GLENN W. BIRKETT

I

TEN days after being discharged from the army, in October 1919, I began farming here in southeastern Wisconsin, stocking and equipping this 240-acre farm for the diversified agriculture of this region. I have had horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and chickens during the entire period. Except for changing from strictly dairy cows to dual-purpose shorthorns my general farming-plan has remained the same. I bought all stock and equipment at peak prices. In addition to the usual yearly loss common to farmers the last three or four years, my first eighteen months saw a sixty-per-cent shrinkage in the value of my investment.

Naturally I have been intensely interested in the various proposals to make farming a profitable business proposition. But most of the proposed remedies are ridiculous and many are vicious. Properly labeled, they would be known as agencies or legislation for the aggravation of agricultural problems. Proposed by visionaries and politicians, they run counter to the law of supply and demand, attack our natural allies, depress our mental attitude, and increase our tax burden.

If one accepted at face value all he hears and reads, he might conclude that the trouble with agriculture is shortage of production. Help for farmers as expounded by politicians and some educators usually resolves itself into a scheme which would increase output. Price-fixing and subsidies are

essential parts of many of the cure-alls, but their proponents ignore the fact that American farmers never, even when short-handed during the war, have failed to keep the market supplied.

Over two years ago Babson mentioned that none of the conferences called to solve the problem of agriculture pointed out the real trouble — ten per cent too many farmers. That surplus is disappearing and with the disappearance are coming better times. City papers speak of the increased millions to the farmer as a result of the recent sharp advances in grain and hog prices. However, it is not long since the same papers emphasized huge production as a sign of the farmer's prosperity. But the present turn for the better is due to a shortage, not a surplus.

In spite of the surplus of farm products, the federal government has been using millions of tax money to cause still greater production. To push irrigation and drainage projects in regions far from markets at a time when more food is not needed is no aid to farmers or to the United States as a whole. Such undertakings are a valuable means of distributing political patronage and, like most paternalistic propositions, the profit is for the few, the burden is on the many. The government should let waste land alone, at least until there is sufficient market for products from land now under cultivation. Even then the government

need not interfere, for if the venture is sound from the business standpoint private capital will undertake the enterprise.

The federal government is copied in this misuse of public funds by state and county units. County agents, demonstration farms, experiment stations, expensive equipment and personnel, all have aided in the uneconomic oversupply of farm products. I am not arguing for the abolition of all of these offices, but like most active farmers I believe that there are far too many of them even for prosperous times, and that in the last three years they have done us more harm than good. This phase of our trouble has received little publicity because many of the people claiming to represent farmers are holding political jobs which should be abolished. The millennium will arrive before any number of public officials will give up their sinecures voluntarily for the public good.

Many of the schemes propose not only to help us overproduce but to ignore the market. In some instances it may be a potential market, which, it has been pointed out, was one of the causes of Henry Ford's success. The people of the United States could afford and wanted an inexpensive automobile. Whether Ford had lived or not that want would have been supplied. From the standpoint of the producer, a buyer is as important as something to sell. Economy of production helps not at all if there is no market. Businesses other than farming, by means of advertising or curtailment of production, or both, keep the market in condition to receive the output.

Our advisers have failed to help us because of the naïve assumption that agriculture comes first. I challenge that statement. In modern civilization none of the essential industries comes first. They come abreast. The total

collapse of any great industry — such as mining, transportation, banking, and agriculture — would wreck civilization. The argument that production of food is all-important applies only to a primitive people. The farmer is in distress, not because he is hungry, but because he is unable to get a fair proportion of the advantages of civilization.

II

Disregard of natural markets and, even worse, the creation of artificial markets are no less illogical than the attitude we are encouraged to have toward our natural allies. Consider the railroads. Some reformers would make farmers prosperous by lowering freight rates. To begin with, it was paternalistic legislation in 1917 which helped to raise them. Blithely forgetting the results of the Adamson law, some people argue for more interference. Even government ownership and the transfer of freight charges from the direct users of transportation to the taxpayer appeal to many. Of course cheaper transportation, if economic, not artificial, would be beneficial. Yet it must not be forgotten that to certain regions transportation costs act as a satisfactory tariff. Two years ago there was a milk strike of the producers of the Chicago dairy district, comprising the region in northwestern Indiana, northeastern Illinois, and southeastern Wisconsin. While all dairymen within the area do not send milk to Chicago, all are affected by Chicago prices.

Although we had a fairly close organization of milk-producers the strike was not won, — a compromise was made, — partly because the railroads had tank cars ready to import milk from northern Wisconsin and even from Iowa. We thought we owned the Chicago market, but the efficiency and comparative cheapness of express

A FARMER SPEAKS OUT

service gave farmers hundreds of miles away enough of an interest in the market to prevent our control. Our loss was their gain. The lesson of that strike for us is the folly of encouraging Iowa to go into dairying.

Meat-packers are the subject of much expensive investigation. They and modern stock-raisers are mutually dependent. The packers' part in the handling of meat is highly efficient. If not, why is it more profitable for a butcher to buy local cattle and sell them in the Chicago or Milwaukee yards and then get his dressed meats from the packers in these places? Most of us are familiar with the attractive advertising of beef, pork, and lamb by the big packers. They are not doing it for the benefit of us who raise stock, but, in so far as a surplus of meat is removed from the market, we benefit.

Recently I have noticed an unusual amount of advertising of milk by manufacturers of bottles, paper straws, breakfast foods, and baby foods. These manufacturers, in the interests of their own business, find it desirable to emphasize the value of a farm product. They may not be our personal friends, but certainly they are our allies.

I do not suppose the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is particularly favorable to dairymen. For all I know, it may be classed with Wall Street, which is supposed to be plotting against us farmers continuously. But not long ago I saw a full page in the *Atlantic Monthly*, paid for by the Metropolitan, urging in the interest of health and longevity greater consumption of milk. Compare this with the fact that at 11 A. M. at a local farmers' institute in my neighborhood we were given a lecture on the value of dairy products, and at noon, by the same management, we were sold lunches in which was oleomargarine!

From the standpoint of the producer,

food is valuable, not according to the calories and vitamines it contains, but according to the demand for it. Middle service, whether performed by middlemen or by ourselves, transforms a food value into a market value.

The general agitation against middlemen is not so great as it was several years ago. Instead of fighting them and looking upon them as robbers—I don't say they never are—we are beginning to look on them as a middle service and an agency which assists in creating a market value for our products. One valuable result of coöperative selling is the realization that there is a middle service and that it is expensive. When we join a 'coop' we think that now we are about to overcome our production losses by making the middleman's profit. At least that is the way I felt, and naturally I was disappointed when the prospective profit turned into an actual loss. In the coop to which I belonged we learned that middle service in regard to milk costs more than production.

One of the panaceas widely advertised is that of diversification. How long, by the way, since we were told that this is an age of specialization for farmers as well as for other people? Diversification depends upon a number of factors, including climate, soil, and, most of all, markets. Of course, practically all farmers should have their own milk, meat, eggs, poultry, garden stuff, and fruit. There are few who do not. I spent the fall of 1907 harvesting and threshing in Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas; at that time the farmers there supplied themselves with these foods. I belonged to one threshing crew near Bristol, South Dakota, which trailed a cow behind the cook car when we moved.

The theory behind diversification is the utilization of wasted time, power, and equipment. However, if you have

raised a product for which there is no market you have merely been taking exercise. And I have yet to hear that we farmers need more exercise. Profitable diversification depends largely upon allies — that is, manufacturing centres. We had more strawberries this year than we could use. Cash value was created for the surplus by the proximity of cities. The comparatively better condition of the farmers of this state is due more to Wisconsin's urban population than to all the farm advisers — and, I might add, in spite of the politicians. However, the job-holding farm advisers of this state take the credit to themselves for the difference. They tell us that it is their advice which has prevented us from collapsing completely. Yet the great majority of commissions have been created within the last twenty-five years; while from the old account-books I find that this farm has sold steers, hogs, milk, eggs, and poultry since 1882, and that it always has been a diversified farm. In late years this region has begun to receive income from additional crops like cabbage, beets, and cucumbers. The variety of soils in this state is a factor in forcing diversified crops. In addition, Wisconsin has manufacturing centres, the markets for diversified products. It is not due to commissions and boosters that New York and Wisconsin are great dairy-regions. In and near both states are great cities. The dairy cow sticks close to the places where her products are used.

The Northwest is adapted to small grain. The Dakotas are not close enough to cities to receive large amounts of farm income from milk and other products which require a quick route to the consumer or from crops like potatoes which cannot stand high freight-rates. Diversification will increase in the Northwest as industrial centres move in that direction. And

one big thing for farmers to remember is that factories which create our markets and which help carry the tax load are influenced in their choice of a location by the attitude of a state toward them. Natural advantages may be overcome by penalistic taxation resulting from paternalistic legislation.

III

No matter where a man farms, and no matter what he decides to raise and sell, he should realize that he is assuming the hazards of a business. State and federal government should recognize this also and not penalize him for succeeding, or reward him for failing. One of the evil consequences of the paternalistic advice, sympathy, and legislation with which we have been showered is the tendency to believe that our salvation lies in more paternalism — to believe that deficits should be made up in the form of 'loans' or subsidies. Recently a neighbor told me that he cannot hang on much longer; he cannot pay taxes and interest. His remedy is in legislation of some kind. He is a victim of circumstances and, like millions of others, does not want to accept the hazards of his chosen business. He has noticed that unions and teachers' organizations seem to have been successful in forcing the government to guarantee financial security of their members. He has seen them set aside for a time the working of supply and demand. So he ought not to be censured for assuming that a paternalistic government and a benevolent president — toward farmers — could assure prosperity.

Some time ago a banker who deals with farmers and knows the financial stress told me that the commiseration shown farmers was doing real harm. He summed up the case in this way: 'The farmer has heard so much about

his troubles, about being a victim, about being a poor farmer, that he has settled down to being a poor farmer.'

Paternalism as revealed in our educational system is resulting unfortunately. Control of the schools is no longer entirely local and professional boosters have begun to reform us through our children. There has been much talk of fitting children for farm life—implying that their fathers and mothers have not been so fitted. The phrase 'ruralized education' is used. I dislike the phrase. It means class education. Quite aside from the fact that not all country children will—or ought to—remain on the farm, the present tendency to use time in rural grade-schools for so-called agricultural subjects seems to many of us undesirable.

Education in elementary schools should be broad for a country child, the same as for a city child. Breadth is not secured by emphasizing from the grades the details of one's life work. Education which assumes what a child's occupation is to be is most undemocratic. Occupational education is inevitably narrowing, yet the great need is a public that recognizes the interdependence of all groups.

We farmers have been led astray in this matter of schooling by a lot of zealots. We read frequently that the education of the country child is inferior to that of the city child. The reformers who state this—people for the most part interested in education as a commercial proposition—point to the one-room school, the poorly paid teacher, and the short school-year. However, they do not try to prove that the children who have remained on the farms have ever fallen down on the job of production or that those who have left have been unable to compete successfully in business or professional work. Some of our reformers forget the advantages of disadvantages.

IV

There are those who deny that paternalism is destroying self-reliance and others who argue that government interference does not increase our trouble and that eventually government aid will be a cure-all. But everyone agrees that taxes are too high. All candidates for office announce a determination to lower them. Even the very officials who have assisted in the creation of jobs, commissions, and so forth, bewail the lot of the farmer taxpayer. We learn that the thing to do is to elect men who will lower the price of things we must buy and also force the manufacturers of these articles to pay more taxes. Most tax-reduction schemes are merely tax-transference.

Taxes on farm property in this region are absorbing over half of the net rental value. Consequently land values are decreasing. Ownership of land, instead of being an asset, is becoming a liability. Between 1900 and 1922 expenditures of the State of Wisconsin rose from \$2,997,155 to \$32,191,049 per annum.

We need to re-recognize the function of government and the purpose of taxes. Recently in this county a special meeting of the county board was convened for the purpose of considering an appropriation to be distributed as loans to certain farmers who had not carried insurance and who had suffered severe losses in a windstorm. (Taxpayers effectively protested and prevented the appropriation.) It is and should be the privilege of any man to carry or not to carry insurance. If it is to be paid from taxes then it becomes compulsory. In a conversation with an instructor of one of our state normal schools I mentioned the fact of the special meeting as indicative of the local trend toward paternalism. To my surprise this teacher of teachers thought that there

was nothing wrong in using public money for such a purpose. His concern was with the men who disbelieved in insurance until too late rather than with us who believed in it beforehand. I asked if the use of county money for such a purpose did not mean that the county would become eventually an insurance company. As we continued the discussion it appeared that he believed in increasing the functions of government.

Taxes so low as to hamper the logical and original functions of government prevent appreciation of property. On the other hand extra services and illogical use of government funds cause rapid depreciation of property. If a farm were not complemented with adequate schools, roads, police protection, and so forth, it could not reach its normal value. But if schools, roads, and police protection are increased beyond the ability of the farm to maintain them, and if a host of advising and interfering public officials also are added to the farm's burden, then the farm depreciates rapidly.

Many years ago I asked my father why the United States was so foolish as to sell land to pioneers for \$1.25 an acre when everybody knew it would go up in value. He replied that public land yielded no income, that not until a settler made the land produce did it have more than a potential value—that a combination of land and government resulted in no tax income, but a combination of land and private enterprise resulted in the creation of wealth, assistance to the government, and that the assistance was in proportion to the success of the individual.

Near by is the county demonstration farm, of about 120 acres. It was bought before the war. Various owners paid taxes on the land in this farm from the time it left the possession of the United

States—in the thirties or forties—until it was bought by the county. All this time it had been creating wealth for its owners and had assisted in carrying public burdens. Since it has been used as a model farm not only has it ceased to help carry the public burden, but the farmers of other land must carry the interest on its investment, its insurance, its taxes, and make up its annual deficit. For the year ending November 1, 1922, interest on the value of the farm, added to insurance, taxes, and \$2115 deficit, meant that the taxes of about twenty farms its own size were required to carry it! Of course if such misuse of public money were only occasional the increase in taxation would not be felt. But where many other institutions having no logical place in a democratic government are added, and when care of the unfortunate is so elaborate as to make it worth while to be criminal or indigent, the total cost takes tax money which should be used on the farms for washing machines, lighting systems, and so forth.

There is no group of people who would benefit so much by the elimination of public servants, offices, and paternalism in general, as farmers. We are an industry—I almost wrote *the industry*—in which it is impossible to add our taxes and other overhead to the price of our products. Probably prices of articles we buy will never come down materially until we lighten the general expense of governing. This is not argued by those who have the most time for speech-making and writing, those who are holding jobs which make the unbearable taxes necessary.

We need help in the retrenchment of public expenses. As for the other sane remedy—well, very few classes know more about thrift and wise management than the American farmer.

AND IN THE HANGING GARDENS

BY CONRAD AIKEN

And in the hanging gardens there is rain
From midnight until one, striking the leaves
And bells of flowers, and stroking boles of planes,
And drawing slow arpeggios over pools,
And stretching strings of sound from eaves to ferns.
The princess reads. The knave of diamonds sleeps.
The king is drunk, and flings a golden goblet
Down from the turret window (curtained with rain)
Into the lilacs.

And at one o'clock
The Vulcan under the garden wakes and beats
The gong upon his anvil. Then the rain
Ceases, but gently ceases, dripping still,
And sound of falling water fills the dark
As leaves grow bold and upright, and as eaves
Part with water. The princess turns the page
Beside the candle, and between two braids
Of golden hair. And reads: 'From there I went
Northward a journey of four days, and came
To a wild village in the hills, where none
Was living save the vulture and the rat
And one old man who laughed but could not speak.
The roofs were fallen in, the well grown over

With weed. And it was here my father died.
Then eight days further, bearing slightly west,
The cold wind blowing sand against our faces,
The food tasting of sand. And as we stood
By the dry rock that marks the highest point
My brother said: "Not too late is it yet
To turn, remembering home." And we were silent
Thinking of home.' The princess shuts her eyes
And feels the tears forming beneath her eyelids
And opens them, and tears fall on the page.
The knave of diamonds in the darkened room
Throws off his covers, sleeps, and snores again.
The king goes slowly down the turret stairs
To find the goblet.

And at two o'clock
The Vulcan in his smithy underground,
Under the hanging gardens, where the drip
Of rain among the clematis and ivy
Still falls from sipping flower to purple flower,
Smites twice his anvil, and the murmur comes
Among the roots and vines. The princess reads:
'As I am sick, and cannot write you more,
Nor have not long to live, I give this letter
To him, my brother, who will bear it south
And tell you how I died. Ask how it was,
There in the northern desert, where the grass
Was withered, and the horses, all but one,
Perished —' The princess drops her golden head

AND IN THE HANGING GARDENS

Upon the page between her two white arms
And golden braids. The knave of diamonds wakes
And at his window in the darkened room
Watches the lilacs tossing, where the king
Seeks for the goblet.

And at three o'clock
The moon inflames the lilac heads, and thrice
The Vulcan, in his root-bound smithy, clangs
His anvil; and the sounds creep softly up
Among the vines and walls. The moon is round,
Round as a shield above the turret top.
The princess blows her candle out, and weeps
In the pale room, where scent of lilacs comes,
Weeping, with hands across her eyelids, thinking
Of withered grass, withered by sandy wind.
The knave of diamonds, in his darkened room,
Holds in his hands a key, and softly steps
Along the corridor, and slides the key
Into the door that guards her. Meanwhile, slowly,
The king, with raindrops on his beard and hands,
And dripping sleeves, climbs up the turret stairs,
Holding the goblet upright in one hand;
And pauses on the midmost step, to taste
One drop of wine, wherewith wild rain has mixed.

THE FIFTH ESTATE

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

I

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was not perhaps in all respects a paragon, but he was unquestionably a polygon—a plain figure with many sides and angles. There were not enough buttons on his black coat to tell off the multifarious aspects in which his complex personality was presented to the world. He was craftsman and tradesman; philosopher and publicist; diplomat, statesman, and patriot. And he was, withal, a very human being. What concerns us particularly on this occasion is the fact that he was at once philosopher and man of affairs. His remarkable career should refute forever the fallacy which, unfortunately, still is current, that the man of science is temperamentally unfitted for the practical business of life.

At the time when Franklin was in England the British Parliament was assumed to be composed of representatives of three estates: the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the commons; but Edmund Burke, pointing to the Reporters' Gallery, said, 'There sits a *Fourth Estate*, more important far than they all.' No one at all familiar with the ubiquitous influence and all-pervading power of the press would to-day question the validity of Burke's appraisal. Even then, however, there was present in England, in the person of Benjamin Franklin, a prototype and exemplar of the membership of a *Fifth Estate*, an estate destined to play an even greater

part than its predecessors in the remaking of the world.

This Fifth Estate is composed of those having the simplicity to wonder, the ability to question, the power to generalize, the capacity to apply. It is, in short, the company of thinkers, workers, expounders, and practitioners upon which the world is absolutely dependent for the preservation and advancement of that organized knowledge which we call Science. It is their seeing eye that discloses, as Carlyle said, 'the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant.' It is they who bring the power and the fruits of knowledge to the multitude who are content to go through life without thinking and without questioning, who accept fire and the hatching of an egg, the attraction of a feather by a bit of amber, and the stars in their courses, as a fish accepts the ocean.

The curious deterioration to which words are subject has left us with no term in good repute and common usage by which the members of the Fifth Estate may properly be characterized. Sophists are no longer distinguished for wisdom, they are now fallacious reasoners. Philosophers, who once claimed all knowledge for their province, are now content with speculative metaphysics. Scholars have become pupils. The absent-minded and myopic professor is a standardized property of the stage and screen. The expert, if not under a cloud, is at least standing

in the shade. In Boston one hesitates to call a professional man a scientist — he may be a Presbyterian; and a 'sage,' as an anonymous writer has pointed out, 'calls up in the average mind the picture of something gray and pedantic, if not green and aromatic.' Let us, therefore, for a time at least, escape these derogations and identify ourselves as members of the Fifth Estate. Although the brotherhood of the Estate is open to all the world, its effective membership nowhere comprises more than an insignificant proportion of the population. Two hundred and fifty constitute the membership of the National Academy of Sciences. The latest edition of *American Men of Science* includes only about 9500 names. The number is expanded to 12,000 on the roll of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Although gathered from all countries,— and though chemistry is one of the most active and inclusive sciences,— the chemical papers, books, and patents reviewed in *Chemical Abstracts* in 1923 were the product of about 22,000 workers. One may hazard the estimate that there are not in all the world 100,000 persons whose creative effort is responsible for the advancement of science.

The studies of Cattell indicate that in America, at least, the great majority of men of science come from the so-called middle and upper classes, or precisely those sections of society which, in Russia, have been practically exterminated in the name of the new Social Justice. In about two thirds of Cattell's reported cases both parents were American-born, while the fathers of nearly one half were professional men. Seventy-five per cent depend upon the universities for support; from which we may assume that the burden of the higher surtaxes does not bear heavily upon the Fifth Estate.

In proportion to population the cities have produced twice as many scientific men as the country, but how many hearts 'once pregnant with celestial fire' repose in country churchyards because of lack of opportunity and absence of the stimulus of contact cannot, of course, be known, nor can we tell how many brains, competent and well equipped to penetrate the mysteries of nature, the war has cost the world.

Initiative is one of the rarest mental qualities, yet without it progress is impossible. Its combination with the scientific imagination and command of fact is still rarer and more precious. Since comparatively few of those who study science develop the capacity to extend its borders, the cost of a man competent to advance science has been estimated at \$500,000 and his value to the community set at a far greater figure. Full membership in the Fifth Estate thus seems to involve the highest initiation-fee on record. It is a figure disconcerting to the candidate, but as Wiggam has finely said: 'Only genius can create science, but the humblest man can be taught its spirit. He can learn to face truth.'

That the Fifth Estate is not better appreciated or always understood by the world at large is not surprising. In their endeavors to secure accuracy of definition and expression its members have evolved a preposterous and terrifying language of their own. It is not ideally adapted to the interchange of confidences in ordinary human intercourse. It does not lend itself to poetry. 'Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home' becomes impossible when one is forced to address the prettily spotted beetle as *Coccinella dipunctata*. A primrose by the river's brim is much more than a yellow primrose to the botanist: it is a specimen of *Primula vulgaris*. The organic

chemist produces a new synthetic product in a mass of pilular dimensions and bestows upon it a name that would slow up Arcturus. Nothing but static interference can account for the terms of radiotelephony.

If knowledge is to be humanized it must first be translated.

Dewar has said that the chief object of the training of a chemist is to produce an attitude of mind. It should be the object of all education to produce the scientific attitude toward truth. We may even agree with Robinson that 'of all human ambitions an open mind, eagerly expectant of new discoveries and ready to remould conviction in the light of added knowledge and dispelled ignorances and misapprehensions, is the noblest, the rarest, and the most difficult to achieve.'

Carlyle says, 'The degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man.' And President Coolidge has been quoted as saying in a recent interview:—

'Everything flows from the application of trained intelligence, and invested capital is the result of brains. . . . The man of trained intelligence is a public asset. . . . We go forward only through the trained intelligence of individuals, but we, not the individuals, are the beneficiaries of that trained intelligence. In the very nature of things we cannot all have the training, but we can all have the benefits.'

Now vision, a trained intelligence, and an open mind are the qualities which characterize all those who are worthy of membership in the Fifth Estate. They are qualities which the many-sided Franklin possessed in exceptionally high degree.

II

Among all the activities with which his busy life was crowded Franklin un-

doubtedly found his greatest pleasure in the pursuit of science, and in that pursuit he followed the eclectic method. At a time when nearly everything awaited explanation his focused attention ranged like a searchlight over many fields. He observed the movement of winds and developed a theory of storms. He considered ventilation and the causes of smoky chimneys and proceeded to invent new stoves. He introduced the Gulf Stream to Falmouth skippers and demonstrated the calming effect of oil on turbulent seas to officers of the British Navy at Portsmouth. From earthquakes he turned to the heat-absorption of colored cloths and the fertilizing properties of gypsum. He wrote on sun spots and meteors; waterspouts, tides, and sound. The kite, which for centuries had been the toy of boys, became in Franklin's hands a scientific instrument, the means to a great discovery. That its significance is, even now, not universally appreciated is shown by the recent answer of a schoolboy, 'Lightning differs from electricity because you don't have to pay for lightning.' To Franklin, as the child of every man knows, we owe our initial conceptions of positive and negative electricity, and he was the first to suggest that the aurora is an electrical phenomenon.

The gregariousness, which is a prominent characteristic of the Fifth Estate, found early expression in Franklin. He formed the Junta, a club for the discussion of morals, politics, and natural philosophy, and in 1743 drew up a proposal for the organization of the American Philosophical Society, of which later he became president. He established a wide acquaintance and cemented many firm friendships among the foremost scientific men of France and England, by whom he was received on equal terms. In 1753 he was awarded the

Copley medal of the Royal Society for his discoveries in electricity and, on his leaving England, David Hume wrote: 'I am sorry that you intend soon to leave our hemisphere. America has sent us many good things,—gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo,—but you are the first philosopher and, indeed, the first great man of letters for whom we are beholden to her.'

The professional spirit which animates the Fifth Estate is essentially one of service. Its compelling urge in the search for truth springs from the conviction that the truth shall make men free. That spirit finds complete expression in Franklin's statement, 'I have no private interest in the reception of my inventions by the world, having never made, nor proposed to make, the least profit by any of them.' This impersonal relation to the children of his brain was indeed carried by him to an extent which ordinary human nature would find hard to emulate. 'I have,' he writes, 'never entered into any controversy in support of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are right, truth and experience will support them; if wrong, they ought to be refuted and rejected.'

There is, nevertheless, a place for militancy in science. The world needs a Huxley for every Bryan.

Franklin was a man of science, but his career proclaims that it is possible to be a man of science and much more besides. Science was made for life, and life is more than science. Art in its fullest expression may touch deeper springs, human relations and affections may bring richer rewards, and public affairs may make a more imperious claim. With Franklin as their prototype the members of the Fifth Estate may well strive to emulate his devotion to the public service and his constructive interest in human affairs.

Error and misconception have a feline tenacity of hold upon life, and the Fifth Estate, though richly endowed with latent executive capacity, is still, in popular opinion, regarded as equipped for thought rather than for action. The practical man, busily engaged in repeating the errors of his forefathers, has little time and less consideration for the distracting theories and disconcerting facts of the man of science. Yet who, among the men of action, is more intensely and truly practical than Carty, Baekeland, Reese, or Whitaker? Where shall one find a firmer grasp on the details of business than that possessed by E. W. Rice, Jr., Gerard Swope, or Dr. Nichols? What quality caused the young director of a research laboratory to find himself responsible for the production of gas masks to protect four million fighting men? In a time of dire emergency it was a professor of chemistry who organized the great Edgewood Arsenal and developed the means and methods and the trained personnel required to supply munitions for a new type of warfare. It was not to a statesman or a business man or a great manufacturer that the Allies entrusted the supreme command. It was to a teacher in a French military school. The range and value of their public service obscures the fact that Charles W. Eliot was a professor of chemistry and that Hoover is an engineer. The League of Nations is the child of a schoolmaster.

Numerically the Fifth Estate has always been feeble and insignificant. Its total membership at any time could be housed comfortably in a third-rate city. No politician makes a promise or invents a phrase to attract its scattered and ineffective vote. Rarely do its members sit in Congress; when they do they sit in the gallery.

With less political influence than the sparse population of Nevada, the Fifth

Estate has recast civilization through its study and application of 'the great and fundamental facts of Nature and the laws of her operation.' It has opened out the heavens to depths beyond imagination, weighed remote suns, and analyzed them by light which left them before the dawn of history. It has moved the earth from the centre of the universe to its proper place within the cosmos. It has extended the horizon of the mind until its sweep includes the 30,000 suns within the wisp of smoke in the constellation Hercules and the electrons in their orbits within the atom. It has read the sermons in the rocks, revealed man's place in nature, disclosed the stupendous complexity of simple things, and hinted at the underlying unity of all.

Because of this new breadth of vision, this lifting of the corner of the veil, this new insight into the hidden meaning of the things about him, the mind of man, cramped for ages by taboos and bound by superstition, is emerging into freedom: into a new world, rich in promise, and of surpassing interest and wonder.

Man brought nothing into the world and through long and painful ages he added little to that nothing: a club, an axe of stone, a pebble in a sling, some skins of beasts, a rubbing of sticks for a fire. He might labor, but to what avail? Even to-day the South American Indian works incessantly, yet his labor produces little more than heaps of stones. To those who would have us believe that all wealth is produced by labor the Fifth Estate replies, 'Wealth is the product of brains, and labor is productive only as it is guided by intelligence.'

Science is the great emancipator of Labor. Bagehot has somewhere said, perhaps in *Physics and Politics*, that during the early stages of civilization

slavery was essential to progress because only through the enforced labor of the many could the few have leisure to think. To-day, in the United States, the supply of available energy is equivalent to sixty manpower for every man, woman, and child. There is now leisure for all to think, but the millions prefer the movies.

It is not Labor, but the trained intelligence of the Fifth Estate which has endowed man with his present control of stupendous forces. It has solved problems that for ages have hindered and beset mankind. It has revealed great stores of raw materials, synthesized scores of thousands of new compounds, furnished the fundamental data which find embodiment in machines and processes and in those agencies of transportation and communication that have made of the world a neighborhood. It has enabled man effectively to combat disease, added years to the average life, and made it better worth the living.

III

Benjamin Franklin died in 1790 — one hundred and thirty-four years ago. Could he return to make appraisal, what wonders would confront his astonished vision, what triumphs of the Fifth Estate compel his admiration!

Electricity, which to his contemporaries was little more than an obscure force, the curious manifestations of which might supply an evening's entertainment, has become the structural basis of the universe. The atom of Democritus is now a microcosm, vibrant with energy that glows in the white light of the electric lamps, which have replaced the tallow dip. In place of the electrophorus and the charges of the Leyden jar he would find in our own country alone twenty-seven million

horsepower driving generators in thousands of stations from which electric energy is distributed to our homes and factories and transportation lines to perform innumerable services. Imagine, if you can, the stunning impact of the impressions that would crowd the day of his return. With what amazement would he converse over a wire from Philadelphia to San Francisco or hear a voice transmitted through the ether from a point halfway around the world. So commonplace a thing as a street car would leave him open-mouthed with wonder, which might well increase at sight of an electric locomotive, hauling its hundreds of tons of freight.

In great industrial plants he would find electricity driving machines of an intricacy, precision, and productive power beyond the imagination of his generation, or at work in decomposing cells, and in the heart of glowing furnaces fashioning new products. In university and corporation laboratories would be revealed to him the marvels of the X-rays, photography, the fascinating world of the microscope, balances weighing 1/100,000th of a milligramme, the spectroscope, and all those instruments of precision and research which are the tools of the Fifth Estate. Elements unknown to him would be placed in his hand; fascinating experiments performed to demonstrate properties and relationships beyond his dream. The air, which he studied with reference to winds, combustion, and ventilation, would be reduced before him to a liquid as obvious as water, though boiling on a cake of ice.

Where once the postboy and the post chaise were familiar he would find our roads crowded with automotive vehicles and the country gridironed by the railways. Did he wish to send a letter across the continent, he would have only to commit it to the air mail

to ensure its arrival in thirty-six hours. Were he called upon to revisit England, there would be no ten weeks' voyage in a sailing packet, but the speed and luxury of a 50,000-ton liner, oil-fired and turbine-driven. At Portsmouth, where he calmed the waves with oil, he would find, instead of wooden frigates and smooth-bore cannon, submarines and armored superdreadnoughts, a single gun of which could sink the entire British Navy as he knew it. Did he wish to proceed to Paris? He would have only to take passage in an airplane.

The gardeners Franklin knew grew peas for pleasure or profit. Mendel grew them and established the laws of heredity. Farming, which was a wholly empirical occupation, is now the special concern of a great governmental department devoted to the development of scientific agriculture. Here Franklin would learn of soil analysis and seed selection, of hardier and more prolific varieties of plants, of better breeds of animals, of methods of control of such virulent diseases as splenic fever, anthrax, hog cholera, and bovine tuberculosis. He would find his own experiments with gypsum extended to cover the whole field of chemical fertilizers, the air itself converted into an inexhaustible reservoir of plant food, and the efficiency of farm labor multiplied many times by ingenious agricultural machines.

He would find household economics revolutionized: the town pump replaced by running water; electricity a servant in the house; the food supply broadened and stabilized; domestic drudgery assumed by laundry, bakery, and factory; tasteful clothing within the reach of all; transportation and amusement for the multitude, and the history of yesterday sold for a penny; innumerable new industries, based on the findings of the laboratory, now

offering means of decent livelihood to millions, opening careers to thousands.

In great hospitals, permeated with the scientific spirit and equipped with many new and strange devices for the alleviation of human suffering, he would hear of the incalculable benefits which medical and surgical science have conferred upon mankind. He would see the portraits and listen to the story of Pasteur and Lister and Loeb and Ehrlich. We know to-day with what joy and relief the world would welcome a veritable cure for cancer, but we can little realize the emotion with which one like Franklin would learn in a single afternoon of the germ theory of disease, of preventive serums, of antisepsis, of chemotherapy, of the marvelous complexity of the blood stream and the extraordinary influence and potency of the secretions of the ductless glands. What appraisal would he make of the service to humanity which, in little more than a generation, has mitigated the horrors of surgery by the blessings of anæsthesia and antisepsis, which has controlled rabies, yellow fever, typhoid fever, tetanus, which is stamping out tuberculosis, curing leprosy, and providing specifics for other scourges of the race? What values would he put on insulin, thyroxin, adrenalin? The physician is no longer compelled to rely on herbs and simples and drastic mineral compounds of doubtful value and uncertain action. Compounds of extraordinary potency, isolated or synthesized by the chemist, are now available to allay pain, correct disorders, prolong life, and even to restore mentality and character.

With contributions to their credit which have so enriched and stimulated the intellectual life; which have brought the peoples of the earth together into closer touch than English shires once were; which have revolutionized industry, enlarged the opportunity of the

average man, and added so greatly to his comfort and well-being, we may reasonably inquire, 'What are the recompenses of the Fifth Estate?'

On the material side they have almost invariably been curiously inadequate and meagre. It is incomparably more profitable to draw the Gumps for a comic supplement than to write the *Origin of Species*. There is more money in chewing-gum than in relativity. Lobsters and limousines are acquired far more rapidly by the skillful thrower of custard pies in a moving-picture studio than by the no less skillful demonstrator of the projection of electrons. The gate receipts of an international prize-fight would support a university faculty for a year.

One may recall that Lavoisier was guillotined by a republic that 'had no need of chemists'; that Priestley was driven from his sacked and devastated home; that Leblanc, after giving the world cheap alkali, died in a French poorhouse; that Langley was crushed by ridicule and chagrin in his last days. A month before the war who could have believed that within a few years the Fifth Estate in Russia would be utterly destroyed and in Germany and Austria existing at the very edge of starvation? What has happened there may happen again elsewhere if the intelligence of the world does not assume and hold its proper place in the direction of national and world affairs.

In the preface to his recent *Lehrbuch der Photochemie* Professor Plotnikow has written: 'Home and property were pillaged by bands of idle Russians who used my library for cigarette papers. Hunger, misery, want, and personal insecurity, often approaching fear for my life, were the constant accompaniment of my labors.'

One is reminded that Carlyle, on the authority of Richter, says: 'In the island of Sumatra there is a kind of

"Light-chafers," large fireflies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honor to the fireflies, But — !'

It is not becoming that the world expect the light to shine indefinitely when carrying a lantern is often less remunerative than carrying a hod. The money and the years of study required for special training are not recognized as invested capital, and the return from a decade of research is often taxed as the income of a year. Professorial salaries move forward as slowly as a glacier, but they seldom leave a terminal moraine. Yet teaching is our most important business; for a failure to pass on for a single generation the painfully accumulated knowledge of the race would return the world to barbarism.

Though material wealth is rarely acquired by the Fifth Estate, they have the riches of the royal man, defined by Emerson as 'he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments.' Their wealth is in the Kingdom of the Mind. It is inalienable and tax-exempt. It may be shared and yet retained.

A recent survey by a national magazine would seem to indicate that the majority of men have drifted into their vocations with little effort of selection and that a very large proportion ultimately regret their choice. This is seldom true of members of the Fifth Estate. Theirs is a true vocation, a calling and election. It brings intellectual satisfactions more precious than fine gold. They live in a world where common things assume a beauty and a meaning veiled from other eyes; a world where revelation follows skillful

questioning and where wonder grows with knowledge. Together they share the interests, the communion of spirit, the labors and the triumphs of the fraternity of Science. The Law of Diminishing Returns exerts a control from which there is no escape in agriculture, industry, and business. Research alone is beyond the twelve-mile limit of its inhibitions.

If the heavens declare the glory of God that glory is surely made more manifest by telescope and spectroscope. If the whirling nebulae and the stars in their courses reveal Omnipotence, so do the electrons in their orbits reveal His presence in universes brought into being by the striking of a match. The laboratory may be a temple as truly as the church. The laws of Nature are the Will of God, their discovery is a revelation as valid as that of Sinai, and by their observance only can man hope to come into harmony with the universe and with himself.

There has been a general and ready acceptance by the world of the material benefits of science, while its contributions to sociology and ethics are as generally ignored as guides to human conduct. Yet science proclaims new commandments as inflexible as those engraved on stone, and furnishes what Wiggam has reverently termed 'the true technology of the Will of God.'

Science has so drawn the world together and so rapidly remoulded civilization that the social structure is now strained at many points. Statecraft and politics, law and custom, lack the plasticity of science and are now in imperfect contact with the contours of their new environment. The result, as events have shown, is friction and confusion. Though our civilization is based on science, the scientific method has little place in the making of our laws. Office does not seek the man in the laboratory, and candidates are not

pictured as engaged in any activity that might suggest a superior intelligence. They are shown milking cows, pitching hay in new blue overalls, or helping with the family washing. Recently, in the senate of a New England state, there was presented the edifying spectacle of the presiding officer, being shaved by a barber, called to the rostrum, while senators were reading the encyclopædia into the record. To expedite further the public business sundry members of the chamber were presently gassed with bromine. Does not this suggest that a few chemists might with advantage be distributed among our legislative bodies?

It is claimed that fifty per cent of the members of state legislatures in America have never been through high school and that only one in seven has been through college. We see in the ranks of science knowledge without power and in politics power without knowledge. An electorate, which regards itself as free, listens to the broadcast noise of manufactured demonstrations and is blind to the obvious mechanics of synthetic bedlam. The result is too often government by gullibility, propaganda, catchwords, and slogans, instead of government by law based on facts, principles, intelligence, and good will.

As President Stanley Hall once said, 'Man has not yet demonstrated that he can remain permanently civilized.' Many thoughtful people have been led to question the ultimate effect of science upon civilization. We all recognize the utility of matches, but we keep them away from children. Meanwhile, science puts dynamite and TNT, poison gas, airplanes, and motor cars at the disposal of criminals and leaders of the mob. Bertrand Russell, in *Icarus*, sees in science the ultimate destroyer. Haldane, in *Dædalus*,

visualizes it as the stern and vigorous chastener and corrector which will ultimately save the race and usher in the new day of light and reason.

'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,' and democracy levels down as well as up. Even in Boston cigars have replaced books on a corner famous for a century of literary associations. The world is wrong because few men can think. It will not be made right until those who cannot think trust those who can. When its foundations are so obviously out of joint humanity still clings tenaciously to fossilized precepts and opinions and is as resentful of suggested change as in the days of Galileo. Despite the pressure of new ideas, education must still, to be acceptable, follow old conventional lines.

IV

Let us not deceive ourselves. Human life is still a hard and fearsome thing. Mankind is required to maintain existence in a world in which, as Kipling has said, 'any horror is credible.' More than a hundred years ago De Quincey wrote, 'We can die, but which of us, knowing, as some of us do, what is human life, could, were he consciously called upon to do it, face, without shuddering, the hour of birth?' But little more than yesterday Henry Adams closed his *Education* with the expression of the hope that perhaps some day, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, he would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder.

Everywhere there is upheaval and unrest. 'The machine,' to quote Dr. Elton Mayo, 'runs to an accompaniment of human reverie, human pessimism, and sense of defeat.'

We are everywhere overburdened by unnecessary illness, crushing taxation,

extravagant and inefficient governments, huge expenditures for trivialities, and the appalling waste of effort, material, and resources. We are hampered by class suspicion and misunderstanding, racial antagonisms, the inhibitions of organized labor, and the lack of imagination in high places. Life in general is on a low cultural plane and bound by custom and tradition.

One hundred years of science have failed to satisfy the cravings of humanity. Chesterton finds science 'a thing on the outskirts of human life — it has nothing to do with the centre of human life at all.' We do not, of course, agree with him, but we must still meet the challenge of John Jay Chapman, who declares: 'Science, which filled the air with so large a bray, is really a branch of domestic convenience, a department for the study of traction, cookery, and wiring. The prophet-scientists have lived up to none of their prospectuses.' The fault, however, as Wiggam points out, is not with science, nor with the scientists. It is with those who 'have mainly used the immense spiritual enterprise of science to secure five-cent fares, high wages, and low freight rates,' when it should have 'ushered in a new humanism.'

Thus we still encourage race deterioration, still carry the burden of the unfit, still cultivate national antipathies, still are breeding from poor stock, and witnessing with equanimity the suppression of the best.

The history of aristocracies, feudalism, the Church, the guilds, and the soviets has amply demonstrated that no one class possesses the qualities required for the government of all classes, and we cannot claim them for the Fifth Estate. We can, however, claim with full assurance that the Fifth Estate possesses many qualities, now practically ignored, which could be utilized in government to the incal-

culable advantage of us all. Its knowledge of material facts, of natural and economic laws, of the factors governing race development and human relations; its imagination, vision, and its open mind, should be brought to bear effectively in the formulation of national policies and the solution of governmental problems. There is an alternative before us, which has recently been defined with somewhat surprising frankness by Warren S. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, perhaps the most conservative of the labor unions. Mr. Stone says:—

'But until labor, in the inclusive sense in which I am using it, secures control of legislative and executive branches of the national and state governments, and through control of the executive branch secures control of the judiciary, labor is in continuous peril of seeing its gains wiped out and its progress retarded by hostile legislation or unfriendly court decisions.'

Our countrymen may well consider whether they prefer participation in government by the Fifth Estate to the benefit of all or control of government by labor unions in the interest of labor.

Since most of the troubles that beset mankind have their origin in human nature it would seem worth the while of those who make our laws to study and apply the findings of the biologists and psychologists as to what human nature really is and the springs of its motivation.

Plato called democracy 'the best form of bad government.' It will be the best form of good government only as it develops the capacity to breed leaders and the faith to trust them. The quality of our children will determine the quality of our democracy. If our laws and *mores* and economic structure continue to discourage breeding from our best strains, if there is to be no adequate recompense for service

of the higher types, the time is not far distant when democracy will no longer be safe for the world. If the Fifth Estate were everywhere to be wiped out, as it has been in Russia, the result would be vastly more calamitous than universal war.

Oswald Spengler, in a recent monumental work, forecasts the downfall of Western civilization and would prove his thesis by the history of past cultures. But never in the past has man lived in so compact a world, never has he had such facilities for intercommunication with his fellows, never has he been endowed with such control of natural forces. He has never known himself so well and, above all, never before has he had it in his power to direct so definitely the course of his own development.

Our civilization is certainly imperiled, but there will be no downfall if mankind can be taught to follow the light already before it. As lantern-bearers, it is the clear duty of the Fifth Estate to show the way.

In the past the world has suffered grievously from lack of knowledge; to-day it suffers from its rejection or misapplication. Could the springs of human conduct and the affairs of peoples be regulated only as wisely as we now know how, there would be work and leisure and decent living for all. The criminal, the defective, the feeble-minded would be breded out, and sane minds in sound bodies breded in. The loss and suffering from preventable disease and accident would not be tolerated. Higher standards would govern the selection for the public service. Planning would replace *laissez-faire* development, and a rational conservation check the reckless waste of our resources. Production

and distribution would attain to levels of efficiency altogether new, and the many injustices now existent in human relations would well-nigh disappear. With the reaction of a freed intelligence on politics, religion, morals, we might hope for a broader tolerance, a better mutual understanding. With the recognition of the spirituality of science and the divinity of research and discovery should come larger interests and a new breadth of vision to the average man, and to us all acknowledgment of the steadfast purposive striving shown in the development of the created world, and a reverent appreciation of man's privilege to aid and further this development.

We might reasonably expect ugliness to be replaced by beauty in our cities and small towns and later even in our homes. Government by intelligence for the general good of all should supersede government by special interests, blocs, faddists, and fear of organized minorities and the uninformed crowd. With it all would come relief from the economic pressure which now bears so heavily upon the Fifth Estate that its children, who should be counted among the best assets of the community, are a luxury.

The world needs most a new tolerance, a new understanding, an appreciation of the knowledge now at hand. For these it can look nowhere with such confidence as to the members of the Fifth Estate. Let us, therefore, recognize the obligation we are under. Ours are the duty and privilege of bringing home to every man the wonders, the significance, and the underlying harmony of the world in which we live, to the end that all undertakings may be better ordered, all lives enriched, all spirits fortified.

VISIONS

BY NORA CONNOLLY O'BRIEN

THESE visions are of places I have never seen; of places and things I have never read about; of experiences that have never been mine. Yet they are true. I have seen them, seen them as at a play, with my eyes open, oblivious to all else. One comes with the distant sound of a band or the sudden notes of a bugle; another with steady rain or running water; the third has always come when I am reading. Whence or why they come I know not, but they do come and, when they go, leave me very tired.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE

A BLARE of triumphant music, a sense of excitement and joy; breathless from a heart throbbing with expectancy, and then — I am in a tall square room. Almost unfurnished it seems to my eyes: a flagged floor, yellowy-brown; a few tawny skins here and there; large heavy chairs; an oblong chest, carved and dark; long narrow windows reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor. In the room coolness and quiet. But I know that outside there are intense heat and noisy excitable comings to and fro among the people.

They are expectant and so am I. But I must school myself to an appearance of calm indifference. I am seated in a chair, forcing my hands to remain limply quiet on a fold of my dress, restraining my toes from tap-tapping to the beat of my heart.

Why must I remain indoors, my thoughts run discontentedly, when all

my desires are outdoors mingling with the riotously joyful people? Surely not one of their hearts can throb so distressingly to the blare of the trumpets as mine!

And there I sit, mutinous; fearful that my mutiny will be observed by the young girl in the corner near the window. Someone rises from behind me and I hear the rustle of a gown and footsteps sounding across the floor and down a flagged passage. I am not concerned about the owner of the footsteps — I am watching the girl.

She has risen from her seat and has pushed open the window. A long-stemmed red rose is pressed against her heart. I see the rise and fall of her bosom, and the color excitably ebbing and flowing in her cheeks.

She turns to me beseechingly as though asking me to bear her company. The music sounds nearer and the voices are louder. I can no longer feign indifference; I rise and go to her. From the window I see strong, fortress-like houses — yellow, black, and gray — glowing and warm in the glare of the sun. Pennons, long and short, are floating from every house. Yellow and black; yellow and red; blue and silver; green and magenta; orange and brown. Our own purple and red hang listlessly.

Everyone in the crowd carries flowers. Heads are thrown back, mouths are open, eyes are bright. Nearer and nearer come the trumpets, the sound of horses whinnying, and the rattle of harness.

Now we are leaning out through the window, each with a foot on the stone balcony, eyes straining to catch a sight of the triumphant army. We see them. A man in black is leading. He sits on his horse, looking neither to right nor left. The pennon on his lance is purple and red. Behind him in twos and threes, making no pretense of order, rides a company of men. Laughingly they respond to the shouts of the people, grasping at the flowers thrown to them; gayly they wave their hands or doff their hats to someone on the balconies.

'He is coming — he is coming,' breathes a voice in my ear. I remember the girl and draw back. She takes advantage of my movement and steps out on the balcony, eyes alight, red rose in her hand. My interest is now all for her. I follow her eyes to see who has claimed all her attention. I see — and remember him faintly. A poor man, I remember, but of good blood. Dark, handsome, with a stout bearing and matchless swagger, and an eye ever roaming over women's faces.

He is coming nearer but does not look toward our balcony. Her breath is coming in short painful gasps. He is almost underneath. The rose is thrown and falls on his saddle in front of him. With a gay laugh he picks it up, kisses it, and presents it to a pretty girl who is running beside his horse. A strangled cry, and my companion collapses on the balcony.

I bring her in. She is like one stricken with death.

'He has forgotten,' she whispers. "'I am going away to mend my fortunes,'" he said. "If we are successful I shall claim you on my return. If you still love me drop me a red rose when we are riding past. I shall always love you. I shall never forget you.'"

She is silent awhile, her sobs choking her. Then she starts up and cries,

'Ah! but he has forgotten. I am the forgotten one.'

Through the open window come joyous shouts, gay voices, and a long triumphant fanfare of trumpets.

All is gone.

THE FLOOD

I AM sitting on the step of a door leading from the kitchen. I must be very small. If I sit back on the step I cannot bend my knees. It is a big gloomy kitchen. On my left is a large wooden bed built into the wall. On the other side, or rather in the angle of two sides, is a big fireplace. A round pot hangs from a hook over the blazing logs. The flames send strange red and black shadows dancing on the ceiling; and the gray plates and mugs on the heavy cumbersome dresser have gleams of yellow and blue.

The old woman is sweeping the floor and muttering to herself. It is about the never-ending rain she is grumbling. She is a very old woman with a long nose and yellow wrinkled face. Under her close-fitting white bonnet a few gray wisps of hair straggle across her forehead. She is wearing a snuff-brown skirt of heavy woolen material, and a tight black bodice with yellow sleeves. The broom with which she sweeps the floor is like a witch's broom. Indeed, she is very like a witch herself.

I am very much afraid of the old woman and keep quiet as a mouse in the hope she will forget that I am there. I strain my eyes toward the window and wish I were sitting in it. If I were there, I think, I could see the red roofs all wet in the rain. I could also see who it is that goes hurrying past making such a clattering noise with his wooden shoes on the round cobblestones. And I should hear what he is calling out as he rushes past.

The old woman has ceased sweeping

the floor. She has brushed the dust into the fire and put the broom in the chimney corner. She is sitting on a low bench and is stirring the pot, muttering to herself all the while.

Suddenly I notice a trickle of water come in under the door. I do not say anything or even point to it. She is a very cross old woman. The trickle of water runs halfway into the room. The old woman lifts the pot off the hook and turns round. She sees the water.

'Tck, tck,' she says and lifts the broom to sweep the water out. It comes in. Half the floor is covered with it. She puts on her wooden shoes and sweeps vigorously. Still it comes in. It is very near me now. I wriggle to the edge of the step to put my toes in it. She sees me, picks me up, and tosses me into the bed. I cannot see much now, only the fireplace and the door where I was sitting.

The old woman is busy sweeping the water back from the fire, but it keeps getting nearer and nearer. There are a lot of people running past the house, calling loudly to each other. She throws her broom down and goes to the door. I hear her speaking to someone. Still the people clatter past talking loudly. After a while no one. No sound but the falling rain and the swish of the water, and the sizzling of the fire when the water touches it.

The floor is covered with water. Soon the broom and pot swim round on the top of it. It is getting dark. I climb up, holding on to the bed, and try to look out. The water is nearly up to the bed. I hear the water gurgling under it. I am very frightened. Too frightened to cry out. There is no one near me. The old woman must have gone out. I wish she were near me.

It is getting very cold. I snuggle down into the bed. I do not get warm. The bed is very cold.

The rain must be coming in. I feel it on my face.

I am very cold.

THE STRANGE WORSHIP

A SENSE of overpowering warmth, skin prickling and burning, and suddenly I am aware that I am traveling at great speed. I am at a height from the ground and sway back and forth with a rocking motion. I am enveloped in soft, filmy, white material.

Then I am conscious of an intense white glare and have my eyes closed, looking through my eyelashes. Nothing but sand is to be seen. Not the cool damp sand of the seashore, but warm white sand, glinting and gleaming in the sun. Sometimes I feel it on my face, hot and irritating.

I travel on and on. I know there are others near me but never see them. There is a great sense of quiet and stillness. I seem to have been traveling for ages. Suddenly the motion ceases, and I find myself walking. I lie flat on the sand for a moment, stretching all my limbs, and then someone takes my hand. I rise and am led away. I do not look where I am going; my eyes are on the ground; I have a sense of stepping downward into a cool dark place.

Soon I see where I am. It is a long lofty hall, lit with faint, mysterious gleams of light which seem to come from the ceiling. Quietness reigns here. There is not a sound — not even the sound of our walking. We reach the end of the hall and I am led through blue curtains. The curtains are so many and of such softness and color that I think I am walking through a twilight sky.

Far off I see a curious brazier with gleaming fire. There is no smoke from it nor are there any flames — it is clear, soft, and glowing. Round it are many forms in an attitude of worship. They

are kneeling, their heads touch the ground, and their arms are outstretched toward the fire. I see that their robes are the same as mine. I stand watching — waiting.

The forms lie still and motionless, save for an occasional twitching of the fingers.

One rises. But for her hands and a bare spot between her breasts she is completely covered with her robes. She moves slowly toward the brazier with her hands outstretched. The others lie motionless with their heads touching the ground.

Her hands are now over the brazier and they gleam like opals from the glow. She thrusts her hands into the fire and lifts a part of it. I see it through

her fingers. She raises it slowly and places it on the bare spot between her breasts, and holding it there with one hand, folds her robes closely round her with the other. Slowly and with reverently bent head she moves away and disappears through a curtain.

One by one the others follow.

Strange, though so many have taken part of the fire it has never diminished. It remains as I first saw it — clear, soft, and glowing.

I am alone with the fire. It fascinates me. It calls me. Yet I do not approach. I feel something touch my head. A feeling of unconsciousness comes over me. The last thing I see is the brazier of fire — clear, soft, and glowing.

ON SECRET SERVICE IN ALBANIA

BY 'YUSSUF EFFENDI'

I

At the beginning of November, 1915, I was suddenly ordered to report in Rome 'for service in the Balkan peninsula.' The invasion of Serbia by the Central Powers had just been launched. An Austro-German force was invading the country from the north. The Bulgars were attacking from the east, and one of their armies, by a lightning march on the Nish-Salonica railroad, had cut off the possibility of retreat to the south. There remained for the Serbians but one line of escape — to the west, across the snowclad, trackless mountains of High Albania. They proceeded to take it, adding one more to the long list of violations of neutral

territory by the two sides in the war. Not that anybody worried about the Albanians.

When I reached Rome, I learned that even in Albania the Serbians were not to be in peace. The King of Montenegro had just completed the last of a long series of similar financial transactions, and sold the Lovchen position, which defends Cetinje, to the Austrians. The Austrians would now be able to overrun Montenegro and invade Albania from the north. This meant that the exhausted Serbians would have to be withdrawn to the south of Albania, which was strongly held by the Italians, and from there shipped, as transport

became available, to whatever place of refuge could be found for them. But what if, during their evacuation of Albania, the Bulgarians were to attack them in the flank, debouching from the Albanian mountains to catch them on the march along the littoral? If the Bulgarians thought it worth while, there was nothing to prevent them. But would they care to detach the force necessary for the purpose? That was what they wanted to know in Rome; the plan was that I should make a journey into the interior and obtain information as to the Bulgar intentions.

My first idea, when I landed from an Italian destroyer at Durazzo, was to ascertain the attitude of the Albanian chieftain Essad Pasha, who, since the collapse of the Prince of Wied and the international régime, had assumed the responsibilities of government over a greater part of the country. Essad was ostensibly pro-Ally; but it occurred to me that, in this hour of the Allies' collapse, he might well be inclining to make overtures to the other side. If so, what better way of accomplishing my mission than to act as his emissary to the advancing Austrian? My inquiries, however, soon convinced me that I had done the Pasha an injustice. He adhered, in fact, continuously to the Allies, with more loyalty than they later displayed to him. He made no attempt to approach either Austrian or Bulgar; and when the day came for the Allies to abandon Durazzo before the Austrian advance he left his own country with them sooner than desert the Allied cause.

I concluded accordingly to travel, as I had done many times before, as a doctor of nondescript Levantine nationality, carrying European drugs. With my drugs, I knew I should be anywhere welcome. I had equipped myself, as soon as I arrived, with a fez. I now engaged a Mohammedan *kiriji* or

muleteer, who spoke Turkish, and purchased a couple of saddlebags in the bazaar. One other purchase I had made in Rome — three gold signet-rings from Castellani's, which I had had engraved with large Prussian eagles. For what purpose I intended to use them, I could not have said. But in those days, and in that part of the world, I reckoned that a Prussian eagle was a useful bird.

II

Twenty-four hours later three sorry ponies were slowly picking their way across the marshes that lie between Durazzo and Berat. On the first was Moharrem, the *kiriji*; the second was a pack animal; the third I bestrode myself, 'traveling' — as they say of the Prince of Wales — 'as the Earl of Chester': to be exact, as 'Yussuf Effen-di.' Moharrem believed — at least I hoped he did — that I was a Turkish agent going to join the Turkish officers said to be with the Bulgarian army now closing on Monastir. At any rate I had been at some pains to place this story in quarters where I knew he would inquire. In the Balkans, I have found, the best way to keep a true secret is to confide a false one to a few chosen friends. I am not sure that my experience in this respect is peculiar to the Balkans.

On the sixth day we reached the confluence of the Osum and Devol at the mouth of the wide valley at the head of which is Berat. To the north was the gorge of the Devol. Looking up it I caught sight in the distance of a party of men, forty or fifty in number, with rifles slung on their backs.

'Who are these?' said I to Moharrem. He looked at me. 'God knows!'

I looked at them again, and then at him. 'Komita?' I said interrogatively. He grinned. 'Call them, Moharrem. It may be they need my drugs.'

Moharrem put his two hands over his ears — to prevent the drums bursting with the effort of the call — and, making his voice carry as only those can who are accustomed from boyhood to shout from hilltop to hilltop, gave the long-drawn-out Albanian call: '*O Maltzoret!* (Ho, mountaineers!)

I saw the group turn at the call, unsling their rifles, pause, and then sit down to await us. It was nearly half an hour before we reached them, leading our ponies over the stones of the steep hillside. As we went, I instructed Moharrem as to what he should say.

'*Tun gat thiet!*'

'*Tun gat thiet!*'

'My Effendi is an Osmanli and would speak with you, if you understand Turkish.'

'We are Christians. We speak Albanian only. Be our interpreter!'

'My Effendi is a Christian. He is a doctor.'

Disappointment at the unwarlike character of my profession clearly outweighed any gratification that may have been felt at the orthodoxy of my religious beliefs.

'*Hakim esht! Nuk esht zabit!* (He is a doctor! He is no officer!)' I heard them mutter.

'He is a doctor, and he is an officer. He is a *hakim-zabit* (medical officer) of a celebrated regiment. He has in his saddlebags medicines from Europe for those who need them. He would know where you are going.'

I left Moharrem to conduct the conversation, while I distributed pills. The procedure was, as usual, simple, being in the main independent of diagnosis. No member of the party was willing to forgo the opportunity of European dosing, and any inequality of distribution would have been resented. My pharmacopoeia in primitive countries comprises three drugs — calomel, opium, and quinine. I have

made them up in large repulsive-looking boluses of evil taste. The calomel is colored red, the opium brown, and the quinine white. These I prescribe in cases of illness. For other cases, where there appears to be nothing the matter, I keep a black-colored pill flavored with asafoetida but otherwise devoid of all medical properties. This is generally regarded as the most powerful pill of the four and is much sought after. With this modest equipment I have found that a sound reputation as a working physician may be built up in most Oriental countries. When each man had received his pill I rose to go.

Moharrem in rapid Turkish phrases conveyed to me the upshot of his conversation. There were 'Turks,' it appeared, — that is to say, Mohammedan Albanians, — in the mountains beyond Berat, who were organizing bands of irregulars, or committees (*komita*) as they are called in the Balkans, at one medjidieh a week and free bread and ammunition. These men were going up to a village called Tomoritsa on the chance of a little rough shooting. They had been told to ask when they got there for Hassan Bey, a former major in the Turkish army, who was in charge of the medjidiehs and the cartridges. They knew nothing of any Bulgarian troops in the neighborhood, regular or irregular. They believed the Bulgarians had captured Monastir. I listened, stroking my moustache.

'Ask them if they will come with me by way of Berat,' I said.

Moharrem translated.

'We will not come by Berat. If we were seen in Berat, the zaptiehs (gendarmes) would take our rifles and send us home or put us in prison.'

'By whose authority?'

'By the authority of Essad.'

I said nothing. They watched me curiously. I called the eldest of the band. 'Take this,' I said, giving him

one of my signet-rings, 'and when you come to Hassan Bey ask to have speech with him apart, and give him the ring. He will know from whom it comes, and the meaning of the bird which is cut on it. Show it to none other on the road.'

The old man looked at the eagle, and his eyes opened wide. Great prestige at this time had that eagle in those parts. Mechanically he laid it on his heart. Then he held my stirrup for me to mount, and amid salutations of the profoundest respect we turned back in the direction of Berat.

III

There is a ferry on the Devol River, by which the traveler from Durazzo must cross to reach Berat. When we came to the spot, we found the ferryman had his boat out on the bank, and was endeavoring to put a patch on a hole in the bottom. We must therefore wait till he had finished. There was another passenger waiting by the riverside, and his appearance startled me. He was a Franciscan friar, one of those who serve the mountain churches in the region of Scutari. In that part of Albania the Christian Albanians are Catholic; but in the neighborhood of Berat, where we were, they are Orthodox, and a Latin friar in the robe of a Franciscan was something like, shall I say, a Scotch minister with a plaid round his shoulder walking down the Strand — an unusual and yet not an unintelligible phenomenon. It flashed through my mind, what an excellent disguise it would have made for me, if only my Albanian had been rather better. The Franciscans in north Albania have mostly been educated in Italy, many of them are Italians by birth, and all speak Italian as a second mother-tongue. I addressed the stranger in that language. He said his name

was Pater Xefi, and he was on his way from Scutari to Berat. His Italian was very bad, and he clearly had difficulty in understanding me. My suspicions were at once aroused. I tried to catch him off his guard.

'*Reverentia vestra*,' I said suddenly in Latin, '*non est italica?* (Your Reverence is not Italian?)'

'*Albanicus sum* (I am Albanian),' he replied without hesitation in the same tongue.

'*At nonne in Italia fecisti studia?* (But were you not educated in Italy?)'

'*In Austria feci, Spectabilis, in seminario quod est ad Ćenipontem.* (No, sir, in Austria; in the seminary at Innsbruck.)'

'Then in God's name,' said I in broad Viennese dialect, 'let us speak German.'

'Ah! Dear God!' he replied with a most unpriestly grin, 'what a pleasure to hear anyone speak Viennese again!'

But further than this he would not reveal himself, though we made the final stage into Berat together, and had much talk by the way. When we parted, I was not best pleased with the encounter. I felt tolerably certain that, whether or no he was really a priest, and whether or no he was really an Albanian, — Moharrem was doubtful; he certainly spoke Albanian well, — he was in any case acting on the present occasion as an agent of the Austrian Government. What he thought of me, I could not tell. If I were acting in the same interest as himself, it must seem strange to him that he should not have heard of my coming. The disquieting reflection presented itself that he probably regarded me with much the same suspicions as I regarded him; and there was this unpleasing difference between our respective positions that, once in Berat, he would be among friends and I should be among enemies. It was in a greatly sobered frame of mind that I rode into the Han in Berat.

Berat boasts a Turkish bath. I turned into it with the double intention of evolving a policy and wiping off the fatigues of the journey. As I sat down in the hot chamber and made myself a cigarette, I saw coming in at the door a boy of seventeen or eighteen, whose face I was convinced I knew, though the name for the moment escaped me. He caught sight of me, stared, then rushed at me and embraced me warmly. Ah! I remembered. It was the son of my friend Bedri Bey, the head of an old Albanian family which had fallen on evil times. I had first known them in the days of their prosperity, when they lived in feudal state in their family castle in the hills to the west of Lake Ochrida, not far from the Greek frontier. In the troubled days of the Wied régime Greek troops had effected what is technically known in reports to the League of Nations and similar documents as a 'redemption of Albano-phone Hellenes'; that is to say, they had seized the family's land and divided it among Greek settlers, sacked the castle, and driven out the family without a piastre to their name. Bedri was now living in the house, and on the charity, of a former tenant, now a flourishing tradesman in Berat. The son Salih, whom I remembered as a small boy, was eager to go to America. He began at once to consult me as to the feasibility of the project, and I advised him to the best of my ability. We talked of old times, and I was pleased to find that he wasted no lamentations on the past; his interests were all in the future. So it should be with youth. His talk was always shifting to America.

'Come and stay with us, Effendim,' he said. 'What will my father say to me, if I tell him I have left you in the Han? And then you can tell me more about America.'

I was not sorry to accept his offer of

hospitality. The publicity of the Han, and the stories which I knew Moharrem would be telling, were anything but agreeable to my plans. Accordingly, having completed the various processes of the bath, we went round to the Han, where I picked up my saddlebags and paid off Moharrem. I was glad to hear that he proposed to return to Durazzo on the following day, if the horses were sufficiently rested. I told him I should myself be continuing my journey toward Monastir about the same time.

I had, however, made up my mind that if I could obtain sufficient information in Berat I would go no farther but would make my way back to Valona, the port in the extreme south, which had been since the outset of the war in Italian occupation. Unfortunately there was little information to be had from my kind hosts. Salih, who was a youth of many friends, sometimes brought news home with him; but the poverty of the family necessitated their leading a secluded life, and they were out of touch with the political intrigue which I could see was raging in official circles in the town. The Mayor, I gathered, was Essad's man, and in loyalty to his master's falling cause had rejected all overtures which had been made to him, whether from Austrian or from Turkish quarters. The town indeed was full of Turkish and Austrian emissaries whom the Mayor was not strong enough to arrest. As to Bulgarian agents, I heard no mention of any such from Salih. But that said little; those who were employing me would not thank me for purely negative intelligence of this sort. I must have something more definite to report. I could see no chance of obtaining it.

For some days I remained in the house, making a pretext of illness. At length I ventured out with Salih, and sat for a while in a café. I had scarcely sat down when at the other end of the

room I saw the Franciscan friar with whom I had traveled from the Devol, sitting with a companion. He was a friar no longer. He wore ordinary civilian clothes with a fez, and his companion displayed ostentatiously the astrakhan cap of an Ottoman officer. Our eyes met, and my salutation was not returned. I made up my mind quickly. It was useless to wait on in Berat, if I was already an object of suspicion to the dominant party in the town. The only question was how to leave it. But before I went I felt it my duty, as a last chance of obtaining the intelligence which I wanted, to interview the Mayor. It was true, my presence at the Konak, if remarked, would reveal to the Turco-Austrian party my true colors. It was true also that the Mayor would be unable to afford me any protection. Nevertheless I decided to attempt to obtain an interview. If possible, I should see him that very afternoon; and then, if I could get horses, I should leave the town the same night.

'O Salih!' I said suddenly, turning to my companion; 'do you know anyone at the Konak? I wish to see the Mayor before I go.'

'Do not go, Effendim,' he said. 'Stay a whole year with us. When you go, I shall be very sorrowful. But if you wish to see the Mayor, we shall ask Ali Bey Seltse, who is his secretary. Ali's house and our house are friends.'

'Let us go now,' I said rising. We made our way round to the Konak, a square barrack-like building in the centre of the town. It had three floors, each with a central corridor out of which rooms opened on either side. The corridors were as usual full of people sitting peacefully on the floor, waiting to see officials. The Mayor's room was on the second floor. As we made our way up the staircase, I heard half a dozen revolver-shots. General commotion followed through-

out the building. A knot of men, some of them with revolvers in their hands, came rushing toward the staircase shouting at the top of their voices. We stood aside to let them pass. It did not seem to me that anyone made any effort to stop them. The corridor outside the Mayor's room was packed with people, all talking at once. Salih was beside himself with excitement.

'Stay here, Effendim,' he whispered to me. 'I shall try to see Ali, and find out how it all happened. Hassan Bey has shot the Mayor!'

He disappeared. I listened to the talk of the bystanders. Suddenly I heard cries of '*Haide! Haide!* (Make way!)' and a lane was parted in the crowd for — of all things in the world — a travel-stained officer and a couple of troopers, all three in Bulgarian uniform. 'What!' I said to myself, 'is the event itself about to give me the intelligence I have been seeking?'

The crowd had been half silenced by the apparition of the three strangers in their foreign uniforms. 'Who are they?' 'Austrians!' 'Bulgars!' I heard whispered all round me. Just at this moment a man standing near me, deluded either by his own excitement or by some fancied likeness which he saw in my features, pointed at me and cried: —

'In the name of God! There is Hassan himself come back!'

The crowd about me cleared as if by miracle. The words had been spoken in Albanian, which the Bulgarian doubtless did not understand; but he caught the 'Hassan' and the surprised '*Bismillah!* (In the name of God!)' and saw the crowd automatically make room to right and left of me. He stopped, saluted, and held out his hand.

'Hassan Bey Bimbashi?' he said with a smile, in Turkish. 'I am Lieutenant Grekoff.'

I took my courage in my hands. 'You are welcome,' I replied in the same language, smiling. 'Come in here, and we will talk.'

I opened a door at random. By great good luck the room was empty. As I shut the door on him, and the two troopers took post outside, I heard whispers from the crowd:—

'That is not Hassan.'

'It is one of them.'

But Lieutenant Grekoff did not understand Albanian.

IV

As I shut the door behind the Bulgarian, I knew that at any moment our interview might be interrupted; the real Hassan might return; even if we were left alone it was impossible to say how long I should be able to support the rôle of imposture which I had assumed, without betraying myself. But I had no time for reflection. I set myself at once to play my part.

'The deed is done,' I said, making the gesture of wiping my hands, 'the Mayor has been killed.'

'Pardon?' he said.

'The Mayor is dead.'

'It was doubtless necessary.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'Allow me,' he continued, taking from an inner pocket of his *litewka* a pair of letters, 'to present my credentials.'

I bowed and, taking the letters, glanced rapidly through them. The first was a general letter of introduction 'To the Officers of the Allied Imperial Royal and Imperial Ottoman Armies,' requesting all possible assistance to Lieutenant Grekoff, of the 31st Reserve Infantry Regiment, attached to the General Staff of the Bulgarian Army in Macedonia, and charged with a special mission in Albania. It was written in German and Turkish. I handed it back to Grekoff. The second

letter, written in the same two languages, was addressed to myself, that is to say, to Hassan. It ran as follows:—

SECRET	Macedonian Army
	General Staff
	Intelligence Section
No. —	11/24 December, 1915
	New Year, A.H. 1334

The bearer of this letter, Lieutenant Grekoff of the Royal Bulgarian Army, is directed to present it to Major Hassan Bey (retired) of the Imperial Ottoman Army, or to the properly accredited representative of the latter.

The High Command of the Bulgarian Army now in Macedonia views with the warmest sympathy the efforts being made under the direction of Hassan Bey to raise detachments of irregulars in the mountainous region between the Lakes and Berat, and will afford him every possible assistance and financial support. Lieutenant Grekoff is instructed to discuss with Major Hassan Bey the most effective means by which this support may be afforded and an organized liaison may be established between Major Hassan Bey and the Bulgarian High Command.

For the present, however, the necessity of safeguarding adequately the lines of communication of the Army in Macedonia, as also the exigencies of an eventual advance in the direction of Salonica, preclude the Bulgarian High Command from hoping to be in a position to detach any considerable number of troops in support of Major Hassan Bey.

With regard to the further intentions of the Bulgarian High Command Lieutenant Grekoff is fully informed and is empowered to discuss them with Major Hassan Bey.

GRIGORIEFF, General of Cavalry
Chief of the Intelligence Section of the
General Staff of the Macedonian Army

'I cannot conceal from you, Lieutenant,' I said, as I pocketed the letter, 'that this is a disappointing letter.'

'Pardon?' he said again. I perceived that he had difficulty in understanding my Turkish. His own certainly was of

the very roughest, such Turkish as the rude peasants from Anatolia speak, with a minimum of Arabic and Persian words. I proceeded to embellish my own with every literary and poetic expression that I could recall.

'I say,' I said, 'that when the crops have been promised the sunlight they will not ripen in the light of a minished moon.'

Poor Grekoff began to look anxious. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'do you speak German? Or French? Or I can even speak a little English.'

'Alas!' I replied, 'I speak only Turkish and Albanian. But my comrade, Mehemet Ali, who is even now waiting for me, speaks Bulgar. And there is Rifaat, who was at the Robert College; he speaks English as the poor eat bread. Spik good inglez Rifaat,' I added in the last-named tongue, with a friendly grin. 'Now I shall make a proposal, Lieutenant. We have much to do here before sundown. The Berati townspeople will do nothing against us; but we are not yet certain how Essad's zaptiehs will turn. Do you send your horses to the Han, and repose yourself till the evening. In the evening I shall send to the Han for you, and then we shall hold a conference with Mehemet Ali and Rifaat to interpret. Have you understood me? Do I say well?'

He hesitated. Did a shade of suspicion cross his mind? I hardly think so. At any rate he assented.

'Come!' I said, rising, 'I shall accompany you to the Han.'

With my heart throbbing against my ribs I opened the door. Who might be outside, or what might happen when we appeared, I could not tell. The two Bulgar troopers sprang to attention. The crowd, ready to acclaim the appearance of power, made a path for us, and saluted as we passed rapidly along the corridor and down the stairs. Outside the Konak an idea came to me.

'We have a *hammam* in Berat,' I said to Grekoff with a smile. 'What do you say? Will you send your horses to the Han, and repose yourself with a bath after the fatigues of the road?'

'Excellent,' he said, and turning to one of the troopers said something rapidly in Bulgar. The man saluted and rode off with the horses. Grekoff, one of the troopers, and myself proceeded rapidly across the square to the bath, where I called in a loud voice for the *hammamji*. He appeared in much agitation, which was increased at the sight of the strange uniforms.

'Give every attention to this officer,' I said truculently, 'and see that you relieve him of the fatigues of his journey.' I had an afterthought. 'Charge his bath,' I added, 'to the New Administration' — I repeated the words sternly — 'the New Administration of the Town.'

The man made abject salutations, and with a profusion of compliments ushered the Bulgarian into the cooling-room. I turned into the open. A sudden downpour of rain had begun, and the passers-by and the loafers, who had followed us from the Konak, were seeking cover. It was perhaps my salvation. I turned into a side street, doubled back, and hurried through the rain unperceived, till I came to the house where old Bedri lived. I had burned all boats now; I must leave Berat at once, or I should never leave it alive; that was certain. But I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had accomplished my mission with a degree of completeness which an hour before I could not have believed possible.

I found Salih had returned without me and the family were collected in the single apartment which served as a living-room and as a sleeping-chamber for the men. Old Bedri Bey hailed me as I entered.

'My son,' he said, 'Salih tells me you have spoken of departure.'

'O Bedri Bey,' I replied, 'it is as Salih has said, and for good reason.' I passed my hand across my throat with a gesture which is well known in Albania.

The rheumy eyes of the old man lit up and the others all looked at me with animation. 'You have taken blood?' said Bedri.

'Not here and now,' I replied, 'but in the café this morning I have seen a brother of blood (relation of a man I had killed). It is for this reason that I must go, and that at once.'

They all, much interested, agreed.

I had something else to say. I had made up my mind from the first that, if I could possibly reconcile it with my own plans, I should take Salih with me to Europe, and give him the opportunity which he craved of restoring the fortunes of his house in America. I now asked Bedri Bey if he would allow his son to accompany me; I told him that when we reached Europe I proposed, with his permission, to take the responsibility of sending the boy to America and launching him there. The old Bey received my proposal in silence, while Salih, whose face had filled with rapture when he first heard the proposal, — for I had said no word to him previously of my intentions, — sat and watched his father anxiously. The women wept. Emigrant sons and parents who know they will see them no more make up the same sad story in Albania as in the rest of the world. At length the old man spoke.

'Be silent!' he said, to the women. 'It is for Salih to answer what our guest has said.'

The boy looked at the ground for a moment; then he caught his father's hand and kissed it. 'My father is Lord of the House,' he said in a low voice; 'what he says, I shall do.'

Pride and anguish wrestled in the old man's eyes. 'A good answer!' he cried. 'Let all listen and say if my son has not spoken worthily. But I can read — who better? — the thoughts of my son's heart. The tree is old, and lives only in one branch. Now comes the gardener. "The tree is like to fall," says he, "pity the living branch should fall with it. Lop rather, and plant in new soil." So it is understood. So it was to be.'

V

It was just after nightfall when we started. We were mounted on two horses which I had purchased from the owner of the house, whom Bedri had summoned and let into the secret. We took no pack animal. I carried my saddlebags behind my saddle, and Salih had a sack of oats behind his. Bedri's family, like many other Moslem Albanian families, belongs traditionally to the Bektashi sect; and there was in the house the dress of a Bektashi traveling dervish. This I assumed for the journey. It was arranged that I should represent myself as a kind of house dervish or family chaplain, accompanying Salih to the coast on his way to complete his education in Europe. I confess the disguise afforded me particular satisfaction. I had caught up — some might say I had outstripped — the Franciscan on his own ground; and so strong is professional jealousy that I even caught myself wishing my rival could be there to see me!

In the bosom of my inner garment I bestowed the precious letter which I had taken from Grekoff. But first with red wax, of which I always carry a small stick, I made two impressive-looking seals at the foot of the document. The first I sealed with one of my signet-rings, the second with that large Turkish coin which is called a medjidieh. The medjidieh bears on its obverse the

'Tughra,' the ornamental monogram of the Sultan, which is known — or, I suppose one must now say, used to be known — by sight to every Moslem, even to the illiterate. To those who cannot read, a big red seal naturally appears the most important part of a letter, and if it should prove necessary to use my letter as a credential I wished it to be equally impressive with the learned and with the ignorant.

My plan was to leave Berat by the eastern road to Monastir, to travel for a couple of miles, and then fetch a complete semicircle in the foothills that surround the town, so as to join the western road to Valona at a point some ten miles below Berat where the stream of the Osum is bridged. This manœuvre occupied the greater part of the night. It was but an hour before dawn when we reached the bridge. We crossed, turned into the woods that flank the river bank, and I made Salih sleep while I fed the horses and kept watch. So far all had gone well. Whatever perils the journey might have in store for us, Berat at any rate now lay behind us, and there was no sign that my escape had been observed.

Toward sundown we issued from the woods and continued our journey. Deserting the customary road, which runs through the marshes of the littoral, we turned up a side valley into the barren Malacastriot Mountains, which project into the littoral between Valona and Berat. We had not gone far before we came to a solitary house by the side of the stony track. It showed no lights, and we thought it was uninhabited. As we passed, however, we were hailed from within, and a couple of zaptiehs strolled out to the door.

'Who are you? Where are you going?'

"I am called Dervish Mustapha. I am going with this young Bey to Valona."

'What is in that sack?'

'Oats,' said I tartly, 'O man of Essad.'

'There is no Essad,' he observed genially. 'We were Essad's men; now we are the men of Hassan Bey, of the Sultan, of the Austrians — God knows.'

'This dervish has a fat pack,' said the other zaptieh, fingering my saddle-bags. 'In the name of Hassan Bey it is necessary that we should open these saddlebags and divide between us what it is not lawful for dervishes to possess.'

I wrung my hands, and loudly protested, signing at the same time to the hot-blooded Salih to say nothing. The zaptieh took no notice of either of us, but proceeded placidly to slit open the end of one of my bags. As it ripped, the signet-rings fell out on the ground.

'O Said!' he cried to his companion, 'it is gold! They carry gold!'

I now felt fairly certain they were after loot only, and had not been sent to watch for us. 'Look, blockhead,' I said in a new tone of voice, 'at the image which is on the gold.'

He stared at the eagles on the signets. He looked at me. He looked at his companion.

'Does a traveling dervish carry Imperial eagles,' I asked, 'or such writings as this?' and plunging my hand into my bosom I drew out and opened before him the precious letter. The two zaptiehs bent over it. They could not read, for they looked at it upside down; but the two seals caught their eye. The conjunction of the Tughra and the Eagle, and my possession of signets bearing the same eagle, were too much for them.

'These are troubled times. There are strange people about,' whispered the first zaptieh to his companion. 'Better to give back the rings, O Ahmed.'

With a bad grace the other handed me the rings and the letter, muttering

something about the irksomeness of police duties. I continued to chaff him while he sewed up the ripped saddlebag. Meanwhile Salih gave the first zaptieh some of our oats. This last was a humorous dog. By way of farewell, as we turned to go, he crooked his palm, and set up a mock appeal for alms: '*Shayid Ullah! Shayid Ullah!*' He had caught to the very life the Bektashi drone. I esteem the gift of mimicry. It counts for much in my profession. I took the two rings from my pocket.

'Catch, brother!' I said, laughing, and I flung them the rings.

They stood gaping, too mystified to thank me. I rode off still laughing.

'Why did you give them the rings,' said Salih, 'and how did you come by that letter of power?'

I told him what I could of the truth; it was not much, for the secret was not mine to tell, but that of the Government which employed me. To turn the conversation I offered to teach him English; and with this diversion we occupied that and the three succeeding nights.

We met no more zaptiehs, and passed without adventure through the mountain villages. But there was little food to be had, and we and our horses were spent when on the fourth day we

reached the ridge of the Malacastra and looked down upon the blue waters of the Vojusa thousands of feet below. The descent was even more trying than the ascent, and one of the horses collapsed and had to be abandoned. We were too exhausted to attempt to cross the Vojusa by swimming; and we could only follow the course of the river to the Italian bridgehead downstream.

It was with a sigh of relief that I caught sight of the first olive-gray cloaks of an Italian infantry picket. Naturally we were arrested by the Italians, and my letter was confiscated. It was some time before I was able to establish my identity; but when at length the necessary authority was received from Valona they were loud in their congratulations.

Salih and I made the last stage of our journey to Valona in an Italian automobile along an Italian road, our stomachs distended, after long fasting, with Italian hospitality. It was Salih's first introduction to Europe.

'Europe is very sweet,' he said to me, fingering the leather cushions of the automobile, and watching the posts of the field telegraph rush by. 'Compared with Europe, Albania is nothing.'

'Is it not, Salih?'

He looked at me. His lip quivered and he burst into tears.

FELLOWSHIP

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Across the way they build a house, clean wood, and steel, and stone,
With joke and curse of husky men to give it good backbone.
The hammers cry, 'Click-Clack! Click-Clack!' And '*Clang!*' the girders shout,
As barrows heaped with rosy brick go wheeling in and out.
Tut-ut! Tut-ut! Tut-ut! *Tut!* The crane swings up a beam,
While, silver in the April air, froths out its angry steam.

Across the way with laugh and song
They build a house, they build it strong!

And who would guess as I sit here, a timid scribbling mouse,
That all the while just over there I 'm working on that house!
I run the barrows down the plank that rocks beneath my tread,
I curse and shout, and fearless walk the white beams overhead;
Across my hand the shavings curl, and drip like golden rain;
The sawdust spurts beneath my saw, and now I run the crane!
Tut-ut! Tut-ut! Tut-ut! *Tut!* With sweating upturned face
I watch the beam swing up! Swing up! I guide it to its place!

Across the way with laugh and song
I build a house, I build it strong!

And did they know the trick as well, those stalwarts toiling there,
And guess the fellowship that walks the wide world everywhere,
They 'd look across at me and laugh, they 'd shout and sing, and say,
'With pen and pad and dancing tunes, we 're making rhymes to-day!
Tut-ut! Tut-ut! Tut-ut! *Tut!* The crane is singing too,
For all the while we 're weaving words, we 're beating time with you!

Across the way we make a song,
We sing it true, we sing it strong!"

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

BY KENNETH IRVING BROWN

THERE are times when new scenes pall and strange faces affright, when a man yearns for his home and the companionship of his friends. I had reached such a state of mind after four months in South America, during which I had ravaged the Guianas, Venezuela, and Colombia in search of flora for my botanical museum. My collection was complete except for a specimen of the *Cocos comosa*, and I was loath to leave the country until I had secured it. All of my search for it had been fruitless. As a final endeavor, I set out with Pedro, a native Carib guide whom I engaged at Cartagena, down the Gulf of Darien to the mouth of the Mulatto River, and up the Mulatto into the Colombian wilderness, hoping that here at last I might find that *rara avis*.

I lay back in the native dugout, lost in pleasant thoughts of home and a land where Nature was tamed. Pedro, between the lazy strokes of his paddle, had told me, in a lingo of distorted English and incomprehensible Spanish, of Cispatria, a tiny Carib town inland on the Mulatto which he knew, of the villagers' 'heart warmth,' which I interpreted to mean hospitality, and of their isolation. If I understood him correctly, no white man had visited them for twenty years. I smiled to myself at the thought of the fright I should cause them with my pale complexion — pale in comparison, in spite of the tanning of the sun — and my American clothes, for the town was ahead and we should be there by nightfall.

'And this is the day before Christ-

mas,' I mused half aloud. 'We shall spend our Christmas Eve at Cispatria; I shall be their Christmas guest.'

The thought was ironical, and I smiled bitterly. Pedro smiled in return; I doubt if he understood my words, but his sympathy and good nature were apparent.

The Mulatto is a sluggish stream, mud-brown, with a current whose movement is barely perceptible. High luxuriant tropic-growth lines both sides of the winding river, vegetation in fulsome abundance, and yet its very voluptuousness suggests stagnation. The air seemed heavy with that stillness, that impenetrable calm, which is so characteristic of the Southern lands. The sun rose high and glared with fury; passed meridian splendor and slowly sank. Pedro paddled on leisurely; the great muscles of his bare black back moved with lazy regularity. For a long time neither of us spoke; the silence was broken only by the shrill calling of some wild bird in the palm trees.

It was approaching twilight — the twilight of Christmas Eve — when the camp enclosure of Cispatria came into view. From the coast the river had meandered willfully and vagrantly; each turn had revealed a new turn only a few rods ahead; but when the tiny village came into sight the stream ran in a straight course for several hundred yards, as if, near this oasis in the midst of yawning stretches of forest land, its conduct must be circumspect.

The first view of the enclosure was not prepossessing. The village consisted

of a score or more of small huts with their novel grass-roofs, many of them built on stilts for protection against the attack of wild animals. An area of some two or three acres, containing the buildings, was surrounded on three sides by a high wooden stockade and on the fourth by the river. There was only one man visible: an old father, bent low with age. His grizzled hair fell over his misshapen back like an enveloping cloak, and his beard reached to his knees.

He espied us and stood as if rooted to the spot, staring intently at us. Then with a wild shout, such as I have never heard from beast or human being, he cried: '*Hombres, hombres! Venid!*' and straightway running from the huts came men and women. They stopped abruptly when they saw us; with one accord they fell upon their knees and bowed their faces in the dust, all the while making a rhythmic moan, uncanny at first, and then strangely harmonious and beautiful.

I knew not what to make of this strange performance and my guide offered no information. Our canoe came nearer and as it hugged the bank I stepped ashore. Not a person stood, nor even peered at me through half-closed eyes; evidently that which I had taken for a moan was a prayer.

'Can you give a night's lodging to a weary traveler?' I asked.

The old man I had first seen raised himself on his knees and extended his arms to me, but he uttered not a word.

'They no speak English,' my guide said.

'Tell them we want to spend the night here,' I answered.

He turned to them with my message, and no sooner had he spoken than their prayer—if such it was—ceased, and they rushed toward me. In no human eye have I ever seen expressed such a wildness of emotion as was written

in theirs—amazement, fear, childish simplicity, and passion. They seemed to be searching for something in me, some special quality, for their eyes scanned my face with a hunger and avidity quite disconcerting. When I raised my arms to them to signify that I would be their friend, they fell at my feet; one even kissed my sandals and another my trousers.

When a second time my guide explained that we would spend the night with them, their delight was pitiful, and one and all ran to the largest of the several huts to make ready my bed.

The entire performance was incomprehensible to me. The hamlet's reputation for hospitality, of which Pedro had told me, failed to explain their strange actions; even amazement at the presence of a white man hardly accounted for their apparent worship. I recalled stories from grammar-school readers of Romans who were taken to be gods when they were cast shipwrecked upon an unknown shore; but I laughed aloud. Did they take me for an Olympian? How far was an academically sheltered botanist from qualifying as a relative of Jupiter and Juno! Rather this must be their way of paying respect to the white man's superiority.

The ancient Carib chieftain, the old man whom we had seen on the shore, came forward and bowed us to a bench before a narrow table near the steps of the main hut. We seated ourselves,—Pedro and I,—but our host was troubled. He made strange motions to my guide, and then came to whisper something in his ear. Pedro rose solemnly and, with a gaze half of regret and half of reverence, moved to another table, leaving me alone. Then the *muchachas* brought the food; but while they served Pedro, all the dishes intended for me were given to my host, who himself served me. Although I dared not attempt to thank him in my meagre

Spanish, I tried to show him by smile and friendly nod that I appreciated his generosity. The dishes set before me were many and, to a wayfaring man, delicious: a soup of beef, fried plantains, and a roasted bull-steak. I was hungry and ate greedily. When I had finished I strolled down to the bank of the little stream and sat in wonder, while the shadows of twilight thickened, and the matted growth across the river, higher than the height of a man, assumed strange forms as it swayed in the gentle night breezes.

I could see the *hombres* and *mujeres* in the distance. They were talking in soft low tones. Suddenly from the group I saw a figure emerge. It was one of the muchachas, young and slender, but she walked with difficulty, leaning heavily upon a staff at each step. She was partially shrouded in the dusk, so that I could not see her distinctly, but as she drew nearer I thought her left side was paralyzed. Her foot dragged as a leaden weight, and her arm hung useless. She came forward alone, stumbling and with visible hesitation. No one moved among the group in the background, and yet I could see they were watching her intently. What could it mean?

The young girl was too much in earnest to be acting a part in any heathen ceremonial. She was trembling violently and now I could see that she was coming toward me. I rose, wondering what was expected of me, and even as I did she stumbled. Her staff fell from her hand and she pitched forward, her right arm stretched out for help. I caught her easily, and held her trembling body for a moment. Eyes like the eyes of a young lioness when first entrapped—soft, yearning, wondering, before she knows the cruelty of her position—met mine in a look which years of scientific training had brought me no means of understanding. Then,

with a cry of ecstasy, the young thing leaped from my arms and flew back to the shadows. As if waiting for this moment, her friends raised their voices with hers and there arose on the night air a solemn chanting, crude and unmusical, yet beautiful in its absolute sincerity and resplendent in its recurring note of joy. I watched, listening, and waited, longing to know the secret of the mystery.

The muchacha's staff lay at my feet. Could it be that these poor people, hearing of our progress in medicine, believed in the white man's miraculous power to heal? Faith is the ability to believe the incredible, I had heard it said. Was this the solution?

I did not see my guide again that night. I was so astounded at what had taken place, and so disconcerted by the plaintive chanting, that I hurried to absent myself and made signs to my host that I would retire. He understood and led me to the hut, where they had prepared a spreading of fresh palm-leaves with a blanket covering,—the choicest sleeping-accommodation the camp offered, I knew,—and I accepted with a gracious heart.

I was weary from my journey, and the cool night air brought refreshing sleep. It was dawn when I awoke.

Christmas Day—yet how unbelievable! What was Christmas Day in a land of wilderness and black folk? What could it mean to these dark-skinned Carib Indians? Not even a name, I suspected, to them who would worship a white man as they would a god, who instinctively bowed before a stranger from the fairyland of success.

It was with a feeling of wretchedness and discontent that I recalled the past Christmases, and knew that for the love of leaves and grass I had deprived myself of another such exquisite pleasure. My thoughts were willful truants: a jolly Christmas Day; outside, the

ground white with snow, inside, the tree bulging with gifts and tempting eatables; the children were probably shouting as they opened their presents, and their mother — she too was lonely, even as I was lonely, for she had expected me to return before the holiday season. And all for a *Cocos comosa*.

The dream was dispelled as I became conscious of the voices which had awakened me, harsh and untuneful, even as the night before, yet they stirred something within me which quieted the loneliness of my heart. I bethought me of the old Christmas minstrels — but the very unlikeness of their carols to the present crying caused me to smile. I rose from my pallet; there about the hut were gathered the inhabitants of the camp, with their arms laden. At sight of me they bowed themselves to the ground; then slowly one by one they came and laid their offerings at my feet. I stood as a man in a dream, insensible to what was going on. I looked for my guide to explain, but Pedro was nowhere near. At the foot of my ladder were heaped great skins of tiger and lynx, bananas and plantains, curiously carved images, and a reed basket woven in intricate design and filled with stone charms. In my amazement I wondered if this were my Christmas dream come true!

I did my best to express my thanks by smiles and gestures, and the natives appeared to understand, but my confusion was turning to puzzled incredulity. I wanted to get away from it all; I wanted to question my guide. Was this Cispatia's tribute to civilization and nothing more?

They brought me food, when I had thanked them as best I could; and when I had eaten I sought my guide.

‘Pedro, we must away.’

He looked at me in awe and surprise. ‘*Hoy, Señor?*’

‘Yes, to-day; at once.’

He acquiesced and went to my host with word that we were going. The old man hurried to my side and through Pedro and pantomime begged me to stay. Then, seeing I was resolute, he motioned me to remain for a moment while he called the villagers together.

They came quickly, for at no time did they seem to be far away, and, grouping themselves about me, they fell on their knees. My host stood before me, and by frantic gesticulation, spreading his hands out in front of him, endeavored to communicate an idea to me, but I could not understand. I turned to Pedro for assistance.

‘Bless,’ he said.

They wanted me to bless them. I, an old, homesick, botany professor, with theological notions too vague or too radical to be bound by creed or formula, was called upon to bless this little community which had housed me in the best of their homes! I lifted my hands and, with eyes raised to Heaven, I repeated over them the words which came to my mind from childhood days, like a voice heard from afar: ‘*The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.*’ Then, turning to my companion, I entered the dugout, and we pushed off.

Pedro took his place at the fore and began to paddle with his long, lazy strokes. By a turn in the stream the tiny enclosure was soon lost to sight.

‘Pedro, what did it all mean?’

He looked at me with eyes filled with amazement and doubt. ‘You know.’

‘I don't know; tell me.’

He hesitated, but something in my face must have warned him that I wanted an answer, for at last he spoke.

‘Christ come.’

No white man ever uttered such words with deeper reverence.

‘Christ come!’ I echoed, as I remembered their greeting and the incident of the night before.

'Yes, old miss'nary tell — Christ come. He come day 'fore Christmas; come up river at shade-time in dugout with hombre. He stay all night at Cispata. They know at Cispata.'

I sat stunned by the thought. This then was the reason for their reception and their gifts: this the reason for the muchacha's confidence.

It was an idea which made me tremble. How inconceivable their childish faith, how perfect their adoration! And I had taken their homage as a white man's due!

Very, very silent I sat, awed and oppressed by an overburdening sense of impotence. If only the King might have come to receive His Christmas tribute!

The canoe moved on. The tall grasses rustled in the breeze; in the distance I heard music. It was the solemn chant they had sung for me when I came; they were singing it again as I left them. Clear, sometimes shrill, ever tuneless, and yet motivated by a strangely recurring theme of joy, it came to me on the morning air. Fainter and fainter it grew, as the recessional fades in the anteroom of the cathedral; then the hushed pause, silence, and that sense of unutterable loneliness, of loss, even as when a star falls from the heavens and the light of the world seems dimmed.

Pedro leaned toward me.

'It is true, *no es verdad?* You are, you are — He?'

A WOMAN'S MEMORIES AT EIGHTY-ONE

THEIR LESSONS IN PATIENCE, SERVICE, AND HOPE

I HAVE seen: —

The Irish famine of 1848. The rise of Fenianism. Gladstone and Home Rule defeated. Parnell and defeat. The Great War and delay.

Then, result of all: the Irish Free State, and the Irish Free State represented at Washington.

The European Revolutions of 1848.

France from a Republic to an Empire, passing through the Commune to the Republic.

The rise and fall of Prussia.

The birth of a new Germany and a new Russia.

A United Italy.

Emancipation of the Russian serf.

The Indian Mutiny and the consequent taking-over of India from

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'John Company' (the East India Company) by the British Government.

The legislation of Lord Ripon. The later Montagu Act. The beginning of the modern process of India toward a self-governing community. The entrance of the Indian Princes into the World War as voluntary contribution and their publicly expressed reasons for so doing.

England, from a United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, becoming under Disraeli an Empire; now, 'A Commonwealth of Free Nations.'

A peasant's son, MacDonald, Prime Minister.

The great series of Factory Acts; the protection of women and children in industry and mining.

Women as factory inspectors, with all it means for decency and security.

The work of Octavia Hill and all that has grown from it.

The beginnings of tenement-house and sanitary-housing legislation.

Mr. Charles Brace's work in New York. Formation of the Children's Aid Society.

The Charity Organization Society; the first coördinated attempt to deal intelligently with pauperism and poverty.

The end of Negro slavery in America. The work of Booker Washington, of Hampton, Calhoun, and so forth.

The devoted work of Josephine Butler, wife of an Anglican clergyman, in connection with the Contagious Diseases Act. Beginning of the battle for the protection of woman and of the unborn child.

The pamphlet by Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. Forbidden. To-day the advertisement of Dr. Marie Stopes's books on the same subject, on the open front page of *The Nation and the Atheneum*, and she herself among the latest presentations at Court! (Shades of Queen Victoria!)

Organized societies for the protection of animals.

The dawning idea of the conservation of natural resources, forests, water power, and so forth.

The building of the great railways that have connected the two oceans, making possible the building-up of the Great West.

Practical discovery of mineral oil and its general and expanding use.

The motor engine and car.

The airplane.

General use in medicine and surgery of anaesthetics.

The Atlantic cable.

The changed status of women as regards property-holding and guardianship of children.

Woman suffrage.

Koch's doctrine of the bacillus—a revolution.

The Einstein theory of relativity.

Colleges for women. All trades and professions open to women.

From the ox at the plough to the tractor.

Applied electricity, probably at the beginning of its possibilities.

Striving toward prison and criminal reform. Toward wiser, saner, curative sentences for the criminal.

The X-ray. Preventive medicine and inoculation against disease.

Radium with its immense potentialities.

Darwinism with all it implies of revolution in thought.

Modern psychology with its unlimited possibilities in every sphere of man's life and work.

Changed attitude toward divorce and illegitimacy. More humane.

I have seen twelve wars. Mexican War. Crimean War. War for Italian independence. Indian Mutiny. Our Civil War. Prussia against Denmark, Prussia annexing Schleswig-Holstein. Prussia against Austria. Prussia against France, Prussia annexing Alsace-Lorraine. Russo-Turkish. United States and Spain. Russo-Japanese. The World War.

The renewed questioning and life in the churches; a new consciousness of social responsibility.

A new feeling, growing steadily, concerning war and peace.

Education toward the idea of internationalism.

A deepening and strengthening interest in Christ and the implications of his moral and spiritual thought. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren.'

The thrilling development in archaeology and Biblical criticism, from the child's reading of Layard's *Nineveh* and Stephens's *Central America*, to the

Tell el-Amarna Letters, Egypt, Abydos, the Mayas, Crete.

The growth of trade-unionism from small insignificant groups to the power that can stop the wheels of industry and touch directly every home in the land. Trade-unionism, through threatened strike, can force the Adamson Bill, which freed them from trust restrictions by which the trusts, corporations, and so forth, are bound. Frees them from much social responsibility and is a temptation.

Labor buying into the industries where employed. Formation of labor banks.

The startling growth of capital and organized capitalism with the terrible temptation to the abuse of power. These two groups of organized power face each other.

We have passed from the day of small things; the world is big and round, there are no antipodes! What we make and what we are is needed everywhere. Much of the work can be done only by great groups, wholesale methods, international relations, great capital of brains, money, skill, and of high morality.

Regulation of corporations, a great and delicate responsibility, till great lessons of honesty and moral and generous responsibility are learned.

It seems to me men are not very different — no more dishonest, no more grasping, no more greedy, than in older days; things are simply on a larger scale. The type of men who took mortgages on poor people's houses to foreclose when they chose, or who gave short weight and measure, are always with us! In legislation, the old codes of Asia, Africa, and Europe all tell the same tale of the grasping heart of man.

Psychology is showing the oneness of human nature, from bottom to top, through the whole human scale, the same vices, the same virtues, the same moral downfalls, the same spiritual high adventure. When we realize this, class consciousness and antagonisms must pass away; we shall work together instead of against each other. We shall move from one cycle to another with as little destruction as possible, knowing that destruction is a form of war, leaving victors and vanquished, rancor and hatred.

There seems to me to be an underlying purpose running through all these enormous activities and accumulations — the gaining a world surplus to be used in the next inevitable step of coöperation and expansion.

We must have a surplus of mind and heart from which to fructify the world, to lend on a grand scale where that way is better, to give greatly when that is best of all.

Another great step I have seen: the man of great wealth feels himself neither safe nor happy unless he gives largely and *publicly* to found or to carry on great good things for humanity. Money flows like water for great and noble objects, for great purposes, for objects of beauty open to the study and happiness of the poorest.

And now comes the greatest gain of all I have seen in my eighty-one years of pilgrimage — a steadily increasing idea of the beauty of service, a deepening consecration to the service of the individual and to the world.

The modernist says, with reason, that the strong have taken more than their right; the spiritual indictment is that we are unworthy citizens of the City of God and of the Kingdom of Heaven.

A LESSON OF HORACE

BY PERCY LUBBOCK

It happened, it happened occasionally, and whenever it happened it was unforgettable. I speak of days gone, long years old by this time; and I speak of a school, what we call a 'private' school, that flourished once in a big white house among lawns and trees, facing the North Sea from the coast of Kent; and I speak of the good man who ruled the school, and of his attendant ushers, and how they tried to quicken the mind of a small, and not very soaring, human boy. And what happened occasionally was that they succeeded, not often, I think, but now and then, and always — does n't it seem? — at times when they forgot to try. For so it is; the imagination that will not bestir itself for any word of command or instruction is aroused unfailingly by the sight of the preacher or teacher who forgets — forgets where he is, forgets the small boy, forgets himself, lost in the contemplation of something of his own, an emotion apart, a secret. I remember the sight forever when I have seen it; and here it is now, a pretty possession, as good as new after many years.

It may seem hopeless to exhort and to preach to us, bidding us use our eyes and our wits; and in general it *is* hopeless, for whatever we are told by the old man and his ushers will have an inherent weakness and taint. It is what they *would* tell us, it is what we should expect of them. Their teaching has always to reckon with the shrewd and skeptical spirit in which I meet it. They may be right — I am not concerned to deny it; but there is this to

remember from the first about their doctrine, that right or wrong it is the regular thing and the natural order. Everybody knows that when we sit in school for the daily task, or when we are lectured and found fault with, or when we are addressed with kindly and paternal suasion — everybody knows from the beginning that it could n't be otherwise, that this is the appointed style; it is to be counted on with confidence, for it is simply the way of the world. I don't disbelieve absolutely in what I am told and taught; I often find it curious and entertaining; but I meet it inevitably with a doubt and a shade of reserve. Our teachers are part of the great established scheme and they voice its ordinances; and for this reason it is difficult to take them as seriously as perhaps they deserve to be taken.

But it does happen now and then that they forget themselves. In these moments there is no mistaking the new tone of the old man's voice, the absent stare of his eye or the suddenly thoughtful tilt of his head; we know his ordinary ways so well that the least departure from them catches our attention in a flash. This is a glimpse of the real thing, a sight of the old man as he is when no one is looking. Sometimes he thus betrays himself in the middle of a lesson in school, lapsing away into his private mind, dropping the familiar mask; at such a moment I instantly begin to notice and to wonder. I am not thinking of the common and well-known occasions when we start one of our pastors off on some ridiculous topic

that he never can resist, some foolish fancy that he can always be made to chatter about with a little encouragement; this is a simple game — he babbles contentedly, the strain is relaxed, we take our ease. No, the real glimpse of him off his guard is a quite different matter. It is rare and unexpected and accidental; its virtue is in the fact that it is incalculable. Years afterward I remember it, a luminous point in the gray desert of routine; and I begin to see how potently it wrought upon the shooting of a very young idea.

Look at this, for example — look at the little scene. The old man on this occasion was standing in front of the big blackboard, facing his class for a lesson in the *Odes* of Horace; and we sat at our desks before him, waiting for the proceedings to begin in the time-honored style. A lesson of Horace is 'construing,' and somebody is 'put on to construe' — which means that he stands up in his place and opens the ball by reading a stanza aloud in Latin. Then he pauses and looks back, picks out a likely word, — it should be something we term a 'nom'ative,' — repeats it, translates it into English; and that accounts for the 'nom'ative,' and the first step is accomplished. He casts about again and finds a 'verb,' and so far it is n't really difficult; but doubts begin to gather very quickly, the track is lost, the featureless words stare from the page without a sign. The pauses lengthen, the old man grows impatient, till the construer desperately plunges, is pulled back, is shoved forward; and gradually word after word is dealt with and put behind him, a meaning has been provided for each of them, and the construing of the stanza is achieved.

Now we look up, waiting to learn who is to tackle the next lines; and when he is named the rest of us feel reprieved, and we sit patient while he settles the business of the second stanza;

and I discover with a jump that he has finished it, and that I myself am being called upon for the third. Well, one does what one can. There is peace for the construer when he resumes his seat, peace until the end of the hour; and at last the entire lesson is disposed of and the old man satisfied on the whole. We have construed an ode of Horace.

That is the time-honored everyday style. But one morning the old man, standing before the blackboard, his hands clutching his coat, — picture him with a mild and venerable and kindly face, spectacled, his big domed head scholastically bald above a fringe of close gray curls; clerically dressed in black, low-collared, white-tied; his eyes rather dim and vague behind his glasses, gazing peacefully: there he is! — one morning he stood in front of us at the beginning of the lesson, and instead of putting somebody on to construe he waited, he stared over our heads; and then he broke out in a gentle mournful chant upon the opening words of our ode. He seemed to be saying them to himself — he knew them by heart. *Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume* — he had a tuneful and flexible voice, and he threw into it a pensive lament as he dwelt upon the repeated name. *Postume — Postume* — oh, how time flies, how helplessly we see it vanish, how soon we are faced by the assault of age! He chanted the words very musically and appealingly — yet not quite seriously either, not sentimentally, but rather as if he liked to join company with an old friend, old popular Horace, in a plaintive strain that *he* did n't mean very seriously; for these regrets and laments, they belong to the smooth philosophy of an honest poet, comfortable enough in his worldly wisdom — and a companionable old poet, so life-seasoned, so familiar to a scholar who has known him by heart for fifty years. There is a touch of

humor in their relation; Horace does n't pretend to be perfectly solemn, and the scholar drops easily into his mood; though after all it *is* true, sadly true, that time is fleeting and death is tameless — quite true enough to set an old man agreeably musing and mooning as he chants the words. He had forgotten our presence; he repeated the whole ode through to the end.

I suppose we then proceeded to construe it as usual, to provide meanings for the blind mouths of the blank words on the page. Of that I remember nothing; all I know is that the echo of the scholar's meditative singsong is still as clear as yesterday in the brain of one of his listeners. I did n't understand a word of it, doubtless; but even on the spot I understood something better than the sense of a not very remarkable poem. I was distinctly impressed — not by Horace, but by the pleasing emotion of our fine old master; for he seemed to be carried off into the unknown, and I gazed intently with an obscure idea that our desks and inkpots and daily construings were far beneath him, that he had slipped away, forgetful of himself and of us, to a brighter and richer region, one that he naturally preferred. It appeared to me that his own level was really up there; and I don't know that I thought it out, but I certainly felt in a manner that he possessed a secret, an interesting secret aloof from our common round. That notion of his falling into half-humorous companionship with the easy-minded poet is of course a later finding — perhaps even of to-day, as I listen once more to the musical echo I describe; yet whatever I find there now is only the fullness and the completion of that which began at the moment, on the spot, when the gaze of the young spectator followed him into the unknown. Moreover I had my own reflection on the matter, even then. The

world of light, so far removed from our daily inky task, was the world of noble and exquisite and distinguished things of some sort: the right word failed me, no doubt, but I was on the track of it.

He did n't often give himself away so felicitously as this; he held us to the routine of our task, and he had long ago — for he really was rather old — fixed the lines and forms of his teaching, and he seldom broke out of them into unexpected flights. We knew mainly what to look for in the quiet and gentlemanly hours that we spent at our little desks, under his eye. He belonged to an 'old school'; he used no frivolous modern arts to cajole us into consenting to be taught, to caress our difficult attention. He was kind, and we liked to please him; and on the whole it was n't hard to please him, for his rule was easy and consistent. He was paternal without taking liberties; he treated us neither as children to be played with nor as fine young lads to be trounced and flattered and tamed. And indeed we never were either in his presence; we were people of politeness, decently observing the forms of a civilized society, respecting and respected. So at least I felt for my part, and it was refreshing to find how the desperate problems of ordinary life were put aside in his company; I seemed to be nearly always responsible and dignified when I was with the old man. There was an explosion occasionally, and he could be rather terrible in his wrath; but in general it was a smooth and reassuring tenor of a way, where one could forget the common perplexities of one's station and degree. We talked like sensible beings, we discussed and reasoned and compared opinions; he struck me at the time as a well-informed and level-headed man of the world.

He struck me particularly by contrast with his assistants, the under-masters. There were several of these,

and they varied from time to time, and I liked them all; two or three of them were very amusing and attaching in their ways. But I never doubted that, compared with the old man, they were raw, they were uninformed and inexperienced; their behavior lacked the repose and their humor had n't the mannerly dryness that mark the man of the world. Before I reached the courteous culture of the top class I had passed through the hands of more than one of these underlings; and I don't deny that things were livelier under their direction — for there were shocks and jerks in their teaching, sudden storms, jeers of sarcasm, roaring jests, that often brisked up the school hours surprisingly. But with all credit to the spirits and talents of these good souls we must admit that they somehow *lowered* life, cheapening and popularizing it, where the old man kept it always high and handsome. I must allow that the commoner part of myself, which is also the larger, exceedingly enjoys the less elevated style; I relish the unconventional sprawling and bawling of the creatures, the freedom they permit themselves, the smartness of their retorts. Sometimes they make me laugh so much that vital organs seem to crack within me; and when there are storms and squalls it is really exciting, glorious at times, so long as they don't actually burst on *my* head. All this I grant; but none the less I can't help seeing that the way of the old man is truly superior, and I know that when he passes and glances, not disapprovingly, at these more animated scenes we all feel a trifle rude and babyish, including the cheerful sprawler himself.

And furthermore there are certain things for which I shall never to the end forgive the attendant ushers, one or two of them. They may deride and attack me during school hours and in the

way of discipline; it is unpleasant while it lasts, but it is natural, it may happen to anybody, and I bear no malice. Not for any professional malignity in school, but for their shameful treatment of me, now and then, in hours of freedom — for this I blast them. If it were n't beneath me to avenge myself I could name the odious wretch, here and now, who once made a public fool of me at a very ticklish crisis in my career — at a moment when I had all but succeeded in gaining foothold in the best society.

The more fashionable circle at my private school was very properly exclusive, and I may have deceived myself at the moment I speak of, but I did think I saw a chance of winning its favor, its toleration at any rate; and I was proceeding so carefully, so artfully, when all in a minute my hope was shattered, my labor undone, by a scene so painful that even to satisfy my rancor I could n't now describe it. If it had happened in school it would have mattered little; nobody thinks the worse of you for being pilloried, even very ignominiously, for an official indiscretion or offense. But one has the right, I must believe, to demand that out of school, in society, a mere usher should respect the social decencies, should n't wantonly add to the difficulties of the much-enduring social climber. On his own ground we fully allow the usher's claim — let him make the most of it; but if he wishes to join us in society he should humble himself, drop his privilege, consider our feelings without unjust discrimination. I am not asking the impossible; I don't in the least object to what we call 'favoring,' which is a human weakness. Brilliance and charm will always have their victories — I think it only natural. But I do expect that the man who favors my comely rival shall do so at no expense to *me*, shall refrain from taking sides with him against my own inelegance.

I must say, however, that miserable episodes of this sort were rare; it was only one or two of the ushers who fell so low. As for the old man, our chief, — and him I presently *shall* name, with ceremony and respect, — it was utterly unthinkable that *he* should presume, should trifle with our legitimate rights and claims. I justly valued the tone of his unofficial conversation. On certain afternoons he used to walk with us in the country; he led the way, a large and straggling company streamed behind him; and many and many a time I have been one of the pair who hung to his side for an admirable talk. We touched upon politics, literature, science — not heavily, not pedantically, but in the easy style of cultivated men. Our friend was widely read on all sorts of subjects, he had a scholarly taste; but I never thought him a mere bookworm — he was a man of affairs as well as learning. He knew the world, he sat on a weekly board that met in the neighboring town; and at the same time he was n't an ordinary party-man, for I always felt that he treated practical questions with a certain philosophic calm. He was also a good country gentleman; he owned a small farmyard, close to the school, and we used to join him in watching the fattening of his pigs, not without pride. Over all these matters of thought and action we ranged as we walked; we were liberal and broad in our views, without falling into crude extremes. I stored up dozens of mellow and humorous anecdotes, many of which still figure in my talk.

And then there was his reading aloud — an hour every evening after school, before prayers and bedtime. At seven o'clock the last lesson was finished, and he marched away from the big schoolroom, clasping an armful of papers — off to his study upstairs, where a select circle immediately followed him. I was never one of those who find it

tedious or frumpish to read books to themselves; I was rather a gallant though plodding reader; but I could n't pretend that by myself I ever brought my books to life as our friend so splendidly brought them. He made a book really live — that is the word. The story rose up and opened out and closed about you, the people of the story seemed to be talking in the room — only that the room was forgotten; you sat and watched the drama in its own surroundings.

There were evenings when I was positively transformed. While I sat and listened I became far more capable of reckless generosity and shining bravery and proud self-sacrifice than I was at other times; it was my true self that rose to the surface. These are deep experiences. Or again we returned, we constantly returned and never too often, to the prodigious gorgeous world of Dickens, where experience is wide, illimitably spacious, rather than mysteriously deep; with Dickens I forgot my higher nature, I lost myself in the breathing, thronging, entrancing crowd. But I was wrong in saying that I forgot the room, our friend's rather dull little study, into which we packed for these beautiful sessions; for I find that room, with its bookshelves and great writing-table and scattered chairs, still inextricably tangled in memory with the vision of Mrs. Nickleby and the Blimbers and the sinister convict in the churchyard. Oh, he did make them live — his reading was superbly dramatic. The very earth, when the hour was at an end and we trooped down to prayers, was the larger for it.

But with all this I am not getting on with my studies in school, and I wanted to see whether our kind old friend ever dropped into poetry over our prosaic construings save in that single curious episode of *Eheu fugaces*. I fear not. I could n't have forgotten it if he had,

and I recall nothing else of quite that charming effect. It is something at any rate to feel that in three years there was one incident, five minutes long, which gave me the inkling of a hint of a suspicion that the books of the ancients had a meaning. I don't wish to blacken the darkness of my ignorance in this matter; I knew that the words in these books had each its meaning, if you could remember or guess the right one; I knew that the whole ode of Horace or page of Xenophon would 'make sense' if you managed to get the right meanings in the right order; and with these convictions I considered myself — on fortunate occasions I was even considered — a rather promising scholar.

It is true that scholarship is a queer touch-and-go accomplishment; for on some mornings all my inspiration seemed to fail, my guesses were rejected; I never discovered the infallible sign, whatever it is, that distinguishes the right guess from the wrong. But this is n't essential; on the whole I could trust my luck, and more often than not I could make the ancients make the expected sense. It was therefore particularly striking and surprising to receive a hint, once in three years, that Horace might be made to do more, might even affect a man as a writer of poetry. Of course I knew that Horace is a great poet; I could have told you so at any time. But there remains the old deep difference between knowing a thing and believing it; and the hint that I received began to work obscurely, starting a little train of speculation that might end — who can say where?

It was n't only the classics that we studied, to be sure; all learning was our province, from Greek Testament in the early morning to equations after breakfast, from Smith's *Rome* at noon to science at dusk; and if there was anything left over it was swept into a general-knowledge paper once a week. For

my part I never liked the great vague talkative subjects, like Divinity or English History, where one gets lost in an aimless drift of information on which the memory can nowhere bite. I always preferred my learning crisp and short, with nice little dictated notes that could be got by heart, honest answers to plain questions. I should have made a laudable young Pharisee in the schools of Judaea; I could far more easily have become word-perfect in the Pentateuch than I could learn to 'discuss the bearing' or 'trace the development' of things; such phrases dried me up at once. I toiled in the wake of those to whom discussing and tracing came more readily; but I caught up again in Latin verses, and I even became quite skillful in fitting together the neat mosaic of 'sense' and 'epithets' that results in elegiacs.

Our old friend wrote beautiful verses himself — not that I could well savor their style, but I admired the suavely flowing and graceful hand in which he copied them out; from his handwriting alone he could be esteemed a poet. And however far we might be carried in the quest of other studies, back we came again, day in, day out, to the humarer letters, to the declension and the paradigm; and there was the old scholar standing before the blackboard, book in hand, with his gold spectacles and his fringe of iron-gray curls — the very paragon of a man of culture, nourished for a lifetime upon the sages and poets of antiquity.

And what he really did for us, I now perceive, was simply that he looked like that, *was* that; he taught us, and taught us more than I can measure, by merely living and moving in the perfume of noble letters. Nothing in the world is more catching, when the sensitive young are exposed to it; stealing into the mind, insidiously clinging there, it spreads into the furthest corners,

into unsuspected crannies. I may or may not be a budding poet, one who greedily absorbs the stuff that feeds a young imagination, one who is to flower on his own account in due season; but in any case the lingering perfume, caught from another when I was ten years old, hangs on and on in the recesses of my stiffening, narrowing mind, and a few sweet traces of it will remain when my mind is at length set fast in the solemnity or the triviality of the prime of life.

It is n't much, you may think, to show for the long labors of my education; I agree that it is n't much, and I maintain that it might have been more. But it was n't my fault if our pastors held too scrupulously to their antique tradition; and at least they gave me this, even if they largely gave it by accident and oversight — this, that I still remember the delicate dry fragrance which is about the path of an elegantly quoting and versifying scholar. It may not be my line; I may often declare that all that rubbish of Greek and Latin was a sheer waste of time in a stern competitive world. But you must n't in that case listen only to my language; for it still happens to me as to Bishop Blougram — there comes a 'sunset-touch, a fancy from a flower-bell,' and I recall the scholar's absent-minded chant of the far-away music with a singular stirring of envy. Tagging to and fro at my business in a competitive world, do I find the world so lovely that I need n't envy the old man that refreshment, those resources? For an occasional moment in my dusty prime, as I stare at the headlines of the evening paper in the train, the mournful lament returns to me sweetly and tenderly — *Postume, Postume!* It is better than nothing, if it is n't much.

But what, I dream! — for I fared better than this, my budding fancy blossomed in the liberal air, I was duly

a poet. I was an inferior poet to some of my friends, one or two of whom had a splendid abundant free-flowering genius — mine was always painfully forced. But in one fashion or another we responded, not a few of us, to the boon of great literature that was revealed in the old man's looks and ways. Not in entire uncomeliness and not in utter clownishness we passed out of his hands; we had a standard, we knew the tone of the man who frequents the Muses. We may presently have thought it very mild, very dim and antiquated; for if one is classic and austere at ten or twelve, be sure that one is faint with exquisite languors at fifteen. Yet the memory stayed, the gift of this old man. We left him and passed on our journeys; he let us depart with a quiet benediction, and perhaps none of us saw much of him ever after.

To be demonstrative in his care of us, to be insistent in his influence, to follow us on our journeys with open solicitude — these were not his ways; there was a grave gleam of emotion and good will as he said good-bye, and then he turned to his books, humming a tuneful air, and was ready for the new young plants confided to his keeping. I left him seated at the big writing-table in his study, whence he looked out over a sloping lawn and an ilex grove to the blue line of the summer sea. We did n't miss each other after we had parted; neither at twelve nor at sixty is the parting of friends any great agitation of the inner man. The time when a friend can trouble our feelings had n't yet arrived for me; it had long passed for him. But we parted in mutual kindness, and he gave me a little volume of his own poems for a token. *Dorica*, it was called — by Edward Daniel Stone, for many years a master at Eton, and then for many years head of a private school on the coast of Kent.

This to his memory.

RECONCILIATION

CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON

EDITED BY PAUL WILSTACH

SOME people believe that all the books have been written, but I know of a book that should be—as the pen comes to the word it falters and halts, for that book too has been written. The material is all there, waiting not even for an editor; it is so completely there that anyone with eyes and a sense of order could strike it into form.

It would bare two souls, the souls of two of the greatest of all Americans, two men who had early been friends, who were tossed apart on the fork of politics, each believing the other to have been at the end of the handle, each blaming the other in a silence of years, until brought together at the end of their long lives—not together in the corporeal sense, not that they ever saw each other again, but in the better and fuller sense of understanding. The reconciliation came to one in his seventy-seventh year, to the other in his sixty-ninth year. The highest honors that life could have offered them had been theirs. Ambition had no further bait for them. They waited in the twilight, gossiped, speculated, and criticized, and gave their ideas such free rein as only completely liberated men dare.

What they uttered was uttered in the most religious privacy, one confidant to another, whispered low so that no one else should hear—not even whispered, but written in the form of an epistolary duet, by turn impish, eloquent, humorous, and profound. A strange enough duet, the composser-

performers out of sight and unseen of each other for a decade, never to see each other again; the elder and more alert secluded on the shore of his Northern ocean, a romping octogenarian; the younger galloping his horse through his threescore and second ten over his Southern mountain. Already it is evident that these transparent references are to John Adams of Quincy and Thomas Jefferson of Monticello.

These men had lived most of their lives under the terror which political careers impose on free utterance. Both of them had thought much on the problems of life—of both lives, this one and the hereafter. They both outstripped a dogmatized philosophy and ranged high and free and untrammeled—that is, untrammeled except by the spectre of conventionality with which expediency yet harnessed their tongues for a while, but never their minds. Even in their later leisure, when these gorgeous letters were written, they were not wholly free of another ogre, this one a public opinion whose prejudices would give them their position in history.

The correspondence was so regular, and extended over a term of so many years, that it attracted the attention of the postriders and postmasters along the long route between Massachusetts and Virginia. It began to be talked about. The very mystery of it begot a fame for that of which nothing was known except that it was. There were Barnums among publishers even then.

Adams and Jefferson, titanic figures, the last of the Revolutionists, were too good as headliners to be overlooked, no matter what their performance might be. So, ignorant of a single letter or line or word, an offer was made to publish the great epistolary mystery of the period. It is difficult even to write of it except in terms of the theatrical poster. The letters were, however, too full of the nakedness of two wise old souls. They were both men with a solid sense of decency, and they hung indignant rejection of the proposal on that peg, whatever they may have feared would be the effect on their reputations if their delightful heresies got out.

Curiously, not much attention has since been given to this correspondence. The letters have been available for over three quarters of a century. They are public property, property of the same public that burned with unsatisfied curiosity while the packages of sealed brimstone traveled up and down the coast. Nobody who has curiosity about the inside of two wise old heads should fail to find a lark in these letters.

Jefferson and Adams had an early correspondence between 1777 and 1796. The latter year Jefferson was Adams's nearest political opponent for the Presidency. Adams won; Jefferson took the Vice-Presidency. In 1800 they were pitted against each other again. This time Jefferson won, but their friendship lapsed. Twelve years later a reconciliation was effected and the correspondence was resumed about the first of the year 1812.

It was, however, of a wholly different character from the early letters, excellent as those were along more conventional lines. Now the long intimate unbridled confidences suggest two starved aloof intellects, suddenly finding each other at the deep well of refreshing understanding. They had kindred curiosities, kindred doubts, similar intellec-

tual hobbies, and they wrote with such spontaneity that one might have supposed the letters those of young men, if it had not been for the experiences of life they disclosed, and if they had not made one of their favorite topics the question of what they would do with their lives if they had them to live over again.

From the time they resumed writing, letters passed between them every one of their remaining fifteen years. What the entire number was cannot be stated with certainty. They each acknowledged receiving letters of certain dates, which do not appear to have been preserved, so one or both of them may have performed operations on their files, which they preferred not to trust to the discretion of an unknown editor. Of those letters that do survive there are one hundred and two from Adams and forty-eight from Jefferson. In 1813 Adams wrote twenty-nine, Jefferson, seven. This does not necessarily imply that Jefferson destroyed more of his letters, for in the midst of that orgy Adams began one of his own: 'Never mind if I write four letters to your one, your one is worth more than my four.'

Each of them expended prodigious effort or was impelled by prodigious exuberance. The letters were usually more than one thousand words in length. If Jefferson wrote fewer, he at any rate generally wrote the longer letters. But Adams topped him handsomely several times — once with a single letter of four thousand words.

The long middle silence was broken in 1812 on New Year's Day, as if the result of a good resolution, when Adams wrote Jefferson that he was sending him two pieces of homespun. The very day the letter arrived Jefferson wrote, thanking Adams for the homespun before it reached him, referred to his habits in retirement, and concluded

politely: 'No circumstances have lessened the interest I feel in these particulars respecting yourself; none have suspended for one moment my sincere esteem for you; and I now salute you with unchanged affection and respect,' and the old boys were figuratively, if not literally, back in each other's arms.

The first communications were on the subject of the Indians and their historians. Nothing much there to hold the attention, unless it be for a glance at this personal paragraph from Jefferson: —

Another of our friends of seventy-six is gone, my dear sir, another of the co-signers of the Independence of our country. And a better man than Rush could not have left us, more benevolent, more learned, of finer genius, or more honest. We too must go; and that ere long. I believe we are under half a dozen at present; I mean the signers of the Declaration. Yourself, Gerry, Carroll and myself, are all I know to be living. I am the only one south of the Potomac. Is Robert Treat Paine or Floyd living? It is long since I heard of them, and yet I do not remember to have heard of their deaths.

When Jefferson let slip a Greek phrase or two, Adams came back with: —

Lord! Lord! What can I do with so much Greek? When I was your age, young man, *i.e.*, seven, or eight, or nine years ago, I felt a kind of pang of affection for one of the flames of my youth, and again paid my addresses to Isocrates, and Dionysius of Hali-carnassus, etc., etc. — In this way I amused myself for some time; but I found that if I looked a word to-day, in less than a week I had to look it again. It was to little better purpose than writing letters on a pail of water.

They ranged back and forth on history and politics, the men they knew and the writers they did n't, sage and gay, at great lengths. Said Adams: —

Whenever I sit down to write you, I am precisely in the position of the woodcutter

on Mount Ida: I cannot see woods for trees. So many subjects crowd upon me, that I know not with which to begin.

And soon again: —

The woodcutter on Ida, though he was puzzled to find a tree to chop at first, I presume knew how to leave off when he was weary. But I never know when to cease when I begin to write to you.

When Jefferson remarked that 'the same political parties which now agitate the United States have existed through all time,' it instantly kindled Adams to roar back: —

Precisely. While all other sciences have advanced, that of government is at a stand; little better understood; little better practised now, than three or four thousand years ago. What is the reason? I say, parties and factions will not suffer or permit improvements to be made. As soon as one man hints at an improvement, his rival opposes it. No sooner has one party discovered or invented an amelioration of the condition of man or the order of society, than the opposite party belies it, misconstrues, misrepresents it, ridicules it, insults it, and persecutes it. Records are destroyed. Histories are annihilated, or interpolated, or prohibited: sometimes by popes, sometimes by emperors, sometimes by aristocratical and sometimes by democratical assemblies, and sometimes by mobs.

Aristotle wrote the history of eighteen hundred republics which existed before his time. Cicero wrote two volumes of discourses on government, which, perhaps, were worth all the rest of his works. The works of Livy and Tacitus, etc., that were lost, would be more interesting than all that remain. Fifty gospels have been destroyed, and where are St. Luke's world of books that have been written? If you ask my opinion who has committed all the havoc, I will answer you candidly — Ecclesiastical and Imperial despotism have done it, to conceal their frauds.

Why are the histories of all nations more ancient than the Christian era lost? Who destroyed the Alexandrian library? I

believe that Christian priests, Jewish rabbis, Grecian sages, and emperors had as great a hand in it as Turks and Mohammedans.

Democrats, Rebels, and Jacobins, when they possessed a momentary power, have shown a disposition both to destroy and forge records as vandalical as priests and despots. Such has been and such is the world we live in.

At the first appearance of the word 'religion' in Jefferson's letters, Adams seized it. Then they battledored and shuttlecocked: Have you read this or this? What do you think of that and that? All the orders of priesthood of all ages and creeds, all the dogmas that ever were set, all the obstacles ever put in the way of an original and speculative mind were put on the anvil. Adams was claimed by the Unitarians. Jefferson was not claimed by nor did he claim the limitation of any church. Their sincerity is not to be doubted. But in so complete a circle did the flail fly that it would be difficult to quote a paragraph without giving offense which neither man intended or wished to give. What they said they said in the complete confidence which both believed in and refused to violate. There is enough else on less tender subjects to illustrate the character of their interchange. What and all they did say is available. The books are on the shelves. To paraphrase a celebrated lady, 'the bottle is on the mantle-piege; let anyone put his lips to it who is so dispoged,' and he 'll find it quite as stimulating as the contents of Sairey Gamp's bottle.

They were not vain in their frankness. Adams posed the question, 'What conclusion do I draw from all this?'

I answer, I drop into myself, and acknowledge myself a fool. No mind but One can see into the immeasurable system. It would be presumption and impiety in me to dogmatize on such subjects. My duties in my little infinitesimal circle I can understand

and feel. The duties of a son, a brother, a father, a neighbor, a citizen, I can see and feel, but I trust the Ruler with His skies.

Having written six long letters to Jefferson in seventeen days, he warmed to his enthusiasm for his new-found friend: 'You and I ought not to die before we have explained ourselves to each other.' They seemed in a fair way. Adams casually mentioned 'aristocracy.' It was a bomb, or perhaps a boon, to Jefferson. He at once let off a fusillade of three thousand words, wiping off the perspiration in this quieter conclusion: —

I have thus stated my opinion on a point on which we differ, not with a view to controversy, for we both are too old to change opinions which are the result of a long life of inquiry and reflection; but on the suggestion of a former letter of yours, that we ought not to die until we have explained ourselves to each other.

He need not have apologized. Adams thrived on controversy. What Jefferson said acted merely as a cocktail to Adams. He tossed it off, smacked his lips, and remarked: —

You very justly indulge a little merriment upon this solemn subject of aristocracy. I often laugh at it too, for there is nothing in this laughable world more ridiculous than the management of it by all the nations of the earth; but while we smile, mankind have reason to say to us, as the frogs said to the boys, What is sport to you is wounds and death to us. When I consider the weakness, the folly, the pride, the vanity, the selfishness, the artifice, the low craft, and mean cunning, the want of ambition, the unfeeling cruelty of a majority of those (in all nations) who are allowed an aristocratical influence, and on the other hand, the stupidity with which the more numerous multitude not only become their dupes but even love to be taken in by their tricks, I feel a stronger disposition to weep at their destiny than to laugh at their folly. But though we have agreed in one point, in

words, it is not yet certain that we are perfectly agreed in sense. Fashion has introduced an indeterminate use of the word 'talents.' Education, wealth, strength, beauty, stature, birth, marriage, graceful attitudes and motions, gait, air, complexion, physiognomy, are talents, as well as genius, science, and learning. Any one of these talents that in fact commands or influences two votes in society, gives to the man who possesses it the character of an aristocrat, in my sense of the word. Pick up the first hundred men you meet, and make a republic. Every man will have an equal vote; but when deliberations and discussions are opened, it will be found that twenty-five, by their talents, virtues being equal, will be able to carry fifty votes. Every one of these twenty-five is an aristocrat in my sense of the word, whether he obtains his one vote in addition to his own by his birth, fortune, figure, eloquence, science, learning, craft, cunning, or even his character for good fellowship and as a *bon vivant*.

What gave Sir William Wallace his amazing aristocratical superiority? His strength. What gave Mrs. Clarke her aristocratical influence to create generals, admirals and bishops? Her beauty. What gave Pompadour and Du Barry the power of making cardinals and popes? And I have lived for years in the Hotel de Valentinois, with Franklin, who had as many virtues as any of them. In the investigation of the meaning of the word 'talents,' I could write 630 pages as pertinent as John Taylor's of Hazlewood; but I will select a single example, for female aristocrats are nearly as formidable as males. A daughter of a green-grocer walks the streets in London daily with a basket of cabbage sprouts, dandelions, and spinach on her head. She is observed by the painters to have a beautiful face, an elegant figure, a graceful step and a *debonair*. They hire her to sit. She complies, and is painted by forty artists in a circle around her. The scientific Dr. William Hamilton outbids the painters, sends her to school for a genteel education, and marries her. This lady not only causes the triumphs of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, but separates Naples from France, and finally banishes the King and Queen from Sicily. Such is the aristocracy of the natural talent

of beauty. Millions of examples might be quoted from history, sacred and profane, from Eve, Hannah, Deborah, Abigail, Judith, Ruth, down to Helen, Mrs. de Mainbois, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. For mercy's sake do not compel me to look to our chaste States and Territories to find women, one of whom, let go, would in the words of Holopernes' guards, deceive the whole earth.

Time after time he dispatched such and many times longer disquisitions, gasping amiably at the close: 'I will not persecute you so severely in the future, if I can help it,' or 'I cannot write a hundredth part of what I wish to say to you,' and begins others with 'As I can never let a sheet of yours rest, I sit down immediately to acknowledge it.' There followed antiphonal passages of which the following on history, by the makers thereof, is a good sample:—

JEFFERSON: On the subject of the American Revolution, you ask who shall write it? Who can write it? And who will ever be able to write it? Nobody, except merely its external facts, all its councils, designs, and discussions having been conducted by Congress with closed doors, and no members, as far as I know, having even made notes of them. These, which are the life and soul of history, must forever be unknown.

ADAMS: As to the History of the Revolution, my ideas may be peculiar, perhaps singular. What do we mean by the Revolution? The war? That was no part of the Revolution. It was only an effect and consequence of it. The Revolution was in the minds of the people; and this was effected, from 1760 to 1775, in the course of fifteen years, before a drop of blood was drawn at Lexington. The records of thirteen legislatures, the pamphlets, newspapers in all the colonies ought to be consulted during that period, to ascertain the steps by which public opinion was enlightened and informed concerning the authority of Parliament over the colonies. The Congress of 1774 resembled in some respects, though I hope not in many, the Council of Nice in ecclesiastical history. It assembled the priests from the East and the West, the North and the

South, who compared notes, engaged in discussion and debates, and formed results by one vote, and by two votes, which went out to the world as unanimous.

Apart from the endless religious broadsides, the other great fun and business of the letters began when Adams started the discussion as to living their lives over again: —

I cannot be serious? I am about to write you the most frivolous letter you ever read.

Would you go back to your cradle and live over again your seventy years? I believe you would return me a New England answer, by asking me another question: Would you live your eighty years over again?

I am not prepared to give you an explicit answer; the question involves so many considerations of metaphysics and physics, of experience and romance, of tragedy, comedy, and farce, that I would not give my opinion without writing a volume to justify it.

Jefferson in his turn was more immediately definite: —

You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy or rather seventy-three years over again? To which I say Yea. I think, with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been formed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are, indeed (who might say nay), gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present and despairing of the future; always counting that the worst will happen, because it may happen. To these I say, How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail; but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy. There are, I acknowledge, even in the happiest life, some terrible convulsions, heavy set-offs against the other page of the account. I have often wondered for what good end the sensations of grief could be intended. All our other passions, within proper bounds, have an useful object. And the perfection

of the moral character is not in stoical apathy, so hypocritically vaunted and so untruly too, because impossible, but in a just equilibrium of all the passions. I wish the pathologists then would tell us what is the use of grief in the economy, and of what good it is the cause, proximate or remote.

Before Adams took up the latter question of grief, which he reserved for a special letter, he paid his addresses to the first inquiry, which he had started, and he put his letter in the form of a dialogue: —

J. Would you agree to live your eighty years over again?

A. —

J. Would you agree to live your eighty years over again forever?

A. I once heard our acquaintance, Chew, of Philadelphia, say he would like to go back to twenty-five, to all eternity; but I own my soul would start and shrink back on itself at the prospect of an endless succession of *boules de savon*, vanity of vanities, an eternal succession of which would terrify me almost as much as annihilation.

J. Would you prefer to live over again, rather than accept the offer of a better life in a future state?

A. Certainly not.

J. Would you live over again rather than change for the worse in a future state for the sake of trying something new?

A. Certainly yes.

J. Would you like to live over again once or forever, rather than run the risk of annihilation, or of a better or a worse state at or after death?

A. Most certainly I would not.

J. How valiant you are!

A. Aye, at this moment, and at all other moments of my life that I can recollect; but who can tell what will become of his bravery when his flesh and his heart shall fail him? Bolingbroke said his philosophy was not sufficient to support him in his last hours. D'Alembert said: 'Happy are they who have courage, but I have none.' Voltaire, the greatest genius of them all, behaved like the greatest coward of them all at his death, as he had like the wisest fool of them all in his lifetime. Hume awkwardly affected to

sport away all sober thoughts. Who can answer for his last feelings and reflections, especially as the priests are in possession of the custom of making them the greatest engines of their craft? *Procul este, profani!*

J. How shall we, how can we, estimate the real value of human life?

A. I know not; I cannot weigh sensations and reflections, pleasures and pains, hopes and fears, in money scales. But I can tell you how I have heard it estimated by philosophers. One of my old friends and clients, a mandamus counselor against his will, a man of letters and virtues, without one vice that I ever knew or suspected except garrulity, William Vassall, asserted to me, and strenuously maintained, that 'pleasure is no compensation for pain.' An hundred years of the keenest delights of human life could not atone for one hour of bilious colic that he felt. The sublimity of this philosophy my dull genius could not reach. I was willing to state a fair account between pleasure and pain, and give credit for the balance, which I found very great in my favor.

Another philosopher, who, as they say, believed nothing, ridiculed the notion of a future state. One of the company asked, 'Why are you an enemy to a future state? Are you weary of life? Do you detest existence?' 'Weary of life? Detest existence?' said the philosopher. 'No! I love life so well, and am so attached to existence, that to be sure of immortality, I would consent to be pitched about with forks by the devils, among the flames of fire and brimstone, to all eternity.'

I find no resources in my courage for this exalted philosophy. I had rather be blotted out.

Il faut trancher ce mot. What is there in life to attach us to it but the hope of a future and a better? It is a cracker, a rocket, a firework at best.

I admire your navigation, and should like to sail with you, either in your bark or in my own alongside of yours. Hope with her gay ensigns displayed at the prow, Fear with her hobgoblins behind the stern. Hope springs eternal, and hope is all that endures. Take away hope and what remains? What pleasure, I mean? Take away fear, and what pain remains? Ninety-nine one-hun-

dredths of the pleasures and pains of life are nothing but hopes and fears.

A sillier letter than my last.

Three days later he sent on his effort to answer Jefferson's inquiry on the reason or value of grief: —

When I approach such questions as this, I consider myself like one of those little eels in vinaigre, or one of those animalcules in black or red pepper or in the horse-radish root, that bite our tongues so cruelly, reasoning upon the *το παν*. Of what use is this sting upon the tongue? Why might we not have the benefit of these stimulants without the sting? Why might we not have the fragrance and beauty of the rose without the thorn?

In the first place, however, we know not the connection between pleasure and pain. They seem to be mechanical and inseparable. How can we conceive a strong passion, a sanguine hope suddenly disappointed, without producing pain, or grief? It seems that grief, as a mere passion, must be in proportion to sensibility.

Did you ever see a portrait or a statue of a great man, without perceiving strong traits of pain and anxiety? Those furrows were all ploughed in the countenance by grief. Our juridical oracle, Sir Edward Coke, thought that none were fit for legislators and magistrates but 'sad men.' And who were these sad men? They were aged men, who had been tossed and buffeted in the vicissitudes of life, forced upon profound reflection by grief and disappointment, and taught to command their passions and prejudices. . . .

Grief drives men into habits of serious reflection, sharpens the understanding, and softens the heart; it compels them to arouse their reason, to assert its empire over their passions, propensities, and prejudices; to elevate them to a superiority over all human events; to give them the *felicis animi immota tranquillitas*; in short, to make them stoics and Christians. After all, as grief is pain, it stands in the predicament of all evil, and the great question occurs, What is the origin and what the final cause of evil? This perhaps is known only to Omniscience. We poor mortals have nothing to do with

it but to fabricate all the good we can out of all inevitable evils and to avoid all that are avoidable; and many such there are, among which are our own unnecessary apprehensions and imaginary fears.

Jefferson bowed to these arguments as to grief: 'No answer remains to be given. You have exhausted the subject.' As to living his own seventy-three years over again forever, he was hesitant: —

With Chew's limitations from twenty-five to sixty I would say yes; and I might go further back, but not come lower down. For at the later period, with most of us, the powers of life are sensibly on the wane. If, in its full vigor, your friend Vassall could doubt its value, it must be purely a negative quantity when its evils alone remain. Yet I do not go into his opinion entirely. I do not agree that an age of pleasure is no compensation for a moment of pain. I think, with you, that life is a fair matter of account, and the balance often, nay, generally, in its favor. It is not indeed easy by calculation of intensity and time to apply a common measure, or to fix the par between pleasure and pain; yet it exists and it is measurable. On the question, for example, whether to be cut for the stone: The young, with the longer prospect of years, think these overbalance the pain of the operation. Dr. Franklin, at the age of eighty, thought his residuum of life not worth that price. I should have thought with him, even taking the stone out of the scale. There is a ripeness of time for death, regarding others as well as ourselves, when it is reasonable we should drop off and make room for another growth. When we have lived our generation out, we should not wish to encroach on another. I enjoy good health; I am happy in what is around me; yet I assure you I am ripe for leaving all this year, this day, this hour. If it could be doubted whether we would go back to twenty-five, how can it be whether we would go forward from seventy-three? . . . Perhaps, however, I might accept of time to read Grimm before I go. Fifteen volumes of anecdotes and incidents, within the compass of my own time and cognizance, written by a man of genius, of

taste, of point, an acquaintance, the measure and traverses of whose mind I know, could not fail to turn the scale in favor of life during their perusal.

Adams is loath to let go so alluring a speculation. He returns to it once more in his next: —

Let us state a few questions sub rosa.

1. Would you accept a life, if offered you, of equal pleasure and pain — for example: one million of moments of pleasure, and one million of moments of pain? Suppose the pleasure as exquisite as any in life, and the pain as exquisite as any; for example, stone-gravel, gout, headache, earache, toothache, colic, etc. I would not. I would rather be blotted out.

2. Would you accept a life of one year of incessant gout, headache, etc., for seventy-two years of such life as you have enjoyed? I would not. (One year of colic = seventy-two of *boules de savon*; pretty, but unsubstantial.) I had rather be extinguished. You may vary these algebraical equations at pleasure and without end. All this ratiocination, calculation, call it what you will, is founded on the supposition of no future state. Promise me an eternal life free from pain, although in all other respects no better than our present terrestrial existence, I know not how many thousand years of Smithfield fevers I would not endure to obtain it. In fine, without the supposition of a future state, mankind and this globe appear to me the most sublime and beautiful bubble, and bauble, that imagination can conceive.

When they drift off to other subjects, books is inevitably one of them. Jefferson let slip a reference to Destutt de Tracy's three volumes on Ideology, which Adams seized: —

'Three vols. of Ideology?' Pray explain to me this neological title. What does it mean? When Bonaparte used it I was delighted with it, upon the common principle of delight in everything we cannot understand. Does it mean Idiotism? The science of *non compos mentum*? The science of Lunacy? The theory of Delirium? Or does

it mean the science of Self-love? Of *amour propre*? Or the elements of Vanity?

. . . I verily believe I was as wise and good seventy years ago, as now. At that period Lemuel Bryant was my parish priest, Joseph Claverly my Latin schoolmaster. Lemuel was a jolly, jocular, and liberal scholar and divine. Joseph was a scholar and a gentleman; but a bigoted Episcopalian, a downright conscientious, passive-obedience man in Church and State. The parson and the pedagogue lived much together, but were eternally disputing about government and religion. One day, when the schoolmaster had been more than commonly fanatical and declared if he were a monarch, he would have but one religion in his dominions; the parson coolly replied, 'Claverly! you would be the best man in the world if you had no religion.'

Twenty times in the course of my late reading I have been on the point of breaking out, 'This would be the best of all possible worlds, if there were no religion in it.' But in this exclamation I should have been as fanatical as Bryant or Claverly. Without religion this world would be something not fit to be mentioned in polite society: I mean Hell.

This year of 1818 Adams's letters were fewer; the reason was the failing health and death of his dear Abigail. Next year the letters picked up again, and they continued to flash with interest and vivacity, but they were less frequent as the few remaining years spun on. Tenderness crept in more frequently. Jefferson wrote: 'I am satisfied and sufficiently occupied with the things which are, without torment-

ing or troubling myself about those which may indeed be, but of which I have no evidence. I am sure that I know many, many things, and none more surely than that I love you with all my heart, and pray for the continuance of your life until you be tired of it yourself.' And again: 'Crippled wrists and fingers make writing slow and laborious. But while writing you, I lose the sense of these things in the recollection of ancient times, when youth and health made happiness out of everything.' 'You see,' said Adams, 'as my reason and intellect fail my imagination grows more wild and ungovernable, but my friendship remains the same.'

Jefferson's last letter was handed to Adams by the Virginian's grandson, 'who, being on a visit to Boston, would think he had seen nothing were he to leave without seeing you. . . . Like other young people, he wishes in the winter nights of old age to recount to those around him what he has heard and learnt of the heroic age preceding his birth, and which of the Argonauts individually he was in time to have seen.' Adams replied with pleasant compliments for his friend's grandson. This was April in 1826.

They did not write again. They died soon after, within an hour of each other, Jefferson in his eighty-third year, Adams in his ninety-first, on the day they had both done so much to make memorable, the Fourth of July.

DRAMS, SCRUPLES, AND KINGS' NOSES

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

SHADES of Alice! Has the Walrus begun to talk again? No. It is only a silver-topped schoolboy who is trying to rememorize the Table of Liquid Weights and Measures, given in the Complete Arithmetic. He suffers because an hour after looking up the table he forgets whether three drams make a scruple, or eight scruples make a dram. As a last resort, he cuts out the table and pastes it in his hat. Now he has it right: —

Three drops make one minim,
Eight minims make one scruple,
Three scruples make one dram,
Two or three drams make one drunk.

It is certainly so; nevertheless the last line is not in the Complete Arithmetic and the old schoolboy wonders if the book should not be called an 'Incomplete Arithmetic.'

Of course it is no longer proper to stress the dram. By amending the glorious Constitution given us by Fathers who themselves took a dram as often as the occasion required and whenever opportunity offered, we have abolished the dramshop and outlawed an ancient institution. But if drams go, scruples should go with them. The Eighteenth Amendment should provide a new Arithmetic, for why should school-children now recite in unison: 'Sixty minims make a fluidrachm; 128 fluidrachms make a pint,' when possession of a pint is perilous? Two pints make a quart — that we never shall forget, no matter how long we live. And truly the quart is a noble

measure, a respectable, tangible, sensible, solid unit. Yet not one in twenty thousand who know what the dimensions of a quart are could tell his neighbor, if the neighbor desired to know, that there were just 256 fluidrachms in a quart or 15,360 minims! Moreover, the Apothecaries' Fluid-Measure Table unblushingly declares that the minim is equal to a drop of water. What then do poets have in mind when they sing so blithely of 'a wee drappie'?

The word *dram*, which we now must forget and forgive, comes from the Greek *drachma*, a coin. In the late degenerate days, drams were given freely and taken freely and, by what we may call a gentlemen's agreement, were about three teaspoonfuls; thus pleasing the palate without gorging the gullet. Now whether the ancient Greeks did really toss a coin across the counter in compensation for three scruples or teaspoonfuls of nectar we know not; but on the general principle of give and take and in the code which prescribes 'no coin — no dram' it seems plausible that even among the gods themselves a drachma may have become synonymous with a drink. Ambrosia cannot be given away gratis even on Olympus; and it is a pleasing picture, that of Ganymede, cupbearer to the gods, receiving one good drachma in exchange for one good draught from the pitcher.

But some impatient soul will say, 'What has all this drinking of drams to do with kings' noses?' Patience! We shall yet show the connection; but not,

as might be anticipated, as a matter of coloring. With ordinary noses there used to be high correlation-coefficients of color; but times have changed, and with Prohibition red noses will cease to be fashionable.

More than eight hundred years ago there lived a king — an English king, one Henry, surnamed Beauclerc. Early in his reign, gray-bearded councilors declared that in their opinion it would be nice to have a measure of length called a yard; and this should be the distance between the tip of royal Henry's nose and the end of the royal thumb. The king's nose may have been large or small or tilted upward. Moreover, the distance may have been measured when the king's nose was swollen, for royal noses can hit a doorpost in the dark just like common noses. And the royal thumb may have been stubby or spatulate. Henry too might have playfully extended his fingers and wiggled them with his thumb not quite at, but very near, the end of his royal nose; or he might have wiggled eight fingers with the thumb of one hand touching the little finger of the other. Twirling his fingers thus he could delicately convey to the court scientists who were conducting the royal triangulation just what he thought of them. But at all costs the deed was done and the Englishmen of the twelfth century achieved a yard. We of the twentieth century, especially our wives, our daughters, our sisters, and our maiden aunts, should never forget that every time we buy a yard of ribbon we measure more or less accurately the distance between a defunct ex-royal nose and a departed ex-royal thumb. The Complete Arithmetic does not say all this; but then, as we have previously noted, the Arithmetic is less complete than it ought to be.

Henry is gone and he took his nose

and his thumbs with him, wherever he went. We cannot very well standardize our yard by comparison with the original; nor can we even find the bit of string or stick or whatever it was they used to determine the exact distance between the proboscis and the thumb.

Later, sometime in the fourteenth century, it was legally decided — and we see in this an early example of that precision of statement and clarity of thought which so distinguishes legal decisions — that three barleycorns should make an inch. The corns were to be dry, round, medium-sized, and laid end to end! Thirty-six barleycorns made one foot and 108 corns a yard. It would take 200,000 barleycorns, more or less, to measure a mile; but it is doubtful if anyone ever tried it. The French did better, for they had what they called a *pouce*, a thumb's breadth; but just whose thumb was used, deponent saith not.

In 1818 the Royal Society said it was shameful not to have a standard yard; and after some eight years of painful deliberation a standard yard was established. This was the distance between two gold studs in a brass bar, which dated back to 1760. At last Englishmen had, so the warrant read, 'the original and genuine standard of that measure of length or linear extension called a yard.'

This bar was given for safe-keeping into the custody of the Clerk of the House of Commons. So far, so good; and it would seem that the people of England had the elusive yard fairly well caged. But no. In 1834 the Houses of Parliament burned down and the standard yard was never seen again. It embraced the opportunity to do away with itself. An auto-da-fé. So did the standard pound and the standard gallon. There was no standard dram or it too would have gone

up—not down—for keeps. Likewise there were no scruples; and there should have been no regrets. But the English are a persistent people and in those days were fond of their gill, dram, and gallon—likewise pound and yard. Hence in 1879 they legalized a choice assortment of measures and weights, calling them 'Imperial.' Some of the old units did not survive. They were mercifully massacred and few tears were shed. Fewer would have been shed if more of the ancients had been sacrificed. It was a splendid opportunity for a wholesale slaughter and complete wiping-out of the whole list. And the very first victims of the guillotine should have been the money units, in as much as decimal coinage already existed in the chief Dominions of the Empire. But no! They were allowed to escape!

The Day of Destiny, however, has only been deferred. Revolution is in the air and the oppressed English, a proud, patient, and long-suffering people, will yet rise in their might and break the shackles which have bound them so long. The war cry of the revolution will be, 'Down with pence, shillings, and pounds.' When that happy day dawns, it will no longer be lawful for a citizen of London to carry 960 farthings to the Bank of England and depart bearing in exchange 240 pennies. The ducats of an ancient régime shall fall before the shekels of the proletariat, and the plutocratic penny be dethroned. In its stead the convenient

cent shall reign ubiquitous. The superfluous shilling, like the dram, shall sleep the long slumber, resting forgotten and happily undisturbed, even as King Henry's nose and the forty-inch yard of Queen Elizabeth. A wide, whirling, perhaps wicked, world will be dominated by the dollar.

And the Complete Arithmetic! Ah! It shall suffer a puncture. No longer portly, it shall shrink and even become slender. Between its covers will be no examples requiring a knowledge of various unregenerate tables—brain-fuddling, despair-compelling tortures.

Under such sunnier skies even a low lowbrow will calculate correctly the costs in those wonderful purchases which the Arithmetic asks him to make.

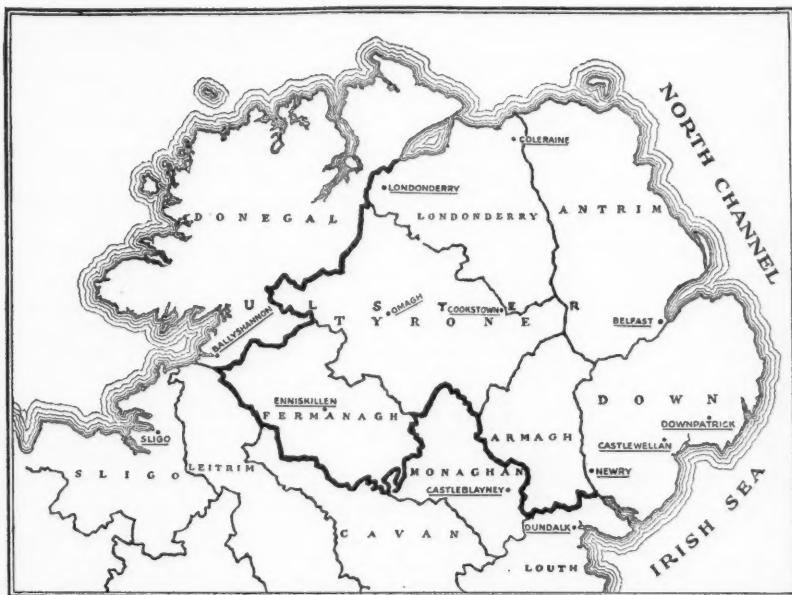
And the old examples, those old fellows that like a Macedonian phalanx defied assaults, withstanding father, uncle, big brother, and the boy next door—these will no longer look one in the face. For them a deep-dug grave, not the printed page. And in this golden age yet to be, the schoolboy now grown gray, passing the open windows of the seat of learning, will hear youthful voices proclaim:—

Three drops made a minim,
Eight minims made a gill,
Thirty-odd gills made a gallon,
(?) pounds made a bushel,

— in the long ago.

It will be some class in Ancient History, not Arithmetic, reciting.

CUTTING IRELAND IN TWO



The heavy line encloses the present political boundary of Ulster as temporarily defined. The complex problems involved in separating alien groups of population are shown graphically. Note the convolutions in the line dividing Fermanagh from Monaghan

1

IN June 1921, when murder and counter-murder were rife in Ireland, Sir James Craig entrusted himself to emissaries of Sinn Fein and was conducted blindfold to the presence of Mr. de Valera. What passed at this interview history will never perhaps know, but legend affirms that Mr. de Valera's discourse on the Irish Question began with the invasion of Strongbow. It was not till the Southern Leader had reached the age of Cromwell that the Northern Leader

produced his pipe, asking for permission to smoke till Mr. de Valera had come to the twentieth century.

As Mr. Lloyd George said in the recent debates in Parliament: 'The Celt is an imaginative being. Yes, thank God for it. It is very useful sometimes, but it is troublesome also when you are settling disputes. You settle a quarrel in Ireland, and find that it started with Brian Boru.'

In order to explain the quarrel in its present phase, it is necessary to

begin as Mr. de Valera began. From the reign of Henry II to that of James I, Welsh and English adventurers invaded Ireland, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Dutch and Huguenots invaded South Africa. They carved out for themselves large estates from the tribal lands of the native inhabitants, who remained to work the soil as their tenants. It follows that their descendants and successors are distributed broadcast over the country, and except in the port towns are seldom found in concentrated groups. Catholics up to the reign of Henry VIII, they were quickly absorbed by the native Irishry.

The spirit of enterprise which followed the discovery of America swelled the stream of adventurers, who after the Reformation in England, Scotland, and Wales were mostly Protestants with the zeal of converts. Then absorption into the Catholic Irishry was checked by the religious difference, though not entirely stopped. Protestant landlords of English descent were thus distributed broadcast over the greater part of Ireland. As they were surrounded by a subject population to which they were aliens in faith as well as in race, their weakness as a Protestant garrison was obvious.

At the end of the Tudor period preparations were made for remedying this defect by clearing the northeastern part of Ireland of a great number of the native inhabitants and driving them into the wilds of Connaught. It was intended to colonize the area so vacated with English settlers, but Elizabeth died before the settlement could be made, and her Scottish successor, James I, seized the opportunity to flood northeastern Ireland with his own countrymen. Ulster was thus converted into an area in which the majority of the peasants as well as of the landlords were identified

with the Protestant interest. The country was not of course completely cleared before the settlement. The best of the land which lay in the valleys was taken for the Protestant immigrants, while the mountain areas were left to the Catholic Irishry. Hence to-day the mountainous centre of Tyrone is mainly Catholic, while the majority of Protestants are often to be found in the valleys which surround that centre.

The change introduced by James I was a serious departure from the scheme as originally conceived. The Tudor sovereigns had intended to hold Catholic Ireland through the agency of a garrison which was not merely Protestant, but Episcopalian. From the English standpoint the majority of the Presbyterian settlers from Scotland were Nonconformists. They, like the Catholics, were excluded from political power, and until 1780 the Irish Parliament represented Episcopilians alone. This partly explains why so large a number of Washington's soldiers, and those the most combative, were drawn from the Presbyterians of Northern Ireland. 'The Irish Presbyterians,' says Lecky, 'appear to have been everywhere bitterly anti-English, and outside New England it is probable that they did more of the real fighting of the Revolution than any other class.' It explains why the independence of Grattan's Parliament was achieved by the support of 80,000 armed Protestants with their centre in Belfast. It explains why the most resolute opposition to the Act of Union in 1800 came from Ulster.

The Catholics on the whole supported the Union because it was accompanied by the promise that they would be admitted by the Parliament of the United Kingdom to political rights, a promise the fulfillment of which was delayed until

1829. But for the delay, Catholic Ireland might well have become reconciled to the Union, as Scotland had done a century before. The industrial North meanwhile had come to recognize the benefits of free trade which the Union secured for their manufactures in Great Britain. The tardy concession of equal political rights obviously meant that Catholics would rule Ireland if the Union were repealed. After 1829 the grandchildren of the Presbyterians, whose bayonets had achieved Irish autonomy in 1780, became its most resolute opponents. The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland in 1871 removed the last serious difference which divided the Protestant camp. Industrial Dissenters in the North combined with Episcopalian landlords in the South to influence if not to control Irish policy through Parliament and also through the administrative offices of Dublin Castle.

II

In seeking the repeal of the Union, Nationalist Ireland has always been divided into two camps. From the days of Emmet to those of the Fenians and Sinn Fein there was always a party which believed only in physical force. The other section — led by men like Daniel O'Connell, Isaac Butt, Parnell, and Redmond — trusted to constitutional methods. The conversion of Gladstone to their cause in 1886 strengthened their hands, and of course gravely alarmed the Protestant Unionists. Gladstone's defeat in the Lords, however, in 1886 and again in 1893, allowed them to hope that further projects of Irish autonomy could always be frustrated by constitutional methods. The Parliament Act of 1911, which enabled the Commons to override the veto of the Lords by passing a measure in three

successive sessions, destroyed the safeguard to which they had trusted since 1886. On September 28, 1912, began the signing of a 'Solemn Covenant' which ran as follows: —

Being convinced in our consciences that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as to the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious freedom, destructive of our citizenship, and perilous to the unity of the Empire, we whose names are underwritten, men of Ulster, loyal subjects of His Gracious Majesty King George V, humbly relying on the God whom our fathers in days of stress and trial confidently trusted, hereby pledge ourselves in Solemn Covenant throughout this our time of threatened calamity to stand by one another in defending, for ourselves and our children, our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, and in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland; and, in the event of such a Parliament being forced upon us, we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognize its authority. In sure confidence that God will defend the right, we hereto subscribe our names, and, further, we individually declare that we have not already signed this Covenant.

To this Covenant the great body of Protestants in the nine counties of Ulster subscribed. Its occasion was the Home Rule Bill for all Ireland, which had been published on April 11, 1912. It is now known that when this measure was in preparation a minority in the Cabinet, which included Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, had been in favor of excluding from its operations the four counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, and Londonderry, which contained Protestant minorities. Lord Loreburn persuaded the Cabinet to reject their counsels. In Parliament, however, the matter was raised by Mr. Agar-Robartes, himself a Liberal,

who moved to exclude the four counties. The amendment was lost.

The Bill was rejected by the Lords, passed once more by the Commons in 1913, and again in 1914. The Ulster Covenanters meanwhile had organized and armed themselves to resist the measure. On May 25, 1914, when asking for the third vote necessary to override the veto of the Lords, Mr. Asquith undertook that, if an agreement could be reached with the Ulster Unionists as to the area to be excluded from the Bill, statutory effect would be given to it. In the meantime the Home Rule Bill would not be presented for the King's assent. On July 21, no agreement having matured, the King summoned a conference of party leaders at Buckingham Palace. The Ulster leaders who had stood out for the exclusion of all nine counties were now willing to agree to the exclusion of six, the Nationalist leaders to accept the exclusion of four. The difference which could not be settled was over Fermanagh and Tyrone, in which the Catholics had small majorities.

When the breakdown of the conference was announced on July 24 it seemed as if events must lead inevitably to the cataclysm of civil war. The state of affairs in Ireland certainly encouraged Germany to believe that England might be ignored in the crisis of those momentous hours. A national catastrophe was averted by that which Germany forced on the world. When she invaded Belgium, Redmond and Carson both rallied to the support of the British cause.

In September the Government decided on the one hand to present the Home Rule Bill as it stood for the royal assent, and on the other to submit to Parliament a Bill suspending its operation till the end of the war. The measure was passed subject to an explicit undertaking from Mr.

Asquith that Ulster would not be coerced and that a Bill amending the Home Rule Act in the interests of Ulster would be introduced before the Act was brought into operation.

And so the matter rested until the outbreak of the rebellion in Dublin on Easter Day, 1916. In the early summer Mr. Lloyd George, acting on behalf of the Cabinet, negotiated with Redmond and Carson an agreement whereby Home Rule was to come into immediate operation for the twenty-six counties. The six counties were to remain as they were till the end of the war, when their ultimate destiny was to be submitted to an Imperial conference. There was a latent misunderstanding as to whether the six counties were to be bound by the findings of the conference. Both leaders secured the assent of their respective party organizations to the plan as they understood it, though not without protests, so far as the North was concerned, from the 70,000 Protestants and Covenanters in the three Ulster counties of Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan, who were to come under the Dublin Parliament. The plan was actually wrecked by Unionist members of the Cabinet, who refused to agree that Irish members should continue to sit in Parliament at Westminster pending the settlement at the end of the war.

The events which followed upon the Easter rebellion, including the acceptance by Redmond and his followers of the exclusion of the six counties, destroyed the Constitutional Party in Ireland. At a time when nothing in the world seemed to count but physical force, the great mass of their followers went over to Sinn Fein. With the opening of 1917 it became apparent that the issue of the war would mainly depend upon whether the United States would throw her unexhausted resources into the struggle

on the side of the Allies. The condition of Ireland was a main obstacle, and in March Mr. Lloyd George tried the expedient of remitting the problem to an Irish Convention. Sinn Fein, which now represented a vast majority of Catholic Irish, stood aloof. The representatives of the North refused to come under an Irish parliament on any terms. A majority in the Convention refused to accept partition.

The Armistice of November 11, 1918, was quickly followed by a general election. The Conservatives joined forces with the Liberal section which followed Mr. Lloyd George, who pledged himself in a letter to Mr. Bonar Law against any attempt to settle the Irish question which interfered with the existing position of the six counties. The Coalition was returned by an overwhelming majority. In Ireland the Nationalist Party was almost wiped out. The seventy-three members returned for Sinn Fein abstained from taking their seats, declared an Irish republic, and constituted themselves as its government under the title of Dail Eireann. Thenceforward there rapidly developed in Ireland a state of affairs comparable only to the Balkans at their worst. For four years homicide and arson became endemic. In the Protestant North and in the forces of the Crown were elements which adopted the practice of fighting Sinn Fein with its own weapons. These terrible consequences might have been forestalled had the British Government tackled the problem immediately after the war. But criticism dies on the lips of those who remember the tasks which that Government was called upon to face.

The matter was eventually forced upon the attention of the Government by the curious fact that the signature

of peace with Turkey which was pending would in terms of the suspending Act of September 1914 bring the Home Rule Act into operation. By the end of 1919 something had to be done to redeem the pledges given to Ulster by Mr. Asquith in 1914, and by the leaders of the Coalition in 1918.

Under the inspiration of certain Irishmen connected with the Convention of 1917, Lord Northcliffe had been advocating through the *Times* a solution based on a new principle. The idea was to establish Home Rule in the twenty-six counties, and at the same time to give to the other six a separate and exactly similar constitution. To this was to be added machinery to facilitate the union of Ireland by mutual agreement between both areas and governments. The Government appointed a committee, under Mr. Walter Long, to prepare a scheme, the outlines of which were foreshadowed in a speech which Mr. Lloyd George made in the House on December 22, 1919. There were four alternatives, he said, with regard to boundaries. The first was to give the whole of Ulster to the North, the second to leave the choice to the option of each county, the third to take the six counties. 'The fourth suggestion is that we should ascertain what is the homogeneous northeastern section, and constitute it into a separate area, taking the six counties as a basis, eliminating, where practicable, the Catholic communities, while including Protestant communities from the coterminous Catholic counties of Ireland, in order to produce an area as homogeneous as it is possible to achieve under these circumstances.' He indicated his own preference for this course.

As we now know from his recent statements in the House, the suggestion had come from the Northern leaders

themselves. Their fellow Covenanters in Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan were raising passionate protests against the abandonment of 70,000 Ulster Protestants to the South. The idea of tracing some fresh line which could include more Protestants and fewer Catholics was certain to be discussed.

In view of the pledge given at the election of 1918, the Government probably felt that Ulster must be given the final word. On May 13, 1920, Sir Edward Carson said in the House of Commons:—

‘We called in six or seven hundred delegates from the whole of Ulster; we thrashed this out—I am glad to say with very good temper all around. We heard what the delegates had to say from the three counties, and from the six counties. I do not say that they were unanimous—that would not be true; but a very vast majority of the delegates representing the whole of Ulster were in favor of maintaining the Bill as it had been brought in by the Government.’

The idea of a commission to readjust the boundaries of the six counties in such a manner that it would include as many Protestants and exclude as many Catholics as possible went by the board. Nor is it difficult to conjecture why. Delegates from the six counties were in a vast majority over those from the three. Each of the former must have felt that, if the six counties were taken as they were, his constituents were once for all safe within the fold. If the matter were left to a commission, some of them, embedded in a larger mass of Catholics, might be transferred to the South. The delegates in the six counties voted strictly in the interests of those they represented, and were able to outvote the delegates who represented Protestant groups in the three counties who were anxious for inclusion in the six.

The difficulty of holding a boundary commission in the then disturbed state of the country supplied the Government with an additional reason for adopting the course of least resistance. So the area of Northern Ireland was defined in the Act as ‘the parliamentary counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone, and the parliamentary boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry.’

The result was a boundary which included two counties—Fermanagh and Tyrone—in which the Catholics held the majority and controlled the county councils and most of the minor local authorities. Considerable Protestant communities in the other three Ulster counties viewed with resentment the action of their fellow Covenanters in handing them over to the Catholic majority of Southern Ireland. And, as a glance at the map will show, the boundary established by the Act was one calculated to inflict on both areas the maximum of economic and administrative inconvenience.

The last section of the Act of 1920 repealing the Home Rule Act of 1914 was denounced by Captain Redmond and Mr. T. P. O’Connor as a breach of a treaty with Ireland. The Ulster members themselves refused to vote for the measure, in order to signify their objection on principle to Home Rule in any shape or form. As, however, they agreed that it was now inevitable that Home Rule should be granted to the greater part of Ireland, they preferred to accept Home Rule for the six counties on the ground that they would not then be placed under the Dublin Parliament except with their own consent. In the Commons they insisted that while they would accept the measure they did not want it. By all parties in Southern Ireland, including the Loyalists, it was passionately denounced, and fears seem

to have been entertained that it might be rejected by the Lords on the ground that no one in Ireland approved it. The Lord Chancellor in introducing it read to the Lords a letter from Sir Edward Carson, written on behalf of his Ulster colleagues, in which he denied that 'no one in Ireland wants the Bill passed into law.' Recognizing the fact that the Home Rule Bill for 1914 was on the statute book, the Protestants of the six counties were anxious for the Bill to pass.

These wishes were fulfilled, and in 1921 the Government and Parliament of Northern Ireland were constituted. In Southern Ireland there were no contested elections. All the members but four were nominated by Sinn Fein and refused to take the oath. The legislature and executive of Southern Ireland were never constituted. The struggle continued to develop with ever-increasing ferocity on both sides, till an appeal from the King at the opening of the Parliament in Belfast led to a truce in July and eventually to a conference between representatives of the British Government and Sinn Fein, which met in the following October. The Government of Northern Ireland preferred to stand aloof, subject to a promise that nothing should be done to affect their rights under the act of 1920 without consulting them. By November 10 a tentative agreement had been reached under which the whole of Ireland was to assume the status of a dominion. As the proposals included the six counties, Mr. Lloyd George wrote to Sir James Craig describing them in detail, and invited the Government of Northern Ireland to discuss them with His Majesty's Government. Northern Ireland was to retain its present government inside that dominion, and would occupy at Dublin exactly the same position it then occupied at Westminster.

'The question of the area within the special jurisdiction of the Northern Parliament we have reserved for discussion with you. The creation of an All-Ireland Parliament would clearly further an amicable settlement of the problem.' On the eleventh of November, Sir James Craig replied, declining to discuss any proposal which involved a parliament for all Ireland. In particular he protested against the suggestion that the Northern area was still open to revision, on the ground that it was finally settled in 1920. As a result of subsequent correspondence he eventually consented to a personal interview with Mr. Lloyd George, which took place on Wednesday, November 23. On Tuesday, November 29, he informed the House of Commons of Northern Ireland that at this interview Mr. Lloyd George had authorized him to give them the following information: 'The message which he agreed both he and I might release at three o'clock is this. By Tuesday next either negotiations will have broken down or the Prime Minister will send me new proposals for consideration by the Cabinet. In the meantime the rights of Ulster will be in no way sacrificed or compromised.'

After November 11 and before December 6 the proposals as submitted to the Government of Northern Ireland had been revised into the shape in which they appear in the Treaty as signed. Under these proposals, as revised, Northern Ireland was still to be included in the Free State, but might opt out within one month of its final establishment. 'In the latter case, however, we should feel unable to defend the existing boundary, which must be subject to revision on one side and on the other by a Boundary Commission under the terms of the instrument.'

These were the words used by Mr. Lloyd George in the letter under cover

of which the Treaty was conveyed to Sir James Craig in Belfast on December 6. Whether, at his interview on the twenty-third of November, Mr. Lloyd George mentioned the agreements now embodied in Article 12 as part of the agreement which the Irish delegates were to be asked to sign has never been stated. That Mr. Griffith had already discussed these proposals with Mr. Lloyd George we know from a letter recently disclosed by Mr. de Valera. We do not know whether they had been drafted in their present form on November 23 or, if so, whether Sir James Craig saw the draft. That he was aware that Mr. Lloyd George did not regard the boundary as settled once for all by the Act of 1920 is proved by his letter of November 11.

III

Peace with Ireland involved the solution of two principal issues: independence, and the partition of Ireland. To the first, Sinn Fein as an organization was committed; but it well knew that among the Irish at large there was no real desire to renounce their status as British citizens. The partition of Ireland had stirred feelings which were deeper, wider, and far more permanent. Had the Treaty contained no modification whatever of the arrangements imposed by the Act of 1920, its chance of approval in Dublin when signed would have been slender indeed. The resumption of a struggle conducted by methods of which both sides were in their hearts ashamed was the only alternative to signature. It was useless, however, for Griffith and Collins to sign a treaty they knew their followers would not endorse. As after-events have shown, little was needed to turn the scale against it. The absence of any provision to revise the boundary would have supplied that little.

On the fourteenth of December Sir James Craig replied to the letter under cover of which Mr. Lloyd George had sent him the Treaty on December 6. He intimated that Northern Ireland would opt out of the Free State and that his Government reserved the right of dissenting from the appointment of any boundary commission. From the speech which Lord Londonderry made the following day in the House of Lords, it is clear that Sir James Craig and his colleagues had not yet realized the defect in the Treaty which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was afterward to disclose.

Reappearing in the House on December 15, after long retirement, Mr. Bonar Law said that in view of the pledges given at the election of 1918 the people of Northern Ireland were entitled to consider their boundaries as 'settled, and settled forever.' 'I am going to be fair in this matter if I can, for if anyone ought to know both the difficulties and responsibilities of the Government, and if anyone ought to know how little there is in the idea that people are doing certain things because they wish to stick to office, I am that man. No one ought to know that better than I. I am going to look at the thing fairly. It would not be any defense, to me, that Sir James Craig declined to enter a conference to consider the possibility of an All-Ireland Parliament. Very likely the Government felt that if they did not conclude negotiations right away they might not conclude them at all. *If so, I think that that is a defense which ought to be seriously taken into account by the Ulster representatives.* I say further that if the Boundaries Commission is carried out in a spirit worthy of the agreement, which means not the possibility of throwing out a county but a real adjustment of boundaries . . . I think Ulster would make a very great mis-

take if it refused to have anything to do with the agreement on that account.'

Since the separation of the six counties had taken place, Erskine Childers had produced on behalf of Sinn Fein a series of maps, showing in graphic form the results of parliamentary and local elections in Northern Ireland. Wherever an election area, whether large or small, showed a Catholic majority it was marked in black, the argument being that the principle of self-determination involved its transfer to the South. The result would of course have been such a mutilation of Northern Ireland that its existence as a separate area of government would have been impossible. From subsequent statements we know that the Irish delegates produced such maps in the discussions which took place over Article 12, and argued their claim to the transfer of the two counties in which Catholic majorities were shown and also to Londonderry and Newry. We also know that the British delegates refused to accept any clause which would make the revision of the boundary depend on votes taken in counties, districts, parishes, or any other existing electoral areas. Article 12 as it now stands is clearly inspired by the idea that, subject to economic and geographical considerations, the commission should be left free to trace a boundary which would include the largest possible number of Protestants in the North and the largest possible number of Catholics in the South, taking the six counties as a basis. It was, in fact, a reversion to the plan originally mooted by the Ulster leaders, which Mr. Lloyd George had foreshadowed in his speech of December 22, 1919, but which was rejected by the delegates from the six counties shortly after.

In a speech which Lord Birkenhead made on the seventh of December, he used language which might be and has

been interpreted to imply that Article 12 meant option by counties. In the parliamentary debates, however, of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth, he and the other British signatories made it clear that so far as they were concerned the article was intended to mean what Mr. Bonar Law, in the passage above recited, said it ought to mean. No objection was made to their statements by the Irish signatories. Nor was the subject raised in the raging discussions of the Dail which followed and were only brought to a close in January, when the Treaty was approved by a narrow majority. The members of that body were obsessed by the abstract question of independence, which made no real appeal to the majority of Irish electors.

As soon as the Treaty had been approved in Dublin the Provisional Government under Collins was established in accordance with Article 17. Its functions were to administer the twenty-six counties until a constitution framed by themselves in accordance with the Treaty had been given the force of law. The Free State would then be finally established and Northern Ireland would then have to decide within one month whether to remain in the Free State or to separate, subject to a revision of the boundary.

On January 21, Mr. Collins met Sir James Craig in London and agreed that in place of the Commission, as provided in the Treaty, the boundary should be settled between themselves. Another meeting was arranged at Dublin, with a view to settlement of further points at issue. Both leaders were immediately pressed by their followers to say how they meant to interpret the agreement. A speech by Sir James Craig raised feelings of distrust in the Northern Catholics. Deputations of protest poured into Dublin from beyond the border, in reply to which

Mr. Collins made promises equally extreme as to the claims he intended to make. The Childers maps were freely produced and circulated in the North, where they lashed the Protestants into a fever of suspicion. When Sir James Craig reached Dublin for the second conference he met Collins fresh from an interview with a stormy deputation from Newry. The results were announced in the following statement to the evening papers:—

The following agreed statement was issued this afternoon by Mr. Michael Collins, Chairman of the Provisional Government, and Sir James Craig. The discussion between Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig was almost entirely confined to the subject of the Boundary Commission. Owing to the fact that Mr. Collins stands on the Boundary Commission and the Irish Delegation's agreement with Mr. Lloyd George that large territories were involved in the Agreement and not merely a boundary line, as Sir James Craig was given to understand privately by several British Ministers and the statement of Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, no further agreement was reached, and a very serious situation has consequently arisen.

So ended an agreement which if it had matured would have saved Ireland from miseries untold. As in all revolutions, there were elements which its leaders could not control. Certain members of the Irish Republican Army were under sentence of death for murder in Northern Ireland. As the Northern ministers refused to advise their reprieve, the Imperial Government instructed the Viceroy to reprieve them. A few hours before this decision was announced armed bands from Southern Ireland crossed the border, captured a number of Protestant hostages, and conveyed them south of the line. Appeals for assistance made by Sir James Craig to the British

Government met with an immediate response. The Protestant manhood of Northern Ireland were organized as special constables armed with rifles supplied from England, and maintained by the British Treasury at the cost of several millions. Thenceforward the Protestant majority was organized and equipped not only to guard the border, but also to hold in check the minority which refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the Northern Government.

No little credit is due Mr. Churchill for the manner in which he dealt with this iniquitous outrage on behalf of the British Government. His patience and forbearance at this critical juncture alone saved the Treaty. But any hope for better relations between North and South was postponed for several years. This outrage opened the door to a bloody chapter of reprisals and counter-reprisals. It accustomed the Protestant majority of the North to the habit of dominating the Catholic minority by armed force.

The British Government, however, did not allow this incident to deflect it from the policy of helping the signatories of the Treaty to establish a constitutional government in accordance with its terms. It was quickly realized that until the Treaty was given the force of law the Provisional Government in Dublin would possess no legal powers. In February 1922, the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act was introduced into Parliament to legalize the Treaty and to give the Provisional Government the powers they needed until such time as a formal constitution could be framed and enacted. The provisions of Article 12 thus came under discussion again, while the controversy between Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig was fresh in men's minds.

On behalf of the Ulster members various amendments were moved, some in the Commons, others in the Lords.

One prescribed the omission of the boundary provisions from the Treaty; another, that they should not operate except with the approval of Northern Ireland; a third imposed on the Commissioners the interpretation of Article 12 which the British signatories had placed upon it. These amendments were opposed by the British signatories on the ground that (a) Article 12 was an integral part of the Treaty, without which the Irish delegates would not have signed; (b) it was expressly intended that the Commission should interpret Article 12 for itself; (c) the Treaty could be altered only by agreement — an attempt by Parliament to alter its terms would destroy the whole Treaty and immediately lead to a resumption of war. The amendments were negatived by overwhelming majorities in both Houses and the Treaty became law as it stood.

In the course of this debate it was first suggested that a refusal on the part of Northern Ireland to appoint their representative would prevent the constitution of the Boundary Commission. It was presently announced that the Government of Northern Ireland had been so informed by their legal advisers and would act accordingly.

IV

The Free State (Agreement) Act did more than legalize the Treaty. It provided for the creation of a provisional legislature for which an election was to be held in the twenty-six counties. The Southern Irish electorate showed that it approved the Treaty by substantial majorities. Its opponents then resorted to physical force. Rory O'Connor was already encamped at the Four Courts in the centre of Dublin. The Provisional Government temporized, till the cold-blooded murder of Sir Henry Wilson in

London precipitated the issue. The civil war between the two sections of Sinn Fein who were for and against the Treaty was opened by the storming of the Four Courts. Rory O'Connor and the rest of his associates who had not been killed in action were imprisoned, to be executed some months later as a reprisal for the murder of a Free State officer. Murder and arson became rife once more. The offices of the Provisional Government were converted into a fortress. The property of Loyalists and Free-Staters alike went up in flames. In August, Griffith died. A few weeks later Collins perished in an ambush, and was succeeded by Cosgrave, who became head of the Provisional Government. A renewed boycott enforced by terror, with other outrages perpetrated by Republicans, inflamed Protestant opinion in Northern Ireland. Before its Government could suppress the campaign of murder and counter-murder which raged in Belfast, more Catholics had perished than Protestants. And yet in these evil days the Provisional Government succeeded in producing a Constitution for the Free State, which the British Government was prepared to submit for the approval of Parliament. When the Coalition Government fell at Westminster, the Provisional Government at Dublin was due to expire on the sixth of December; and unless the Constitution was legalized by that date, the Treaty would in practice have lapsed. Mr. Bonar Law on assuming office in October had no choice but to dissolve Parliament. It was just possible to do this in time to pass the Free State Constitution by December 6. In appealing to the electorate he and all other parties pledged themselves to sustain the Treaty. In the event, the necessary legislation received the royal assent on the fifth of December without a division in either House.

The struggle in Ireland pursued its devastating course till the early summer of 1923. When the Republican resistance at length collapsed, the Free State Government had put some 50,000 men into the field, had interned upward of 12,000, and had executed some 80 of their former associates. For the houses burned by the Republicans vast liabilities had to be assumed. In July, however, it became possible to fix the first elections to be held under the Free State Constitution, for August. The Free State also appointed Dr. John MacNeil as its representative on the Boundary Commission, and on July 19 called upon the British Government to constitute that body. The Duke of Devonshire replied that as soon as that election had been held (which also involved the reconstitution of the Free State executive) he would have a communication to address to both Governments in Ireland. The elections resulted in the return of a considerable minority of Republicans — so many, in fact, that President Cosgrave could depend on a majority only so long as the Republican deputies refrained from taking the oath.

In September, President Cosgrave headed a deputation to Geneva to support the application of the Free State for admission to the League of Nations. The application was supported by the two British ministers, Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Edward Wood, who represented the Government at the head of which Mr. Baldwin had now taken the place of Mr. Bonar Law. The report to the Assembly upon which the Free State was admitted, and to which these two cabinet ministers were parties, contained the following passages: —

According to precedent the subcommittee has based its investigations on the questionnaire used for the admission of new members of the three first assemblies.

Question number 3 reads thus: —

Does the country possess a stable government and well-defined frontiers?

The answer to this question given in the report is as follows: —

To the third question the subcommittee replies in the affirmative. The subcommittee has been informed that provision for the final delimitation of a part of the boundary has been made in the Treaty, dated December 6, 1921, embodied in the fundamental law constituting the Irish Free State.

When the Dail met, Mr. Cosgrave was reelected to the office of President, and on September 22 invitations were addressed to him and to Sir James Craig by the British Government to appoint delegates to a conference to see whether the boundary could not be settled by agreement. The British Government reaffirmed its duty to carry out the provisions of the Treaty if no agreement could be reached. Both Governments agreed to the conference, but its meeting was postponed, first by the session of the Imperial Conference in October, then by the resultant dissolution of Parliament, and again by the result of the election, which involved the fall of Mr. Baldwin's Government when the new House met in January. One of the earliest acts of the Labor Government which succeeded to office was to summon the conference, which met in London February 1, 1924. On the second of February it adjourned, and owing to the serious illness of Sir James Craig it did not meet again till April 24, when it finally broke down. These delays, fully exploited by the enemies of the Free State, were gravely embarrassing to its Government. In the course of these negotiations Mr. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, made no secret of the fact that in his view the problem could be solved only by the

union of North and South, and that the final definition of the boundary under the Treaty, except by consent of both parties, would indefinitely postpone the prospects of union. President Cosgrave and his colleagues probably shared those views, but their hands were tied by the claims of the Catholics in Northern Ireland. Order had been established in the six counties since 1922, but only by the precarious expedient of arming the majority while disarming the minority. The Catholics used their dominant position in the local authorities of Fermanagh and Tyrone to thwart the Northern Government. That government first suppressed them and then enacted a law so altering the franchise and the distribution of constituencies as to ensure a Protestant ascendancy in the local authorities even of the two border counties. They made no secret of their intention to abolish at the first opportunity the system of transferable votes which secures to the Catholics their due proportion of representation in the Parliament of Northern Ireland. The continued refusal of the Catholic members to take their seats in the House opened the way to such measures. They gravely accentuated the irredentist demand for the revision of the boundary, which the Free State Government was unable to disregard. It must be added that the Protestant minority in the South has no such grounds for complaint against the Free State.

Against any approach toward union between North and South the Free State Government had itself created serious obstacles. Meticulously faithful to the letter of the Treaty, in exercising the rights of full dominion autonomy they ignored the susceptibilities of the North. They converted the boundary into a customs frontier, and eliminated every recognition of their connection

with the Crown and Empire except where it was enjoined by the express terms of the Treaty. The Union Jack no longer waves over any public building in the Free State. The Royal Arms have vanished from the Courts, the King's name from commissions, his image from the stamp; the red post-boxes were repainted green. Behind the harsh and dominating features of the North the South has failed to perceive that there burn ideals, deep, sincere, and unconquerable as their own. History has taught both parties to trust but little in arguments other than those of coercion.

All attempts at conciliation having failed, the British Government on the twenty-ninth of April requested the Government of Northern Ireland to appoint a representative and proceeded to select Mr. Justice Feetham, an eminent member of the South African bench, as Chairman. On the tenth of May the Government of Northern Ireland formally refused to appoint. The British Government then requested the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to advise whether the Commission could be legally constituted in the absence of an appointment by the Government of Northern Ireland. The Chief Justice of Australia and an eminent Canadian judge were invited to attend the Committee, and while they were on their way renewed attempts to bring about a settlement by agreement were made, first by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and then, at his request, by Mr. Justice Feetham — both without result.

In July the Judicial Committee sat and reported that, failing an appointment by Northern Ireland, the Commission could not be constituted under the Act. The absence of any provision under this contingency was described as a *casus improvisus*. In the course of the argument before the Committee,

counsel for Northern Ireland agreed with Lord Dunedin, the presiding judge, that the defect could be legally remedied by an Act of Parliament. The question whether this could be done constitutionally was not discussed.

As soon as the findings of the Judicial Committee were known, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald invited Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, and the other signatories of the Treaty who were still in Parliament, to a conference. Subsequent events have shown that Mr. Lloyd George agreed that the defect must be remedied by legislation. Mr. Baldwin, however, was opposed to legislation, unless the Commission was also restricted to a mere rectification of the boundary.

An agreement was then made with the Free State that the British Government should be empowered by legislation to constitute the Commission by appointing the third representative in default of the Government of Northern Ireland. The agreement was signed by Mr. MacDonald and President Cosgrave. Early in August bills legalizing this agreement were introduced into Parliament and the Dail. It was announced that Parliament would meet to take the second reading on September 29, and that when the agreement had been legalized at Westminster the Dail would meet to complete its ratification. Both legislatures then adjourned. Mr. John Devoy, the aged Fenian leader, on a visit to Ireland made a strong appeal for settlement by agreement, on the ground that fixture of the boundary by compulsory arbitration would operate as a bar to Irish union. The appeal, like all its predecessors, was without result, but it is worth noting that it came from the leader of a party which has in the past stood for physical force. The *Irish Statesman*, edited by G. W. Russell (Æ), was zealous in the same cause.

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On September 30 Parliament met. In moving the Bill, Mr. MacDonald argued that in 1922 Parliament and also the electorate had both explicitly decided that the boundary must be subject to a revision by a commission which must also be left free to determine for itself the meaning of Article 12. British honor was involved in removing the unforeseen error in draftsmanship which prevented the Government from giving effect to the clear intention of the Treaty. He made it clear that unless the Bill was carried the government would go to the country. Mr. Baldwin intimated that the Unionist Party as such would not divide against the Bill, but in committee would move an amendment restricting the commission to rectification. The second reading, however, was opposed by the Ulster members, but was carried by 291 votes to 124, some Liberals as well as Conservatives voting against it.

This debate was closed by a speech from Mr. Thomas, which a distinguished member of the Opposition described as the ablest which the House of Commons had heard in recent years. The Conservative amendment was negatived by 257 votes to 207, and the Bill then went to the Lords.

The most positive assurances have been given to the House by Mr. Thomas that he will use his powers under the Act to appoint a member of the Commission who will represent, not the views of the British Government, but those of the Government of Northern Ireland. In reference to this statement Sir James Craig spoke as follows on October 7 in the Parliament of Northern Ireland:—

‘If this new compulsory Boundary Commission is persisted in, and the finding is such that it is acceptable to

the Parliament of Northern Ireland as representing the people — well and good. On the other hand, no matter whom the British Government may nominate as the third member, if the decision is such that it cannot be accepted by the Parliament of Northern Ireland, I for my part will not hesitate for a moment, if no other honorable way out is open, to decline to be responsible for carrying on the government. I would then resign and place myself at the disposal of the people, no longer as Prime Minister, but as their chosen leader, to defend any territory which we may consider has been unfairly transferred from under Ulster, Great Britain, and the Flag of the Empire.'

The debates in the second chamber took place on the seventh, eighth, and ninth of October. To the motion that 'the Bill be now read a second time' Lord Salisbury moved to insert after the word 'that' these words: 'this House, having taken note of the opinions expressed in Parliament and elsewhere in connection with the passage into law of the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act, 1922, by the Members of His Majesty's Government who were signatories of the Irish Treaty, that Article 12 of that instrument contemplated nothing more than a readjustment of boundaries between Northern Ireland and the Free State, and believing that no other interpretation is acceptable, or could be enforced, resolves that.'

In the Commons such an amendment would have been disallowed by the Speaker, but under the laxer procedure of the Lords it went to a division. The Government opposed it; but the amendment was carried by 71 votes to 38. It has, of course, no legis-

lative effect whatever, and merely served as a record of the personal views of those who voted for it. In Committee on October 9 Lord Carson moved an amendment providing that, in view of Sir James Craig's speech, the measure could not come into operation until it had received the assent of the Parliament of Northern Ireland; but he did not press it to a division, and the measure received the royal assent and became law that night. It does not come into operation, however, until the scheduled agreement has also been approved by the Free State Legislature.

On October 8 the Government was defeated in the House of Commons on a motion for a committee of inquiry into the conduct of the Attorney-General in withdrawing a prosecution for sedition against the acting-editor of the *Worker's Weekly*. On the ninth the Prime Minister announced that the King had accepted his advice to dissolve Parliament, which was accordingly dissolved. Whatever the results of the General Election on October 29, it may be presumed that the Free State Legislature will have confirmed the agreement in time for the Labor Government to appoint a member on behalf of Northern Ireland and so constitute the Commission. The ultimate decision will then rest for the most part with Judge Feetham. Seldom has a heavier burden been placed on judicial shoulders. But even if the boundary can be fixed without disturbing the peace of Ireland, a compulsory award will operate to defer the day of Irish Union — unless perchance the spirit of Abraham Lincoln should descend upon some leader, in the Free State or in Ulster, and nerve him to master his own Vindictives.

VATICAN DIPLOMACY

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

THE impression of power and mystery which provides Roman Catholicism with its gift of fascinating or repelling, as the case may be, arises from those relations with dominant interests which are particularly the work of the Cardinal Secretary of State. At the head of Vatican diplomacy is of course the Pope, in absolute authority, but his Secretary of State advises him about his politics. The Secretary of State collects information on the relation of each particular Power to anything which touches Catholic interests; he sends out Nuncios and Apostolic Delegates; and he receives the representatives of foreign Powers as well as any private person who represents a powerful interest or can provide important information. Cardinal Gasparri is in this position. A genial and astute Italian of well over seventy, with the excellent memory, the quick mind, and the strong character of a ruler of men, he has held the office for the last ten years and, while keeping his Church free from all the imbroglios of the war intrigues, has strengthened and enlarged his powers at the same time that fate has shown him the collapse of his most powerful adversaries, the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Khalif. Beneath him are three separate departments: of extraordinary affairs, ordinary affairs, and the dispatch of apostolic briefs. Monsignors Pizzardi and Centoz are his chief secretaries, but all work requiring authority or tact is reserved for the Cardinal.

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And what are they doing — these clerical diplomats? It was a question everyone asked when M. Herriot announced in the French Chamber that he intended to withdraw France's Embassy to the Vatican. For even when the French Embassy is withdrawn there still remain thirty-three Powers with representatives at what those Powers call the 'Holy See.' The majority of course come from Catholic States: the States of South and Central America, Austria, Spain, Belgium, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland; but there are representatives also of Great Britain, Germany, and Russia, as well as of Holland, Switzerland, Greece, and Rumania. As we shall see, there is also some more or less formal intercourse with Japan and other great non-Christian nations. And though the United States and Italy are without a representative at the Vatican, they are by no means outside the orbit of the complex influence of Papal diplomacy.

When M. Herriot announced the intended withdrawal he said it was not an act of hostility to the Catholic Church, but rather a sign that, all religions being free, he would not favor one rather than another. Considering the representation of the non-Catholic countries, such a view will not bear examination. The British Empire has a population of over four hundred millions; of these rather less than twenty millions are Catholics. It could hardly be said that these were being favored at

the expense of the ninety-five per cent of other religions. The majority of British subjects are Hindus; the next in number are Mohammedans; but Britain's mission to the Vatican has no relation to this fact, and her representative there is now a Protestant.

Nor, in fact, was there ever any suggestion that in France or any other country diplomatic relations with the Holy See were a compliment to the Catholics of the country. The objects of international diplomacy are something other than compliments to the subjects of the country represented. It is not because some Americans have sympathies with Great Britain, with Germany, with Italy, or with France, as the case may be, that Washington has established embassies in the capitals of those countries.

II

Diplomacy is the official means by which one Power adjusts its own interests with those of another. Just as commerce is the normal relationship of mutual advantage between nations as between individuals; just as friendly intercourse is the social counterpart of commerce, being a commerce of ideas and sympathies; just as the press is the general agency of general information, diplomacy is the means by which countries come in direct contact with one another through their Governments. It embraces the whole system of interests which arise from the intercourse existing between nations; it is especially occupied with the assurance of public safety and order and with the consistent and friendly assertion of the relative dignity of nations; and its object is to maintain a just balance between different political societies. This explains why nations are prepared to pay for diplomatic representation.

As we look back into the past,

when potentates assumed an absolute sway over their states, we see that an embassy was, in general, a compliment, accompanied by well-chosen gifts, from one ruler to another. The ancient Hindu monarch, Chandragupta, we remember, writing to Alexander the Great, asked for a box of figs, some raisins, and a sophist. The Great Mogul, receiving Sir Thomas Roe as ambassador from James I of England, offered an elephant and asked for a horse. But diplomacy of that time was far more than an exchange of compliments or presents. 'Mutuelle and friendlie traffique,' wrote Elizabeth to Akbar, 'from whence great profit and advantage on both sides do come,' was the cause that certain of her subjects 'with a courteous and honest boldnesse' repaired to the borders of his empire. The object of diplomacy was already what is known in Italy as sacred selfishness: *sacro egoismo*.

And this is true in a special sense of the intercourse of Christian sovereigns with the Holy See. When the Popes established themselves in the city of the Cæsars, the glory of Rome's ancient empire gave its own power to their counsels. And as they built their throne upon the ruins of the secular empire's decline and fall, they inherited the honor which Europe had given perforce to the temporal dominion of the happy city. Roman law and the Latin language and Latin civilization altogether were something on which Christendom was dependent, and the empire's ancient capital was beyond all argument the most convenient centre for undivided Christian society. And as Christianity gradually became the religion of Europe, the hold over human nature, which has always been remarked as a great asset of the Catholic religion, united with its intellectual efficiency to attract the respect and the reverence of monarchs and their

counselors. The bishops and even the priests were the governors of society: their influence swayed the life of the peoples and had much to say about the happiness of kings and princes.

As individual Christians, as the dispensers of civil authority, and as the heads of society, sovereigns and their monitors were compelled to give to the Pope almost as much attention as they would have given to Caesar. A Pope who could place their people under an interdict and so leave babies unbaptized, deprive weddings of Christian blessing and the dead of Christian burial, was a power they could not afford to disregard. No office was more important in their realms than that of the Papal Legate. On the appointment to bishoprics and benefices, moreover, they must obviously arrive at an accommodation; the king would justly expect homage from his subjects for their temporalities, even though their spiritual authority came from him whom they revered as successor to Saint Peter.

But it was by no means unusual to feel a grudge about this tribute, or to question the unity which depended on the centralized authority. On a doctrinal point, Eastern Europe separated from Rome in 1054. In the sixteenth century there was a hardly less important separation. Through these two great divisions Christendom has, for the most part, ceased to be a unity. The ideal of a universal society has become obscured. Though Protestantism arose in many countries it was never international. Sometimes national and sometimes unofficial, it of course rejected intercourse of any kind with the Papacy. Not unnaturally, therefore, the idea became current that to send an ambassador to the Pope of Rome was simply the courtesy to Catholicism that M. Herriot suggested.

During the nineteenth century there was a change, however. The unifica-

tion of Germany reminded the King of Prussia of the power of the Papacy, as Irish politics give the same reminder to English politicians. While Prussia, as well as Bavaria, sent an envoy to the Vatican, England sent only temporary messages and missions. It was the war of 1914 that showed her Foreign Office how essential it was in her own interests to return to the custom of the Middle Ages. In the time of stress, they realized the vast power of the Catholic Church. They saw her power of obtaining information and of influencing opinion. They were compelled to remember that her adherents were almost ten times the population of Italy, France, or England; that they were all united in their allegiance to the Pope; that, at the most solemn moments, they all looked to the ministrations of his priests; that all who were most stable morally among them had a reverence for, and probably a passionate devotion toward, the counsels of him they called their Holy Father; and that while Germany and Austria were in close diplomatic touch with him, neither France, Italy, nor Great Britain had any representative at all.

In 1916 England attempted to remedy the difficulty by sending a special mission under a distinguished Catholic diplomat, Sir Henry Howard, who was succeeded on his death by an Irishman, Count de Salis.

At the end of the war, France, partly as a tribute to the patriotism of her clergy and her Catholic people, and partly as an acknowledgment of the temper of her regained provinces, resumed relations interrupted eighteen years before.

What of Italy?

Italy is still a new nation. When the present Pope was born, he was born near Milan as an Austrian subject. Venice and Lombardy were Austrian provinces; Umbria, Latium, and the

Marches were States of the Church. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies was under a Spanish dynasty; an Austrian Grand Duke had lately been removed from Florence, and Turin was still the capital of Italy. But the movement to make the geographical expression of Italy, united to some extent by one culture and for the most part an understanding of one language, into one nation was so strong that it overcame the rights of the Popes to maintain possession of the territories which they had ruled for far more than a thousand years. In maintaining her lawful possession of the Papal States, the Church was supported on the one side by Austria and on the other by France. But France, in return for all that part of Savoy which was west of the Alps, helped the dynasty of Savoy to fight the Austrians out of Lombardy and Venice; the Italians took possession of Florence, which in 1865 they made into their capital; and in 1870, when France was compelled by the German invasion to withdraw her troops from Rome, the Papal city was stormed by Italian invaders, who entered and made it for the first time Italian territory.

That which completed the national unification of Italy made her the open enemy of the head of her established religion. For not only were the Papal States the unarguable possession of the Church, not only were they the source of her revenue, not only was their independence the means of her neutrality as a spiritual power, but any attack upon her power or her right to administrate her territories was anathema to Catholic principles. The Vatican, therefore, protested with uncompromising vigor against the Italian occupation of Rome; and the Government of the King, who had established himself in a Papal palace, the Quirinal, retaliated by protesting against any recognition of the Pope as a sovereign

power, except by diplomatic representation at the Holy See. The Italian Government protested therefore, and protested successfully, against the Pope being represented at the Hague Conferences, at Versailles, or in the League of Nations. Although they had established Catholicism as the State religion, they could not themselves have any official relations with the Vatican.

This curious position had more important consequences. Although the passage of decades showed that the Catholic Church had not suffered any detriment to her spiritual power by the loss of her territories, that in fact her political influence increased, she was compelled to resent the weakness of her official status as a diplomatic entity. The laws of Italy accord to the Pope sovereign honors. If Italy admitted the Pope to have the same sovereign independence in his territory as the little republic of San Marino, M. Herriot could not at the present moment claim that it was favoring one religion if France continued diplomatic relations with him. Furthermore, the Pope could not be refused that representation at Geneva, and at all conferences of nations, which since the occupation of Rome was first accorded to him at the Conference of Genoa in 1922. And, furthermore, the very protest of the Vatican against Italy's occupation of Rome led in 1902 to a rupture with France. One of the points of that protest was to forbid the heads of Catholic States to visit Rome, but when, at the accession of Edward VII, the Entente began to influence Italy against her alliance with Austria and Germany, and President Loubet decided to visit Rome, he ignored the injunctions of the Holy See, and diplomatic intercourse between France and the Vatican was interrupted from 1902 to 1921. Edward VII, however, being a Protestant, when he visited Rome insisted on asking

for an audience with the Pope, and he took an important step toward reestablishing relations between his Empire and the Holy See.

It is the anomalous relation between the Vatican and Italy which prevents the United States from giving an official recognition to the Pope. Washington does not dispute the contention of the Italian Government that the Pontiff is not an independent Sovereign.

III

If diplomacy is the official means by which one Power adjusts its interests with those of another, the object of the Powers represented at the Vatican will be to adjust their national interests with those of the priestly authorities of the Catholic Church. This involves the larger questions of national policy of which we heard so much during the war, and the details of particular convenience, such as the appointment of a bishop. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, the largest and best organized society in the world, has the general object of Christian influence over society, and the more particular object of ensuring that interest by freedom to appoint her own authorities, freedom to impart her own education, and the immunity of her priests from such unsuitable obligations as military service. Sometimes it is the question of the entrance of nuns into a European colony; sometimes it is the question of a sermon on a political subject; sometimes it is an arrangement for the personnel of missions so that Christian teachers may be patriotic teachers; sometimes it is the question of what religion is taught in a State school, or the fact that no arrangement at all is made for religious teaching; sometimes it is the boundary of a diocese, or the rights of a religious order, or the freedom of a seminary or of a school to manage its

own special business, which will need to be adjusted between the Catholic Church and a particular Government.

In all these matters the Church has always been on the happiest terms with the United States and Great Britain and Spain; her difficulties have been with Russia, Germany, and France. She will aim at the utmost freedom possible in her own appointments and her teaching, and also in obtaining State aid in the secular teaching of her elementary schools, wherever secular teaching is aided, or given free. In tussles of this kind Leo XIII defeated Bismarck, but Pius X and Cardinal Merry del Val three times came to an impasse with the Kaiser. It is interesting to notice that as a result of the concordat of 1801 with France the appointment of dignitaries had to be referred to the Government, but that now, as in the United States, where the Catholic Church has no diplomatic status, being represented, as in Japan, by an Apostolic Delegate, the method of appointment, according to the revised canon law, is simply for the Catholic authorities to refer a choice of names to the Holy See.

The war gave more dramatic instances of adjustment. In one case a German prisoner in England was forbidden by his commandant to see a priest; a Catholic layman was informed and sent from London to investigate; the facts as related in the complaint were found to be true. The Vatican was informed. In ten days the priest was giving the prisoner the sacraments. In another case Cardinal Mercier went to Rome to make arrangements about the work of the priests during the German occupation; on his return to Belgium the Germans refused to allow him to enter. He wired to the Vatican, and the authorities told the German Government that if he was not allowed to return to his work in two days the contents of certain documents would

be published. The Cardinal was allowed to return to his work immediately. In a third case, German Catholics asked that no Allied airplanes should attack the towns where they were celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi with the usual procession of the Host. The Allied Governments at once agreed. No one, however, thought of demanding the same concession from the Central Governments, who did not grant the favor they requested. A protest from the Allied Governments was immediately sent to the Holy See, which made the necessary representations to the Central Powers. But the temporary advantage gained by the Central Powers is an almost unique instance of the Vatican being hoodwinked. Generally when foreign diplomats go to Rome they say that those of the Pope are quite the ablest, or the most cunning, as the case may be, with whom they have ever had to deal. The Vatican's record in the war bears out that contention. As Colonel Repington said of Papal diplomacy, it is independent of elections and can afford to wait.

Professional diplomats are for the most part occupied with adjustments of detail. The time when their personal decisions were supported by all the authority of their countries has gone by. Telegrams control them, and the newspaper correspondent is a more important person than the writer of official dispatches. Diplomacy has tended to become, therefore, a rather second-rate affair; in Europe it tends to attract a type who, by their knowledge of languages, and their easy manners, can carry on a smooth intercourse with the officials of foreign countries. The trend is toward a finikin type. But diplomacy still transcends the diplomat, and the war gave striking evidence of the political influence of the Pope and his secretaries. His peace proposals attracted the attention of Govern-

ments, and indeed of the whole world.

They were addressed not alone to those States which had diplomatic representatives at the Vatican. Indeed, they most depended on the answer given them by President Wilson and his Government. President Wilson, when in Rome in 1918, did not omit to visit Benedict XV, who delivered an impassioned eulogy of his work for peace. Since Wilson, the kings of Belgium, Britain, and Spain have been received by the Pope. It is interesting to compare the addresses delivered on these occasions by the Heads of these States and the Head of the Church.

England's King and Queen, who came in May 1923, were received by the Holy Father at the entrance of his private apartments. He shook hands with them, afterward spending some time in private conversation with them, as Cardinal Gasparri also did later. But nothing was done which could in any way compromise the sincerity of their own religion. At the next consistory the Pope, doubtless at the instance of the King, referred to his hopes of peace in Ireland and, on the day of the King's visit, the *Osservatore Romano*, the Catholic paper in Rome, published inspired articles referring to the work of former British sovereigns, and to the cordial, effective, and respectful relations that had for long existed between the two Powers. The British Empire, said the *Osservatore*, worked in its civil and political development and its greatness on the seas to ensure that reign of law by which alone could be obtained just liberty of faith and conscience, and in its world-wide range was constantly in contact with the world-wide religion of Rome and with the moral and humanitarian interests which found in the Pope, as the head of the Church, their highest and most august representative; that, as the Pope existed to assert peace and charity between nations

and between individuals and to win them to brotherhood in Christ, so the visit of the King and Queen of England was a pledge that in this work he was assisted by, and was himself assisting, the function of a country which, in the prudence of her sovereigns and the wisdom of her government and the industry of her people, was working to conquer the world for the same ends.

The visit of the King and Queen will remind Americans of the cordiality with which Benedict XV greeted President Wilson as the representative of America's ideals of justice and charity.

The King and Queen of the Belgians had been the first to visit the present Pope. They were received with much the same ceremonies and, in giving the Pope an ivory crucifix, identified their country with the sacrifices already so ably represented by Cardinal Mercier.

When the King of Spain came to visit the Pope, in November 1923, his speech was one of passionate devotion. He came, he said, as the representative of a race that had spread the Faith wherever they had traveled, till now the Spanish world embraced a third of the Catholic religion; he said that they were still lambs when the church bell summoned them to prayer, and lions as the trumpet sounded to battle; that they fought and were always ready to fight to spread justice, culture, civilization in the world; that they would never desert the post of honor assigned to them by their glorious traditions, but were ever ready to do combat 'for the triumph and glory of the Cross, which is not only the banner of the Faith, but the banner of peace and justice, of civilization, and of progress.'

After these words the King knelt at the feet of the Pope, who embraced and kissed him and answered his ringing tones in a voice gentle and benign. He welcomed the King and Queen and was proud to count, in the immense

family which the Blessed God, in the hidden counsels of His mercy, had confided to his heart and care, so noble a knight of God and of the Church, and a people so constant and heroic in the Faith. Since the King had asked that Spain should have a larger representation in the College of Cardinals, the Pope longed to grant his desires; as for the King and his people, — for did not the Pope feel that the people of Spain were one with the kingly heart he had embraced? — he wished them all peace and unity, prosperity and glory, blessings which would surely be given and could be obtained only if the Christian religion reigned in the laws and in the schools and gave, both to society and to the family, both to public and private life, its salutary influences of holiness and civilization, of science and art, and of true harmony.

We see here examples of the way the Vatican adjusts its interest with Catholic and with non-Catholic countries. The visits made to the present Pope by the Hereditary Prince of Japan, and Ras Tafari, the Heir and Regent of Ethiopia, with their picturesque ceremonial and their cordial conversations, are dramatic instances of Vatican diplomacy at work in countries which do not claim to be a part of Christendom.

IV

To sum up the Vatican's own account of its work, no words are more important than those of the present Pope in his first encyclical. He had spoken of his confident hope for the reunion of Christendom; and, as a pledge and augury of it, that marvelous circumstance, a surprise to all, and to some perhaps an unpleasing circumstance, but most welcome to him and to his cardinals, 'that in these last times the representatives and rulers of almost all the nations of the world, as

though obedient to a common instinct and desire of union and peace, are returned to this Apostolic See to confirm or renew harmony and friendship with it. In which we rejoice, not alone for the increased prestige of Holy Church, but because it is always more clearly apparent, and becomes the experience of all, how manifold and how great are the beneficial powers that she possesses for the prosperity of human society, even in a civil and earthly way. For if the Church, by the will of God, directly provides the good things of the Spirit and of eternity, yet, by a certain connection of things, she assists the earthly prosperity of individuals and of society even more completely than if these were her direct duty and service.'

How could we explain the exact significance of those words? That in the Holy See there is in the world not only the centralized authority of a unique society, which can enter into relation with Governments to adjust its interest with theirs; there is a central office which exists for the benefit of human society as a whole, providing a means of intercourse for those who cannot or will not carry on direct intercourse with one another. The Vatican is thus a support for diplomacy as a whole. It has had in existence for some centuries just the organization which the ideals of peaceful men founded and aimed at maintaining at Geneva. But while the League of Nations still lacks the support of America, and rejects that of Germany and Russia; while it has become an outpost of French political influence, so that it must carry out the commands of France with regard to determining the division of Upper Silesia, and so that its officials were simply the agents of France in the Saar, and it could make no comment on the advance of the French army into the Ruhr, and must perforce give way to the Council of Ambassadors when

Italy occupied Corfu; when its most eager supporters openly admit that it cannot enforce its decisions in war, nor even exert economic pressure; when, in fact, it is only a means of registering the public opinion of certain countries among which France has so far dominated, the Holy See, wise with the experience of many centuries, firmly fixed on principles of order and justice, bound essentially to the Christian ideals of charity and peace, confident of the inspiration of a divine authority, provides a centre which not only is neutral and universal, but which applies to every question at issue the immemorial principles of justice and the moderation of Christian influence. The Pope did not refuse the suggestions of Britain's representative that he should denounce the occupation of the Ruhr.

But on the other hand, is it not true that the Vatican subjects all questions to clerical intrigue, that it must always regard its own interests, that it has not been neutral in the past? Such contentions dissolve before close acquaintance with the facts. Germans and English each accused Benedict XV of being partial to the other. Both accusations cannot be true: more probably both are false. For neither can point to a single instance, as Germany can point to such obvious ones in the case of the League of Nations. And when we come to the question of Machiavellian cunning in the Papal Curia, what instance of foresight is more dramatic than that of Benedict XV refusing the offer of the Central Powers to install him, if they were victorious, in his temporal dominion? It is now nearly three hundred years since Sir Henry Wotton said that an Ambassador was sent abroad to lie for his country; what if even Papal diplomats use speech to conceal their thoughts? An extraordinary reserve they certainly do employ; but the Governments of the world come to them

now for help in delicate matters because they know they can rely on their neutral enthusiasm for justice. If Catholicism as an international religion is identified with the prosperity of the world as a whole, each country can apply to it as a partner in the interests of true patriotism. And if this is so in each particular country, it must be so also with regard to that venerable figure who more than any other claims the attention of the world and the reverence of all good men, as being the Head of the largest of all Christian societies, and the one person who consistently and sincerely seeks to apply to the world as a whole the traditional meaning of the Christian religion. His advisers certainly are human; but if they do excel in merely human sagacity can it influence them in any way but to recommend themselves, not only to those nations where their religion is serenely established, but even more to those they still hope to win? If from the human point of view the Vatican has a bias, that bias will be in favor, not of Catholics, but of countries in which Catholicism is not dominant. It is not Catholic countries therefore who have most reason to desire official representation at the Holy See.

But at the present moment, with regard to those three great countries who have no representative there, may not their interests suffer, as the Allies feared their interest would suffer during the war? The lack of representation is more apparent than real. The intercourse between the Italian Government and the Vatican is now very close; every Papal diplomat is actually an Italian; Italy makes a great deal of money out of the Papacy and the Church, as she especially will by the huge earnings from the pilgrimages of the Holy Year; and though the Pope will never be satisfied till Italy admits his full status as a sovereign power, the

anticlericalism of the invaders of Rome is far from being the temper of the present Government in Italy. France, it is true, has spoken of withdrawing her representative; but even if he were withdrawn the French Government would send a Catholic as Ambassador to the Quirinal and even now begins to arrange for what the Pope most wished of a French Government, that it should agree to the report of Mr. Dawes. M. Herriot, in fact, in suggesting the withdrawal of M. Doucet was practising a little diplomacy on his own part. M. Doucet was a sop, and the Cerberus was the extremists. As for America, the relations of the Holy See with America are ideal: the American President visited the Pope the only time that an American President ever could; the questions to adjust are extraordinarily few; and in the Ambassador to the Quirinal and Monsignor O'Hern, the brilliant head of the American College, America has representatives in Rome who are in very close touch with the Vatican. Finally, American money is now the Vatican's chief resource.

While, therefore, the uses of the League of Nations are doubtless, in spite of its deficiencies, well worth the money spent on it; while the ideal of a World Court still remains to be realized, Papal diplomacy retains, and will always retain, its unique value both to the shrewd politician and to the Christian idealist.

V

It is now about to assume political office of greater weight and authority than anything the world has ever more than dreamed. Far back in the Middle Ages, Dante, who combined the mind of a philosopher and a Christian with keen interest in political affairs, thought out a scheme to ensure a universal peace founded upon law. His

idea was that there should be one civil authority, just as there was then in the Pope one spiritual authority. Two centuries later his native town produced a political philosopher of another order, whose counsels were more acceptable to succeeding centuries than those of him who wrote the *Divine Comedy*. But once again Machiavelli gives way to Dante. Once again the world sees in the principles of universal justice something more promising than those of the temporary profit of individual States. The sweeping convulsions which have been weakening the constitution of Europe since 1914, and which still menace her existence, make most people distinctly uncomfortable about orgies of nationalism; lewesite and airplanes and the ever new inventions of the chemists do not reassure them. The next war, they hear, is to be a remorseless attack on populations as a whole. Diseases and poisonous gases will destroy whole cities in a day or two.

The prospects, it is true, are not inviting. May it not be better, after all, to bring religion and morals and law up to the standard of science? May it not be better to conserve human society than to destroy it?

The Vatican is now preparing her due answer to those questions. To her they are not new. Sixty years ago she saw developing in Europe a condition that threatened not only the prosperity but the existence of society. Disraeli, after having been Prime Minister of England, suggested through the lips of the Cardinal in *Lothair* that the Vatican Council which met in 1869 would exhibit to the Powers of Europe the inevitable future they were then preparing for themselves. The Franco-Prussian War broadcast the warning. A later war has given it more awful significance; the results of that war still press in misery upon vast hordes of peo-

ple. And it is in these circumstances that the Pope announces that the Vatican Council is to reassemble and complete its work.

It was to meet in 1925, but political events in Italy and tension in Europe have moved the Pope to wait till a later year. But whenever the Council reassembles its work will show the deep significance of Vatican diplomacy. It is, says the Pope, to find an appropriate remedy for the ills which have followed the upheaval of civil society. It will seek to apply to the political and economic situation of our times the words in which the Pope announced the object of his pontificate: *The Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ*. It will seek to lay down the laws of justice which would guide a world court, and with authority over four hundred million people will lay down injunctions to prevent civilization from cutting its own throat.

And in doing so it offers safety to the whole world. For neither in Asia nor in Africa is there the same danger of mutual destruction as there is on the surging battlefield of Europe among those who profess and call themselves Christians. If the Pope can find a means to keep Catholic countries peaceful the obvious peril is removed. And there can be little doubt that if he could give a clear lead all Christian nations would follow him. It will be seen whether there is any nation so unknightly as to take advantage of another's consistent devotion to a Christian standard.

In the great task it has now essayed, the central authority of the Catholic Church gives ranges of unexplored promise to the ancient scope of her diplomacy. The Vatican will need all the resources of an inspired sagacity to vindicate the reputation she claims of beneficence, sanity, equity, and power,

IMPERIALISM AT HOME

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

FROM Haiphong in China to Karachi in India, the long coast-line of south-east Asia is possessed imperially, and with a show of permanence, by West Europeans — except for one interruption of freedom. One small nation, which calls itself the 'Thais,' the 'free people,' wedged in among the imperial frontiers of the English and the French, and under the shadow of Dutch and American dominations near at hand, keeps its own sovereignty in more than name. But Siam's position, at the throat of the long Malay Peninsula which runs down from lower China to Singapore, its peculiar and respectable culture, its astonishing art and architecture, even its existence, are almost unknown. It is off the main trade-routes and out of the tourist range. And its political problem and the solution which seems likely to surmount its special difficulties are ignored.

The problem was to develop a nation which encroaching imperialisms would respect. The solution now being applied is an imperialism of a domestic and home-grown variety. The hereditary rulers of the Siamese people are trying to do for themselves what West Europeans are trying to do for the more or less willing other Eastern peoples all around them. They are imposing Western culture as a modification and development of their native civilization.

The working-out of this experiment is not altogether evident in a traveler's first glimpses of Siam. The incredible

contrast between rare palaces and the crowded squalid dwellings of the people, which is characteristic of Asiatic cities, is especially marked in Bangkok. In fact, the ordinary Siamese citizen may be said to possess no house at all. He lives with his wife and naked babies on a boat in a canal. The capital city of Siam is a collection of villages held together by a few well-kept roads and many *klongs*, or wide ditches branching out from the river, and in these *klongs* the affairs of life and commerce are pursued in a muddy but orderly tenor by most of the population. Costumes are adapted to water living, being arrived at chiefly by elimination, and a people addicted to bathing can slip off their front porches, that is their front decks, into water more or less potable at any hour of day or night.

Along the shores are the gilded, glittering, flamelike temple-spires and even a few ugly business-buildings on a blazing-hot and dusty Main Street. Scattered about in compounds and parades are the dwellings of princes, most of them in European style. There has been some trouble in adapting heavy Western styles to the swamps of that situation. His Majesty's throneroom palace of Italian marble, which cost millions of ticals, began to settle in the mud when it was half built. It rides now in an understructure of concrete, an ingenious boat which was put under it and supports it as long as the chugging engines keep

the water pumped out of the basement.

The marble palace of Rama V is a bad symbol, however, for the present interesting social and political condition of Siam. It is a triumph of modern science over natural difficulties. The attempt of the princely caste to conquer the swampy difficulties of modernizing an Oriental race is inspired by a nobler motive and is of tremendous importance.

In all imperialism, practised at home or abroad, there is a certain quality of precariousness that resembles riding on an elephant. The will and the intelligence of the rider are only uncertainly sufficient to keep several tons of slave from rebelling. A compromise as to benefits received for service given is always necessary. Imperialism is no longer frankly predatory. The Japanese, for example, give evidence of being honestly convinced that the Koreans are in need of Japanese guidance and culture; the Dutch exploit Java for its own sake; the English stoop to having official publicity-agents to tell the world how India gets on. The United States is even getting insensibly reconciled to being big brother (owner) to the Philippines. And it is all for their own good. We have completely forgotten the passions of twenty-five years ago when so notable a person as David Starr Jordan could print, then reprint in cooler blood, 'The advances of civilization are wholly repugnant to the children of the tropics.'

The princes of Siam, although nearly all graduates of Oxford or Harvard or the Sorbonne, do not share this pessimism as they devote themselves to imposing the advances of civilization on their own tropical citizenry. The gap they have to span is enough to make any reformer dizzy. But they are conscious that what they are doing is for their own people, people of their own blood. I would not venture an opinion

on the perplexed question of whether or not British imperialism is an activity of the British race for the benefit of other races. The difference is sufficient if one insists only on the fact that this interesting type of imperialism is imposed, not from the outside, but by natural, hereditary, and firmly entrenched rulers.

In Siam the domestic revolution began with King Mongkut. He was the beginner of modernism among the Thais in the middle of the nineteenth century, at about the time Japan emerged from seclusion. The third generation of princes is now struggling to make obstinate vision conquer the torpid fact. King Mongkut was kept from mounting his father's throne for twenty-seven years by the usurping intervention of a half brother. He sought safety and wisdom in that period in a Buddhist *wat* among the shaven-headed, yellow-robed monks. When he finally arrived, he had acquired a determination to modernize his kingdom. He spent his allotted time of power in building up foreign trade relations and encouraging public works. His succeeding son, King Chulalongkorn, set the present fashion by being trained carefully in Western ideas. Chulalongkorn's sons and his still more numerous grandsons have fixed and developed that policy.

Chulalongkorn faced for thirty-seven years of benign despotism a double-edged problem. He had enemies within and without. The upper classes among his own people opposed his reforms because new laws defined new responsibilities and disturbed old prerogatives, while his frontiers, facing British expansion on one side and French on the other, were constantly endangered. But he abolished slavery, set up the first competent courts, brought the different regions of his territory closer together with better communications,

encouraged irrigation of waste lands and better methods of rice culture. He was the great political explorer and discoverer, acting on his predecessor's example and giving his ardent descendants a foundation worth building on.

King Chulalongkorn's educational ideas have been recently systematized in a compulsory-education law which applies to the whole child-population, probably above two millions. Heretofore it has been chiefly in the wats, from the monks, that the boys, if ever, have learned to read. Girls and boys both are to have teachers now as fast as they can be provided. There are more than 15,000 Boy Scouts already enrolled and a Junior Red Cross organization is bringing Siamese children into touch with universal humanitarian ideas.

II

This work seems difficult in a huddle of large villages, a mixture of divine splendors and muddy squalor, like Bangkok. What can it mean outside the city, in paddy-field and jungle—even though every member of the populous royal family chooses his task in his boyhood and goes to the best school in the world for that particular profession and educates himself to do his special share? If you ride out from Bangkok on the state railway toward the North, to Ayuthia, for instance, where the rare visitor may go to see the ruins of ancient wonders, you pass through blue-and-silver swamps. The landscape looks very often as if a flood were just subsiding. In full ditches along the track float huge pink lotus flowers. The paddy-birds, all grace and pearly whiteness, fly in the yellow sunshine. Clumps of tiny thatched dwellings are lifted out of water on stilts. Under them in the ditches, and in the flooded rice-fields themselves, bulking everywhere are the clumsy, gray-black

buffaloes, domestic slaves and best friends of Siamese farmers. Banana trees grow around the huts, or anywhere they can catch hold, and their flat dark leaves, springing stemless from the ground, are like weeds in a fantastic dream. Thickets of bamboo and tall sugar-palms make a pleasant edge of green for the glistening wetness of the fields. In such entrancing scenes the peasants live, amid lotus flowers and thoughts of Buddha, water buffaloes, and muddy toil, malaria, mosquitoes, and the hookworm.

Modern West Europeans or Americans, the beings who represent the fine flower of the culture which Siamese royal reformers are trying to inculcate by ukase, are not exactly received with enthusiasm when they visit the paddy-fields or the rare villages. The stranger, in order to see them as they are, must invade a village on a market day; he sees most if he ploughs up the middle of the Menam or one of its tributary streams through a river market. On both sides of him the long narrow boats are filled to the gunwales—which are almost awash in the constant movement—with vegetables and fruits, pastries and sweetmeats, household utensils on which a suspiciously European trade-mark might be found, articles of clothing, straw sun-hats, and heaps of vermilion-colored paste. The paste is the preparation of lime that helps to give the betel-chewing habit its horrors of smell and expectoration.

The stranger, the representative of invading civilization, will probably receive simple grave curiosity from most of these disturbed merchants and their customers. But a modest and skeptical eye may notice more than one old woman,—her brown face wrinkled and drawn, her black hair standing up indignantly in a short pompadour above her low forehead, her shrunken shoulders and arms bare above her

breast-cloth and her legs bare below her *panung*,—who spits from her blackened teeth a blood-red spurt of betel juice and glares with open malice. A properly humble visiting mind might understand her disapproval of pallid strangers with ridiculous, stiff, uncomfortable clothing, simpering manners, outlandish speech, and disgusting odors of alcohol and tobacco smoke.

Old women, however, being the guardians of old things, are almost always hostile to the new. The young Siamese do not resent the education laws, the sanitation, the railroads that are being brought to them by their princes. It is said that they envy their betters the chance to study abroad, and thus acquire directly a Western illumination, more than they envy them their birth and right to rule. Perhaps they envy them also the streak of exceptional capacity that seems to run through the princes. They are a remarkable group of men for other reasons than just their rank and their responsibilities. The list is long and hard to read, whether the names are given in transliteration out of the royal Pali alphabet or in English equivalents. Prince Nagar Svarga (called Nagung Sawung) is royal adviser and a strength to the kingdom. Prince Amoradat is secretary of the Red Cross and so administrator of the ambitious public-health programme being carried on through that organization. Prince Kambaeng Bejra builds and maintains railroads. Someone suited for every necessity seems discoverable. One young man, after a Beaux Arts training, devotes himself to the study of Khmer architecture, out of which the Siamese architectural idiom was derived, and serves the State in preserving old temples as well as in designing new ones whose weird, glittering beauties do not fall noticeably beneath the standards of the ancients.

Youth holds on to what is worth while in the past as it reaches out for the new.

Communication and transportation are, of course, the necessary nerves of unification and growth. The task of H. R. H. Prince Kambaeng Bejra is not simple and calls out the extraordinary energy and power which that prince possesses. He has an example of successful railway maintenance near at hand. The traveler going down the peninsula bursts suddenly out of Siam where the railway runs between pressing jungle walls into open spaces where the same jungles have been conquered and cleared. At the very border of the Federated Malay States the long-standing achievements of British administration are attested by well-policed highways and an appearance of established order. In his own territory the Siamese administrator cannot run a train at night, even now, without patrolling every mile. It is said, although for this no one is willing to stand as authority, that within the last two years more than one jungle elephant has charged out of the immense florid thickets and attempted — with some success — to butt a puny man-made train off the track. Trains do run, however, with precision and comfort, making it possible to go back and forth from Singapore without braving the choppy terrors of the Gulf.

III

The works of Imperialism all around Siam may be achievements to emulate; but the political circumstances are a threat. A small triangle of rice-swamp, jungle, and mountain wilderness, inhabited by a few millions, cannot hope to remain the only free spot in southern Asia just by wishing. For about six centuries after Kublai Khan drove them southward out of his empire they made a yearly bow to the nominal

suzerainty of China, but it was only a bow and they got weary of giving even that. In the nineteenth century, when they were casting off these vestigial bonds, their neighbors, Shans and Burmese and Malays on west and south, were slipping into the hands of British rulers; and on the north and east the Laos and Annamites into the hands of the French. Their policy of imposing imperialistic benefits on themselves might be interpreted as an effort to keep abreast of neighbors who receive those benefits from alien Western hands, and so to render Siam less obvious prey for invasion and control.

A complete cynic who had no faith that any motives but the most material actuate imperial foreign offices might say that the Siamese are unmolested because across their narrow triangle of free territory the British and the French find themselves unpleasantly face to face. Those two nations have obvious reasons for not wanting to share a boundary in Asia which might be so fertile of difficulties, a boundary of jungle and mountain, ill-defined and infested with tribes which might be hard to control.

As the French came westward from Saigon and the British east into Burma, they hesitated and eyed each other. The French did not escape actual conflict with the Siamese. The Indo-Chinese peoples over whom the French had acquired domination were blood relatives and prehistoric enemies of the Thais. Boundary disputes broke into guerrilla dueling in the 1890's. But the two Western Powers saw whether this might lead and in 1896 they signed an agreement between themselves, to be extended later, which defined the limits of Siam and constituted a mutual promise between these strangers not to encroach on the Siamese kingdom.

So within a constricted circle the Siamese Princes have been, in a degree,

at liberty to work out their people's destiny; but it is a liberty that seems precarious, unquiet, and charged with responsibility. There is almost an air of hurry about the effort, as if they feared the opportunity might not last.

The rights that powerful neighbors demand for themselves, even of a free country, are not always consistent with what a free country may consider best for its own interests. Take the question of opium. It is a comparatively recent problem for the Siamese; their first experience with opium and their first adoptions of Western ideas came together in the middle of the last century. There was prohibition of the dangerous new drug, with public burnings and preaching and other useless demonstrations, until the Government decided to get what benefit it could out of a bad business. Opium-dealing was farmed out and a substantial part of the State revenue was obtained from a traffic which the State did not cease to condemn and discourage. Supplies came largely from British India. The agitation which swept through the Orient at the end of the century was shared in Siam and the Government made its disapproval more effective by changing the farming-system into complete control through smokers' licences.

The difficulty of having powerful neighbors became manifest when the Siamese Government decided that it must find a substitute for the opium revenues, which were then nearly a fourth of the total income, if it was to suppress the vice still further. The rice-grower seemed to be paying all he could scrape together in ordinary taxes. The obvious resource was a tariff on the imports which the imperial Governments of Europe (and America) put at Siam's door. Here is where freedom had a condition. The State found itself bound by treaties, the same treaties which protect it from aggression and

encroachment, not to tax such imports. In an official statement before the health conference of the Oriental Red Cross Societies, Bangkok, November 1922, the Minister of Finance said, 'The want of power to readjust her revenues, as required, is one of the reasons which may deter this country from putting into force the measures having for their object the registration of smokers'—in other words, the measures for suppressing the opium habit.

Other questions are not so complex. In a brave fight against the hookworm, Western intervention, exerted through the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, has been a necessary aid. There has been foreign help, too, in the effort to collect into hospitals the numerous lepers and begin their cure with chaulmoogra oil.

It would require an acute and determined mind to draw any lesson for America out of the Siamese experiments. There are American minds at work on the experiments themselves, as advisers to the State and in the technical boards for public improvement. Americans are on the ground to supplement what princes have been able to learn at first hand in American and European schools. But to bring back out of that alien and unique situation anything useful to us is difficult. Careful study might accomplish something, however, and we are not so established in our own political maturity that we can afford to neglect any hint.

Are we, in truth, ready for, or interested in, any imperialism in our own dooryard? If we mean what we frequently say about our benevolent desires to weld the whole of two continents into one harmonious and developed unity, if we are willing to share a cultural hegemony of the two Americas with the elements of Hispanic civilization which are comparable to our own Anglo-European ideas — we might

learn something in method from the Siamese royal family, whose laboratory is only slightly more populous than New York and Chicago taken together.

The one inevitable lesson is that imperialism at home — or over your next-door neighbors — is possible, in accord with our avowed political ethics, only if there exists a sincere and well-understood impulse of brotherhood. If the Siamese princes are capable of imposing Western civilization on their own countrymen it is largely because there is no suspicion of ulterior purposes behind the rigorous, exacting laws for improvement. We cannot make laws for our neighbors; and we cannot even make fruitful suggestions unless we are purged of our conviction of superiority and free from the taint of selfishness.

Even then we may be helpless. It is hard to be certain that the Siamese civilizers are not helpless. In one of their Western-like houses, in an atmosphere of cultivated hospitality and intelligent worldliness, the whole programme seems feasible if not easy. But after the evening is done the visitor from the West is bowed out through the front gate into the road. The liveried servants withdraw and the compound goes back to its forest silence. At the entrance to that circle of cosmopolitan and generous thought lies still the old world of the klong and the house boat. The coolie, for whom all the efforts are invoked, is sleeping on the poop deck of his dwelling on a square of ragged matting, with the water lapping under his head and visions of bigger rice-bowls in his dreams. His wife is rocking one of the next generation behind him in the shadows. In the minds and hearts of these is the answer to the problem of future change. The stranger is shut out. The native apostle of improvement is fascinated by the question as to how far into this mystery his own campaign can penetrate.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHRISTMAS UNDERGROUND

THE day began as its predecessors. At 6.45 the sergeant's whistle pierced our sleep. 'On your feet, wolves!' he shouted, and flung up the blanket that covered the abri's entrance. Protestingly we drew ourselves out of our woolen warmth into the cutting dampness of underground. Our teeth chattered as we wound our putties. It was n't till later, when we were standing about the field kitchen burning our lips with tin cups of coffee, that a voice suggested, 'Merry Christmas.' The proper answer given and received was 'Merry as hell!'

Our feet squelched in the liquid mud that chilled us through the rubber, and from habit we gazed at the dun waves of earth which undulated toward the lines. Distant guns struck like hammer-blows at the leaden sky. Someone cursed the mail. There was reason. Since our division had moved back *en repos* sixteen days ago we had had not a letter. Furthermore, we had had no pay. Half of us had no tobacco, and the other half had too little to lend. Without 'work,' without our sources of illusion, we were miserable. We lived in the timbered cellar of a squashed granary and we moved through the routine of *repos* cold and complaining.

The day continued indifferently. We stood inspection and our feet went numb. Surrounding an iron marmite we chipped the skin from slimy frozen potatoes. 'Fry 'em up, cook!' we begged. We quarreled as to whose turn it was to search for firewood. 'General' Wallace, so called because he washed more often than Pershing, heated a

pail of water and took a bath in his rubber basin. 'Drip on your own blankets!' we protested, angered by his virtue, and were delighted when the basin collapsed. The Lieutenant had been seen driving off in his staff-car. 'Trust him!' we growled, thinking of our empty stomachs. 'Back to Noyon for a good meal!'

Our gloom deepened with the early dusk. Christmas was not an event on this calendar. We lay humped in our blankets, thinking of warmth and home, or sat about the stove 'crabbing' in a chorus of contempt. With elaborate irony O'Brien read aloud the headline from an old *Times*: 'Boys At Yaphank Suffer In Rain.' In a far corner a mouth organ whined sourly. 'Oh, shut up, can't you!' Beside a candle Vosberg read and surreptitiously munched some chocolate. Where he had gotten it we did not know. It was too small to share. But we damned him in our envy.

The cook appeared. 'It's snowing,' he remarked. We did not care about that. 'What's for supper?' we asked. 'Stew.' 'What, no fried potatoes? No rice pudding? Hell, is n't it Christmas?' 'No lard. No rice. Stew,' said the cook laconically.

'I want four men up here,' called the sergeant from the abri door.

Those of us who climbed up into the night found the sergeant beside the rattling staff-car. Silently he flicked his torch into the tonneau. It was bulky with canvas mail-sacks. 'Ye-ah! Mail!' we shouted as we hauled them out. And beneath the sacks on the floor were two cases of golden-neck bottles.

'Who'll trade Fatimas for Camels?'

'Hank, see what m' girl made me—knitted 'em herself. . . .' 'Aspirin, castor oil capsules, and Foot Ease: there's a merry present for you! . . .' 'Who'll have some fudge? . . .' 'Say, will you listen to this: "Oh, Dick, how I can picture you, wandering through No Man's Land, lantern in hand!"' How do they get that way! . . .' 'Here's looking at you, Slim! . . .' "'Add a cup of milk, butter size of walnut, and serve hot.' Great idea that. . . .' 'Is that soap or candy?' 'Cripes, Sally Winslow's engaged!'

We sat in the aureole of a lantern hung from the beams. Two splintered doors laid on empty fuse-cases served as our table. The stove's belly glowed a dull red. The warm air was scented with the freshly opened sweets, the soap—almost a Christmas fragrance. We read the familiar handwriting on our packages, then tore open the paper and fingered the dainty tissue within (Wow, how dirty our hands were!); we dropped the red ribbons round our necks—and drew forth our presents! The marmite of stew steamed on the table, and our tin cups were filled again and again with nectar. No wine will ever taste quite like that from our old tin cups, stained black in the inside with their blend of coffee, pinard, and rum. Licking the gravy from their knives, some slit open their letters while they ate; others kept the packet in their breast pockets for private reading. Our letters as much as told us we were heroes and the champagne gave us strength to believe it. Hunger was surfeited. We were warm at last.

'Rabbit' Kindall, who had nine aunts, climbed on a box and claimed the knitting championship. He exhibited a worsted helmet without any face. 'See, you put it on, and there you are—safe as an ostrich.' And a cootie string. 'A what?' we shouted. 'I'll read the directions: "Dear Rob-

ert, I am sending you a cootie string. It was recommended to me by Mrs. Keswick. We have been told that you boys tie them about your waist. The cooties are attracted to the worsted, and when the trap is full all you need to do is hang it on a tree and come away refreshed.'" 'Try it!' we cried, rocking with laughter. A specimen was obtained without much difficulty and placed on a sheet of paper, close to the 'trap.' With one look at the worsted it fled in the opposite direction.

And now the mouth organ was in a frenzy and the 'Kentucky Colonels' (Privates, Second Class) were clogging. We sang. We sang of Rinky Dinky, Madelon, The Tattooed Lady, and other warriors too humorous to mention. We sang:—

I want to go home,
I want to go home!
The bullets they rattle; the cannons they roar,
I don't want to go to the Front any more.
Take me over the sea
Where the Allemands can't get at me.
Oh, my! I don't want to die.
I want to go home!

But Tom, our tenor, and the biggest man in the Section, had fallen asleep beside the stove. 'Wake up, Tom. Come and sing, Tom—it's Christmas.' Tom shook himself and climbed to his feet. 'Goin' out t' get th' Germans,' he announced thickly. In this mood, swaying slightly, his big fingers stretched rigidly open, Tom frequently sought 'the Germans.' But never found them. We sang on.

We had subsided into our blankets and with candles beside us were reading our mail when there sounded the clump of boots on the steps. Tom appeared in the doorway. If he had not found the Germans he had certainly found the snow. It marked him where he had fallen. 'Merry Christmas, Tom,' someone called. 'Stars are out,' said Tom, gazing at us solemnly. We waited in

wonder. His fingers were closed: a good sign. Then he braced himself and threw back his head:—

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep . . .

His big beautiful voice reverberated through the abri. Hardly one of us but knew that hymn by heart. It is the hymn of all Christmas.

The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

We would have stopped him had we been able. Goose flesh came on our cheeks. Those who as children have heard their mothers sing will know how we felt. Tom sang every verse.

We blew out the candles and drew the blankets up to our ears. 'Good-night, Tom.'

We heard Tom sing these same words in church this morning. His hands were closed on the pew in front, and his wife reached nearly to his shoulder. Hearing him singing so, we thought on those other times seven years since, and had hardly finished by the close of the sermon.

THE EGG OF THE EGO

'MEET my friend, name of Bantam,' says my friend Duck; 'charming chap, excellent fellow.'

He vanishes. Bantam eyes me as I him. Our corporal presences are as platters to each other; we look beyond the background of china, willow-patterned, gold-rimmed, Panamaed, or knickerbockered, to the substance unmistakable lying beneath.

'What sort of concoction have we here?' we murmur, mutually poking about a bit with knife and fork. Surely that ingratiating smile is mere garnish, a sprig of parsley, say. He offers a

smoke: a dab of potato on the side. He rambles genially: a sprinkling of salt and pepper, a dash of paprika—What's that? (How casually it drifts into the perspective!) It seems he drives a Buick, the new model, a wonderful car. The *pièce de résistance* lurks no longer among parsley foliage or in potato shade. It is always there: it could never be mistaken. It is only its clientele and its carefully culinaried cloaks of disguise that vary from man to man. The epicure soon uncovers them.

'Hard-boiled!' he mutters, tapping the Buick vices and virtues, and disclosing therein those of its lord and master.

'Stuffed!' he explodes a week later. 'Bantam's a cousin of Mandrake, the big Dairy Man, knows him well, in fact. You've seen the name of course? Yes, you've seen it. You've seen it!'

And the others: one Bird, he of the big Bird family, Sparrow—that's his name! Will he ever have done quoting that wife of his? She's very common; everyone knows it; née English, we understand, but she belongs to Sparrow—she's his. And his daughters! High-fliers, higher than most, to his thinking. Coddled is Sparrow, coddled to a turn.

And Pigeon: he chatters on every street-corner, every curb, every market: how he picked up his fortune. It was his judgment that advised heavy buying in the Featherbloom Underwear stock—and where is it now? Forty above par, gentlemen, if it is one per cent. He knew from the first that the Nest Egg securities were scoundrels, all of 'em. *He knew, he knew!* Did n't he tell you all the time? Oh, impossible, that Pigeon! Messy mind, messy way of thinking—scrambled, badly scrambled.

And others, still others: what could one call them? They are more than

dropped, much more. A trifle déclassé, perhaps? Yes, more than déclassé—decadent! There you have it. They reek of brimstone—nay, further, of sulphur, of hydrogen sulphide, of the nether region. Let us consign them to it; let us, indeed.

And what of ourselves, gentlemen, what of ourselves? Egos all, believe me.

“You egg!” rips out the murderer of the Macduff heir apparent (I have not verified the quotation), and the child dies.

“You ego!” shrieks one wildly to one’s inner self; but stabs and stabs in vain. The egg of the ego is not thus easily done to death. It is there, it is there; behold, even in the germ of the protoplasm—it is there. In the words of the immortal Burke, we cannot change it, we cannot prosecute it as criminal, but what, in the name of Heaven, can we do with it? Gentlemen, we can do nothing. As the *Atlantic Monthly* would have it (*vide* August issue, A.D. 1922, Contributors’ Column), we can only ‘leave it lay’!

L'État, c'est moi!

Cogito — ergo sum.

OLD RUSSIA OVER THE BORDER

Just over the border from the new Russia, and so out of reach of Soviet iconoclasm, lies the monastery of Petchory, a bit of the Middle Ages so perfect and so untouched by the rush of our modern world that we who made a pilgrimage there have difficulty to convince ourselves that what we found was not a dream of another world.

From the moment we stepped off the little train we were part of a pageant, a long procession winding over the hills to the village of Petchory. First, in a grand carriage, drove the Metropolite, the Russian Orthodox Bishop of Estonia, in a tight black robe and high hat with flowing veil, come on the train

from Tallinn to help to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Archimandrite, the head of the monastery. Then there were three gay strolling musicians, a lad in a bright-blue peasant blouse with a great shock of yellow hair, playing a huge accordion, a tall youth in a red blouse and a broad-brimmed hat who fiddled, and a debonair half-drunk one who called out maudlinly to us, for Americans were unknown sights and attracted more attention than the Bishop.

Two old priests, sitting with as much dignity as they could command on the top of a pile of hay, came rattling over the cobblestones in a crude cart. We sat by the road and watched the procession straggle by, more picturesque, more gorgeously Russian than we ever imagined Russia could be. Tall peasant men in linen blouses with gay girdles, barefooted old women with kerchiefs on their heads, half-naked children rolling hoops crookedly over the rough cobblestones. We crossed a river where naked boys were bathing and women were washing clothes by beating them with paddles. And then, over low hills, we saw the blue and green domes of the monastery.

We stopped at a thatch-roofed cottage to ask for something to eat, and were cordially ushered into a low, pink-walled room, one corner hung with icons, the floor covered with gay hand-woven rugs. A crude bench ran along three sides of the room, and on the fourth, half hidden by a cotton curtain, was the great white-plastered stove, with room for three to sleep on top and one on a shelf built along its side. Our hostess, a barefooted peasant woman in a flowered kerchief, set earthen plates, large wooden spoons, a pitcher of fresh milk, hunks of black bread, new butter and honey, on a great brown table decorated with gay painted figures. Two tiny yellow-haired boys stood in

one corner and watched us with wonder in their eyes. One by one the rest of the family came in to gaze at the strange Americans — a bent old grandmother, the tall white-haired grandfather in high boots and a Russian blouse, a wee girl in a red apron. The grandmother told the one of us who understood Russian that several years ago two other Americans had come to Petchory, so she had seen our like before.

They offered us new-mown hay to sleep on for the night, so we left our packs in a corner and started out to the monastery. In a little shop in the village we found Gospozha, a beautiful Russian woman with golden hair and large coral earrings, a gray-blue dress the color of her eyes, short-vamp shoes, and bare ankles as beautifully kept as her hands. 'I am rather a pet of the Archimandrite,' she said, tossing her head. 'I will take you to him and to the service.' Russians are communicative, and we soon learned that she and her husband had been in the household of the Tsar and had fled during the revolution to this tiny Estonian village. She spoke beautiful French and German, but 'Bah,' she said, 'I would not learn Estonian. It is so very ugly.'

Over the little village the turrets of the monastery gleamed blue and green and golden in the sunshine. We went under an arched gate, through a dim passage, and past a tiny shrine into the sunlit cloister gardens. Through great old trees we saw the buildings of the monastery, pale pink, salmon, cream, and white, under roofs the color of green willow leaves. Sometime in the fourteenth century the first monk had come to Petchory. First he and his followers lived in the forest, then in catacombs under the ground, and gradually there grew up this beautiful place which seems not to have changed since the Middle Ages. In the days of Ivan the Terrible it grew so strong that

Ivan feared the power of Cornelius, its head, and came himself to Petchory. And when Cornelius came to meet him, and knelt to give him bread and salt, Ivan the Terrible slew him.

The bells were ringing for the evening service. First a great bell tolled slowly, then others joined one by one until there were fifteen, vibrant, excited, filling the valley with their clamorous chimes. One by one the monks in their long black robes filed up the long shady stairway to the church. The Archimandrite in his golden head-dress stopped to speak with us. We could not understand what he said, but his face was old and kind.

The steps of the old Russian church are wide and white. Little yellow leaves dropped on them from high trees and the fragrance of incense floated out through the great doors. For two hours we stood with reverent peasants and watched the old priests move slowly through the formal ceremonies; listened to the deep-voiced chanting of the ritual and the choir singing strange delightful music. All the priests were old and had soft hair falling to their shoulders and long soft beards. They wore silver-blue brocaded robes, and the Metropolite had a great stiff gown of purple and silver and a high gold and jeweled crown.

Most of the worshipers were hushed peasants in gay old Russian dress, bearded men in embroidered-linen blouses and high boots, and women with white kerchiefs, scarlet headbands and girdles, and much crimson embroidery on their full sleeves and aprons. Their flat feet stood solid and unshifting and their wide hands reached often to make the sign of the cross, from forehead to heart, from one strong shoulder to the other. Some brought yellow candles and lighted them before the pictures of their favorite saints and kissed the glass that

guards the pictures from their lips. An old stooped woman pushed me aside so she could kneel to kiss the robe of a priest who passed, swinging a silver incense-pot. A young man beside me, tall and thickly bearded, sang softly with the choir. And next to him a young girl held the knot of her white kerchief under her chin while she knelt to pray. There were beauty and true reverence at Petchory.

Gospozha took us to the Black Cat, Petchory's restaurant, for supper, and then home to our log cottage. The watchdog of our peasant host barked loudly at us as we swung open the unpainted door and came into the little courtyard made by the peasant's home and the three or four other huts, all log and with thatched roofs, that were used to house his horse and cow and pig and chickens. After washing in the little river back of the house and drying on red-and-white hand-woven towels, we found homespun blankets spread out for us in the hayloft and climbed in.

The next day was Sunday, and the sacred oil burned before the icon in our peasant's house. The samovar was going when we went in for breakfast, and there were curds and black bread on the table. The grandmother was getting into her beautiful old peasant dress to wear to church, and the mother had put shoes on her bare feet.

Already carts were rolling over the cobblestones to the village, taking families to the church. For to-day was a great day at the monastery, and the Metropolite had come from Tallinn. After breakfast we followed them and found the gardens of the monastery thronged with people who had come from miles around. I was glad to have seen it first in the stillness of the night before, for to-day it swarmed with the scarlet and black and white of the gayly dressed peasants. For six long morning hours the service lasted in the great

church, and for most of that time we wandered around the cloister gardens, watching the people who had come to spend the day, to worship for a little in the church and wander out again to sit on the grass in the sunshine and gossip with their neighbors. Besides the Russians in their beautiful old costumes there were a few 'half believers,' so called because they are members of the Russian church but are Estonians and not Russians, and little groups of soldiers, beggars in rags, and gay dirty gypsies who wanted to tell our fortunes and heaped black curses on our heads when we didn't give them money.

After the service there was a great feast in honor of the Archimandrite, and huge iron kettles of borsch, a Russian soup of beets and sour cream, and trays of *kalachi*, a kind of bread, were carried across the courtyard to feed the multitude. Two serving women carrying a long tray stumbled on the steps near us and a dozen *kalachi* fell to the ground. An old monk coming along behind stooped to pick them up.

That afternoon a monk with auburn hair led us, with lighted candles in our hands, through the long damp passages of the catacombs, and showed us the ancient cells and the chapel where the monks once met to worship and the tombs of all the monks who had died at the monastery in six hundred years.

We lingered so long listening to his tales that we left too short a time to walk the long miles to the train that was to take us back into the world again. So we bade a hurried farewell to our peasant family and hailed a passing cart. Gospozha bargained with the driver, cursing him roundly. 'Can't you see they are Americans?' she said. 'And you robbing them like that!' But they finally came to terms and we jogged off, waving her good-bye and watching the turrets of the old world disappear beyond the river.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

NEVER was a case more fairly stated than Dr. L. P. Jacks's description of that black and blank mystery which each of us confronts. The ringing confidence of his last pages will carry hope far among people to whom such words are as life itself. Dr. Jacks is editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, and Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Jane Littell draws from her own experience a solution of the economic problem of matrimony. ¶Through the epistle of E. C. J. there gleams that temperament which abandons security, stakes the whole of life, and suffers despair that it may know the ecstasy of beauty. John Jay Chapman, a father of sons, pictures our American schools with their many symbols of sport, their 'small Latin and less Greek,' in a manner painfully realistic to other ambitious parents. ¶That in Kentucky 'pigs is pigs' with a vengeance, is the inimitable tale of Olive Tilford Dargan.

* * *

Glenn W. Birkett, a dirt farmer of Wisconsin, denounces that paternalistic legislation which has sought to coddle him and his fellow farmers. ¶In the English shires Conrad Aiken has found the ripening atmosphere for his pungent and imaginative verse. ¶Every engineer will stand taller and straighter in his boots for having read Arthur D. Little's eloquent tribute to the members of the 'Fifth Estate.' Mr. Little will be remembered for his stimulating review of 'Physics and Civilization' which appeared in the July *Atlantic*. ¶From her home in Dublin Nora Connolly O'Brien comments on her 'Visions': —

They are real experiences of mine. . . . They came to me when I was awake; they were not like dreams — more like a play in which I had a part. I tried to reason them out in the light of memory, knowing how a sight, taste, or sound will awaken memories of things long forgotten. But they do not come within the range of living memories, as they seem to me when thinking of them to belong to far distant times. . . . In

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'Visions' I wrote only of three of many like experiences and chose them as being the most interesting and the most varied.

I am hoping that you will publish them and that as a result I will get from some of your readers ease from my puzzlement.

* * *

Under one of his serviceable pseudonyms, 'Yussuf Effendi,' a former Intelligence Officer relates the true account of an excursion which possessed the adventure of our light opera without any of its reassuring make-believe. ¶The holidays would be incomplete without Margaret Prescott Montague, who has long delighted the *Atlantic* with her prose and verse. ¶That Christmas is a reality in the Colombian wilderness is the moving narrative of Kenneth Irving Brown. ¶For the comfort of those who are impatient or discouraged with the slow and errant programme of the world, a thoughtful woman has told the memories of her eighty-one years. ¶With fond appreciation Percy Lubbock, English essayist and critic, remembers that luminous understanding between master and scholar which is so essential in fine schooling. ¶The Adams-Jefferson letters have never before been published in their natural juxtaposition. In so arranging them Paul Wilstach was impressed by the deep friendliness of these two ex-Presidents, which had survived so many years of political enmity. Mr. Wilstach reminds us that John Adams's last words were 'Jefferson still survives.' Alexander McAdie's whimsical description of the perplexities which clog our liquid measures may be trusted to excite mathematicians, metricalians, and opponents of the Volstead Act.

* * *

The article on the Irish boundary question speaks for itself. For the careful reader it is worth while to quote verbatim Article 12 of the 1921 Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland, since it is in

this article that the present difficulty resides.

If, before the expiration of the said month, an address is presented to His Majesty by both Houses of the Parliament of Northern Ireland to that effect, the powers of the Parliament and the Government of the Irish Free State shall no longer extend to Northern Ireland, and the provisions of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920 (including those relating to the Council of Ireland), shall, so far as they relate to Northern Ireland, continue to be of full force and effect, and this instrument shall have effect subject to the necessary modifications.

Provided that if such an address is so presented a Commission consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one who shall be Chairman, to be appointed by the British Government, shall determine, in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument, the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission.

Robert Sencourt, a frequent contributor to the English reviews, prepared his present paper in Rome, where he was privileged to meet the Vatican diplomats and to hold audience with the Cardinal Secretary of State. For the last four years **Lyman Bryson** has served on the staff of the League of Red Cross Societies, during which time he has been traveling, lecturing, and writing in Europe and Asia. Mr. Bryson's story, 'The Cyprian,' appeared in the November *Atlantic*.

* * *

This, the gravest aspect of our great national problem, must appeal to the sympathy and sense of justice of every reader:—

October 15, 1924

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am an outcast — a social pariah.

The reason for it is a hard one and this is an appeal for advice. What am I to do?

The confession can be put in three words — short, but full of tragedy — I don't drink. I am

unfitted for all social gatherings — at least here in the city where I live.

No one wants me at their 'parties.' Bridge and dinner parties, ladies' luncheons, and tea parties all feel me to be the proverbial wet blanket — or is it a dry one, in this case?

It is n't that I rant on Prohibition or look disapprovingly at those who don't feel as I do. I have always been rather flattered by being told that I allow others to do as they see fit. It's just that I *don't* drink. It casts a pall.

The reasons for my not drinking are not whims or life-long convictions. To you I confess I gave it up when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Somewhere in me lies a deep-rooted love and respect for law.

I don't dare ever mention this reason — it is concealed in the recesses of my soul as darkly as a deadly sin. It is bad enough not to drink, but to give *this*, observance of the law, as a reason, would spell everlasting anathema!

Another reason — or reasons — is a love, hate, and dread feeling toward liquor itself; an inherited love of it, a hatred for its effect of even temporarily clouding my mind, and a dread of its power.

Perhaps my principal reason is my best-beloved, my sixteen-year-old son.

The present generation forces on him a real problem, as great as slavery at the outbreak of the Civil War. Families are divided on it; ours is.

My husband *apologizes* for me wherever we go! He complains to all our friends and acquaintances of my defection. Seriously, too. He really *feels* abused. In his milder moments he calls me 'odd.'

Out and out 'wet parties' he goes to alone, with no complaint from me. If, by error, I get into one, anyone who has kept sober when all others were not will extend me his sympathy. They did n't want me there; I did n't want to be there.

It is hard to know when to go, or where. Very hard to be made to feel conspicuous. I never comment on my husband's drinking. He more than comments on my not doing so; mine is the crime. And we are very normal, everyday people, not unusual in any way. *But*, we are splitting wide asunder on this one question.

Our son sees our struggle. So far, praise be to God, he does n't drink at all.

What a problem for him to decide, though: whether his father be right, or his mother. He loves us equally. Discussion of this one problem with him is denied me. How can I conscientiously try to convince him his father is a law-breaker?

What is the solution?

C. C.

We cannot but appreciate the fair distinctions which are contained in this request. Gladly will we listen to any persuasive spokesman of the 'Old Faith.'

September 30, 1924

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Reading the *Atlantic Monthly* has been a habit in our family for several generations. I do not remember that, in the early days, we ever looked to the *Atlantic* for politics or religion. It was not supposed to 'meddle' extensively with either. But we regarded it as a paramount in things of the intellect, and in literature as our critic.

Other times, other manners! To-day we find literary criticism essentially relegated to certain columns of fine print, interspersed with advertisements, outside the *Atlantic's* hallowed precincts, as it were. Within these precincts the central position is held by questions of the day, with politics and religion conspicuously in evidence. The magazine has become 'an organ of affairs.' This may be all to the good. I am not quite sure there. But I am quite sure that thus far it remains as inevitable in our family as ever.

However, there has come down through the years still another tradition of the *Atlantic* — this being that it was nothing if not fair. Partisan or prejudiced it could never be, or so we thought. But just now the question is often asked among us: Since the *Atlantic* is going in for religion, why does it fail to give room for more than one point of view in the present religious crisis? (I have not failed to welcome the south wind which came with healing in its wings last month after Professor Lake's killing frost, but that is beside the mark.)

In your pages Modernism holds undisputed sway. Its position appears impregnable, indisputable. Its champions speak 'the great word.' Over against them from time to time — less, it would almost seem, as opponent than as foil — there will enter for a moment an excited, eccentric, and rather absurd figure named Fundamentalism.

But many are asking, Is it quite fair for Protestants to be set forth thus, implicitly, as divided into Modernists and the 'singular sect called Fundamentalists'? We who are inside the evangelical churches know of a surety that the great, unbroken army of us, outnumbering both of these groups by far, is neither the one nor the other. And this is understood outside as well. The writers for the *Atlantic*, who caricature anti-Modernism by way of Fundamentalism, can hardly be ignorant of the fact that the title 'Fundamentalist,' perfectly good in itself, was snatched up as soon as coined, and appropriated by a small but noisy group of Verbalists

and Literalists who are far from representing the majority of evangelical Christians. One wonders how it chances that these, your writers of experience and discrimination, suppress this, and insist upon attributing to all Christians not Modernist the eccentricities and extremes of one small group?

Can it be because it is easier to demolish an adversary obviously in the wrong than one obviously in the right?

I say obviously in the right advisedly, for, so long as we are considering the Christian Church, there can be no question that those who still hold to the Christ and the Christianity of the New Testament are in duty bound to stand by their colors. If they cannot do that, it is for them to go elsewhere, to seek another religion. And this is what the bolder spirits among Modernists are doing, compelled by their naturalistic logic. The Christian religion, having been built indubitably upon a divine and risen Christ, can no longer have power over them. Faith is vain, and preaching is also vain.

I confess I agree with Dean Inge that the invention of a new religion has been demonstrated to be an impossibility. 'One might as well try to build a tree,' so he says. It is *life* that we want, is it not? 'Cultural, creative criticism' will not suffice us. *To whom shall we go?* we ask with Simon Peter. *Thou hast the words of eternal life.*

All of which brings me to ask if it might be reasonable, the *Atlantic* being sympathetic to religious discussion, for a spokesman for the Old Faith to be given a hearing in its pages ere long.

C. A. M.

* * *

In attempting to square this problem the counsel of a mathematician is useful.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

The question, 'Shall I Divorce My Wife?' in the *Atlantic* for August was rarely presented more unselfishly. One case, however, which I happened to know about, seems slightly less vulnerable, to me. The woman to whom I refer was a friend of my mother's who had lived with her husband, apparently most happily, for twenty-five years, when suddenly, one night the railroad agent in the town where she lived announced that her husband and another woman had just departed, on their way to Europe.

Then and there the mother of those children decided that she would not shatter the love her children had for their father; they were merely told that father had gone away on a long trip. For the sake of her children the mother preferred to be a deserted wife, rather than a divorced one. Nothing in a legal way that she could do did she

feel would atone for what had been done. He had deserted her and forgotten their children, who really were a mutual responsibility.

The children frequently are the last ones thought of in a divorce proceeding, and though Mr. or Dr. 'Burnham Hall' is by no means forgetful of his child his logic seems faulty, in thinking that the child should accompany the mother on the mother's second adventure. Granting a divorce seems clearly to be what 'Mrs. Hall' wants, but can her child learn the 'sacredness of marriage and motherhood,' which the father wants her to learn, at the knee of a mother who has broken her own vows and presented her child with two fathers? Will arithmetic and morals square, even in the mind of a young child?

M. B. B.

* * *

We shall be glad to discuss this idea with hotel clerks and sextons—and dentists.

October 7, 1924

GENTLEMEN: —

The October number of the *Atlantic* yesterday came near undoing me — in fact, psychically, it has left me with a languor induced by laughter (inside as well as out), from which I am willing not quickly to recover. The reference is to William P. Gest's 'Font of Liberty.' Silenus, Bacchus, Socrates, and whosoever knew how to smile audibly in Palestine, what excellent satire, and what true! You should detach it from its honorable entourage, make it up into a pamphlet, and broadcast it over the tables in hotel reading-rooms and in church pews.

May the radiance of its wit and verity long vibrate for you, no less than for

Your faithful

W. S.

* * *

It is a pleasure to present our readers to this remarkable Mrs. Robinson Crusoe.

KOKOMURUKI, WI HARBOR
GUADALCANAR, SOLOMON ISLANDS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A subscriber to your paper has asked me to write and give you some details of my life on this island, where I have lived for the last four years.

This island is situated in a remote part of the Solomon Islands, and on account of the severe storms, big seas, and dangerous reefs, ships very seldom venture up here. We hardly ever see a European. My husband is obliged to be away, occasionally for many weeks, and I am here quite alone, with only a watchdog and revolver as a protection.

The natives are very unreliable, and many of them are cannibals. Although they have come in contact with missions, they still maintain their old customs, and the old men will tell you how they used to fight to gain land, and how the man who lost was usually eaten at the end of the day. Women are very scarce, and the native men pay high prices for them. This island was always a taboo to the natives, who declare it was haunted by the evil spirits of their dead enemies. On moonlight nights the natives will sit on the mainland and constantly call over to this island. They ask me if I am not afraid, and I tell them the devil of my country protects me. I never let them see I am afraid, and always make them walk in front of me, and put down any spears or axes they may be carrying.

Alligators are very much in evidence, and often pay visits to this island, and carry off our poultry and dogs. They come on moonlight nights when the tide is high. They come on shore and sit very still with their mouths wide open. Their breath has the odor of bad flesh, and this attracts the animals. Directly an animal approaches, the alligator knocks it senseless with its tail and then carries it away to its haunts. Many natives are taken also.

We live here in a native-constructed house, and it is very cool and comfortable for the tropics. The frame is of hardwood timber, the floor and sides of timber from the betel-nut tree, and the roof of ivory-nut leaf. It is all put together with native vines, and not a nail was used in the whole construction. Such houses last about two years.

Most of our food comes out of tins. Our nearest store is sixty miles away, by vessel. The birds supply us with music and the sun tells us the time. We receive our mail any time a ship happens to call, and mail day is our one and only excitement. We should be grateful for any reading-matter and news of the outside world. It is very lonely when my husband is obliged to be away and my books help me and give me much pleasure. I shall be pleased to give you any information as regards my experiences here.

Yours faithfully,

EDITH E. SVENSEN

* * *

A rose by any other name . . .

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was very much interested in the article, 'Meditations of a Mother-in-Law,' in the September *Atlantic*.

Whatever the reason, there seems to be a natural antipathy between 'in-laws.'

I can only speak from the daughter-in-law's

point of view, but I believe that one cause of friction lies in the fact that there is no name in our language for mother-in-law. The name 'Mother' is sacred to the mother of each one of us. When we marry we are obliged to give this name that is so dear to us to another, and I believe we all resent it.

I wonder if the readers of the *Atlantic* could not suggest an appropriate title? I offer the word in our two root-languages. The Latin 'Mater' for the mother-in-law, and the Anglo-Saxon 'Mother' for the real mother.

A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

* * *

Elected to our Club of Distant Friends.

BOMBAY, INDIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Since 'the friendship of lonely people is what the *Atlantic* most covets,' in sending my notice of new address I feel I must add a word of appreciation from another far-away corner of the globe to join the T. B. M. in Singapore, the Texas ranger, and the Canton-Hankow traveler.

My first three copies, January to March of this year, came together as the result of a sudden realization that exile without one's own copy of the *Atlantic* was insupportable. (Some day when I'm not so busy making war on mould and rust and moths and cockroaches and white ants and silverfish I may write you on the trials of reading an *Atlantic* not one's own, but that is another tale.) We took the three copies with us on our journey to the hills, and read them as we crossed the baking plains of the Punjab in the hottest month of the year.

I was carrying a copy of the *Atlantic* when we reached our hotel in Naini Tal, a Himalayan station seven thousand feet nearer Heaven than the country we had left. In spite of luggage unmistakably British in its numerical quantity, and the disguise of clothes made by an Indian *durzie*, the *Atlantic* served as identification, passport, and introduction. The one other American in the hotel called immediately and looked hungrily at it. She was a New Yorker, and I think more addicted to *Vogue*, but still the *Atlantic* is the *Atlantic*, even to those who do not habitually read it, and when one gets as far from home as Naini Tal, Boston shares the glories of Fifth Avenue.

Other Americans in the community soon appeared. My three copies started on their rounds and were still going when I left, nor were their limits national. One Englishwoman announced her intention of subscribing at once for the sake of more articles by Hans Coudenhove and William Beebe, and most of all there was the satisfaction of seeing my own particular British lion progress from an attitude of critical aloofness, which had

avoided all American magazines as 'popular,' to neutral interest in the January number, which amounted to enthusiasm by March. He has recently seized the July number before I read it and is filled with the desire to answer — the unmistakable sign of membership in the *Atlantic* family.

Whenever I travel now I shall be tempted to carry a copy of the *Atlantic*. It is a social and intellectual letter of credit, serving at once to introduce those who recognize its yellow cover.

I can also recommend it to all American partners in international marriages as the best means of interpreting our national life and thought to an outsider.

E. S. L.

* * *

From Australia comes this decisive anecdote.

The superintendent of a Home for Aged Women was making his usual Christmas calls. 'Good morning, Sister Martin,' he said, addressing a quaintly charming old lady. 'I see you are happy this morning with a new copy of your dear *Atlantic Monthly*.'

'Yes,' she answered. 'John always told me I could not possibly be happy in Heaven because I should not have the *Atlantic Monthly*.'

'No,' agreed the superintendent, 'you will not have the *Atlantic Monthly* in Heaven; but you will have *Life*.'

'Well,' came the rather startling answer, 'I much prefer *Punch*.'

* * *

May we never be swamped by such an ill wind.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

For years I passed your old Park Street sanctums on my way to my Franklin Street office, and never without a glow of reminiscence, for I was brought up on the *Atlantic*, as a New Hampshire boy.

I recall that I was considerably mystified on one occasion when my father read me that passage from Longfellow: —

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Stormwind of the equinox.

I assumed that, of course, the magazine was meant instead of the ocean, but I learned better upon inquiry as to why our valued 'monthly guest' should be so 'put upon.'

Incidentally I might remark that the brown-covered *Atlantic* appears to have weathered all publication storms very successfully, thus far.

B. W. PARKER

